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4/—

Eleanor Clark
from her affectionate
sister — Sarah

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JENNINGS'

LANDSCAPE ANNUAL

OR

TOURIST IN SPAIN

FOR 1833.

ANDALUSIA.

MALAGA.

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THE

TOURIST IN SPAIN.

ANDALUSIA.

By THOMAS ROSCOE.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS

BY

DAVID ROBERTS.

Religion's gems can ne'er adorn
The flimsy robe by pleasure worn;
Its feeble texture soon would tear,
And give those jewels to the air.

Thrice happy they who seek th' abode
Of peace and pleasure in their God!
Who spurn the world, its joys despise,
And grasp at bliss beyond the skies!

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TO HIS MAJESTY

LOUIS CHARLES,

KING OF BAVARIA,

&c. &c. &c. &c.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

As a British Artist, fully sensible of the tendency of a judicious cultivation of the Fine Arts to refine the taste of individuals, and to civilize mankind; gratified, therefore, on all occasions, when the patronage of the noble and exalted in station is bestowed on those Arts and their professors; and now especially proud that such patronage should be extended to so humble an individual as myself; I venture, with Your Majesty's gracious Permission, to dedicate to Your Majesty this Volume of the LANDSCAPE ANNUAL, comprising Architectural and other Illustrations of a romantic and chivalrous portion of Spain.

With profound respect and gratitude
I have the honour to be
YOUR MAJESTY'S
Obedient and devoted servant,
DAVID ROBERTS.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

For the subject of the previous volume of the Landscape Annual in Spain, the Author selected one of the most remarkable events in European history—the fall of the Moors of Granada. On this basis he sought to found his views of the character, manners, and closing fortunes of a people so singularly distinguished from the other races of man, by their unvarying nationality and their unswerving fidelity to the free life of the desert.

It was the Author's object, in the *Fall of Granada*, to give individual as well as imaginative interest to his narrative, by blending with it the more popular and romantic traditions of the people, preferably to adopting the doubtful and colder opinions of recent writers on points still open to dispute; for it was his

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conviction, that a more vivid and no less correct picture of Spain might thus be brought before the eye of the reader.

Upon the subject of Andalusia, in the present instance, the Author conceived it judicious to adhere to the strict line of historical information, consulting those sources so abundantly teeming with romantic truths and startling realities, beyond the power of imagination itself to surpass.

By a series of rapid sketches as varied, interesting, and amusing, as abundant materials and close research could supply, he has anxiously sought to give additional zest to the pictorial charm conferred upon his book by the enthusiasm and talent of an Artist, who studied carefully on the spot every subject which he has here delineated. It may be proper further to state, that for much of the information comprised in the Notes descriptive of the plates and wood engravings, the Author is indebted to the personal observation of the same individual.

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ENGRAVED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. JENNINGS.

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List of the Wood Engravings;

WITH DESCRIPTIONS.

GATE OF THE ZANCARRON . . . . . *page* 1

The name of this gate would seem to have been derived, as it imports, from the sanctuary at Mecca, said to contain the bones of Mohammed, and it is to this day called the Chapel of Mohammed. It is also named as the depository of the Koran. Farther mention of it will be found in the note to the first plate, exhibiting the interior of the Great Mosque.

ROMAN GATEWAY AT CORDOVA 37

This noble specimen of the ancient Roman Gateway is situated at the termination of the old Moorish bridge that crosses the Guadalquiver. The opposite end is commanded by a strong and lofty tower, called Castello de la Kalahorra. Little now remains of the once extensive suburb that was attached to it besides masses of ruined walls, partly undermined by the encroachments of the river, no means having been taken to confine it within its former limits. Along its sides may yet be traced many of the ancient tanks employed in the preparation of the celebrated leather, which derived its name from having been manufactured in the once-flourishing Cordova. Some remains of this manufacture still exist, but the trade of Cordova, like its "glory," has long passed away.

The Roman Gateway, which was particularly examined by the artist during his tour, is believed to have been repaired by Philip II., and under the entablature is to be found the following inscription:—

REINANDO LA SAGRA CATOLICA REAL
MAGESTAD DEL REI DON PHELIPE
NVESTRO SENOR SECVNDO DE ESTE NOMBRE.

The columns are now Tuscan, but it is the opinion of Mr. Roberts that the capitals were originally Corinthian, the most favourite order of the Cordovans if we may judge from the number of specimens of it yet existing. On the left is seen the column bearing a statue of the Archangel Raphael,—the guardian of the city; and over the gateway itself, appears a part of the outer wall of the Great Mosque.

ARAB PULPIT IN THE GREAT MOSQUE AT CORDOVA . . 73

This magnificent pulpit, so far transcending the splendour and beauty of pulpits in general, is spacious enough to be now converted into a chapel, and stands nearly in the centre of what was originally the mosque, now greatly disfigured by the introduction of a gothic cathedral with stalls, of which this once gorgeous pulpit at present forms a part. It was constructed in the most chaste and elegant style. Nothing can exceed the

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elaborate beauty and detail of its arabesques, of which considerable portions have been removed to make way for a modern altar. The roof of this structure, like that of the Zancarron, is quite unique, not only in its form, but in the exquisite beauty of its decorations. The author of *Egypt and Mohammed Ali*, and *Tales of the Ramad'han*, describes one of these pulpits, which he saw during his travels, constructed of stone, adorned by slender columns, tracery, and sculptured foliage.

HOUSE OF COLUMBUS, AT SEVILLE 113

The house of Christopher Columbus, in which he resided towards the close of his eventful life, stands without the walls of the city, adjoining the river. It is, like several other houses in this quarter of Seville, quite neglected and tumbling fast into decay. The colonnade that surrounds the court, or *patio*, is still very perfect; it is of white marble; in the centre are the remains of a fountain, which is now quite choked up and overgrown with weeds. A few Gitanos, or gipsies, have fitted up a portion of the old building as a sort of dwelling, if hanging up some old matting deserves that name. On the opposite side of the Guadalquiver stands the convent of the Cartuja, where he died, and in the nave of the cathedral is a slab, bearing the following inscription:—

A CASTILLA Y A LEON MVNDO NVEVO
DIO COLON.

Aqvi yaze elm magnifico S. D. Hernando Colon alqval aplico.

and underneath lie the remains of his son, who bequeathed, amongst other things, a magnificent library to the cathedral.

CHAPEL OF THE CONVENT OF THE MOST PURE VIRGIN OF THE CONCEPTION, AT CARMONA 153

This convent, situated in the great square, was founded by the venerable Mother, Donna Beatris de Silva, in the fifteenth century, as appears from an inscription, copied by Mr. Roberts during the service of the vigils. In reply to an inquiry, the Abbess informed him that she was the Reverend Mother Donna Maria del Carmen de Rueda y Rueda, Lady Superior of the Convent of the Most Pure Virgin, &c. &c., sister-in-law of the Marquis de Valle de Reyna, in this city,—and your servant. "She was strikingly dignified and interesting," adds Mr. R., "and not only allowed me to take her portrait, but to make a sketch of the choir of the convent and the whole sisterhood during the time of their vigils. My friend Mr. Brackenbury, the English consul, accompanied me, and we agreed it would not be easy to meet with a more interesting sisterhood, more kind or affable in their manners and conversation.

"Through the kindness of a countrywoman," continues Mr. R., "who was in high favour with his Grace the Archbishop, during my residence at Seville I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the striking ceremony of taking the veil. The one here described took place at the Convent de los Rejes on the 13th of July 1833, and such was the emotion it excited in my breast, that on returning, I instantly committed it to my journal.

"As we approached the chapel of the gloomy convent, the notes of instrumental music of a lively, animating description, burst upon the ear. The chapel was thronged, principally with women; and it was not without difficulty that I made my way across the floor to the seat reserved

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for me adjoining the grate, the women sitting cross-legged, as they invariably do in the churches during service,—another instance of the many Moorish customs still retained. In the upper part of the chapel, and adjoining the altar, sat the Archbishop in full-robed canonicals, with his mitre on his head, engaged in the act of consecrating the dress of the intended nun. This dress consisted of a white woollen robe, made according to a peculiar fashion, with a cord attached to it, by which it is tied round the girdle. On this cord are made five knots, emblematical of the five wounds in the body of our Saviour; and attached to the same is a small rosary, skull, &c., a large cross with a figure of the Saviour, and other emblems. These were separately consecrated by the lips of the Archbishop, and sprinkled with holy-water—including the ring that was to seal her as 'the bride of Heaven.' A smaller chapel within the nunnery was divided from the first by a large grating, close to the side of which I was seated. Along one side of this smaller chapel were stationed the sisterhood, covered from head to foot in long white veils, each holding in her hand a waxen taper. The walls were hung with black cloth; and all light was carefully excluded, except from the wax tapers in the hands of each nun. Altogether the scene had more the appearance of a funeral vault, with its quiet tenants in their shrouds, than that of an abode adapted for the inhabitants of this world.

"After some little delay, the novice was at length led forward by the Lady Abbess,—the latter closely veiled. Contrary to what I had been led to expect from similar exhibitions, the young lady was pre-eminently beautiful; her age, apparently, hardly exceeding seventeen. The ceremony was opened by a solemn chaunt, during which the novice was led by her conductress round the chapel. At first, as she sung, her voice was very tremulous; but by degrees she recovered her self-possession, and her sweet, silvery tones, with the accompanying music, were very affecting. At the conclusion of the music, she prostrated herself on the ground, whilst each of the sisterhood approached, holding a small basket containing flowers, part of which they strewed over her. This, I was given to understand, was to denote that she was dead to this world,—a ceremony which was repeated three different times. A splendid crown was next placed upon her head, composed chiefly of white flowers intertwined with pearls; and during the whole of this part of the ceremony, strains of appropriate music from an instrumental band were continually heard. The lovely novice was then led away to be arrayed in her future garments,—namely, in white with a black veil. She was next placed before the grating, holding the veil above her head during a chaunt by the sister nuns; at the conclusion she dropped the veil, and her face and form were alike concealed from our view. She was no longer a novice,—she was a nun, and each sister individually embraced her. She knelt and kissed the feet of each, and each in return gently raising her, she clasped them in—a nun's arms.

"After having again withdrawn, she was for the last time brought forward, arrayed in white, with the crown upon her head. In her right hand she held a large crucifix, and in the left an ornamented taper. The Lady Abbess, now taking leave, withdrew, followed by the sisterhood, each bearing her lighted taper in her hand. The new bride was meantime left by herself, kneeling, in front of the grating. Solemn music, and a few words appropriate to the occasion, were delivered by a priest, and the melancholy ceremony was at an end.

"Before leaving the chapel, I could not resist looking back upon the lovely object kneeling before me. The holy sisters had dropped off one

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ANDALUSIA.

CHAPTER I.

> And is the conflict o'er, we cried,
> And lie we at your feet?
> And dare you vauntingly decide
> The fortune we must meet?
>
> JAAFER BEN ALBA.

THE fate of declining nations—a fate still vainly held up by history as an example to the future,—assumes a different aspect according to the nature of its causes and attendant circumstances. In some instances, it is

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marked by the bolder features of empire, majestic in its fall, and nobly yielding only to a greater power; in others, it wears the form of weakness and wretchedness, bespeaking compassion rather than sympathy,—pity rather than the soul-felt and captivating melancholy inspired by the undying genius of antiquity.

Rome still lives and breathes, and even rules in the spirits of the great of every nation; its models of maternity, of virgin heroism and purity, are still redolent of beauty and of good. The remains of Egyptian magnitude bewilder the mind with doubt and strange inquiry; in the wildernesses of the remoter East, human energy lies altogether prostrate under the iron tread of time; and in the bleak forests and snow-bound valleys of the North, we behold only the vestiges of a gigantic superstition, the record of ages which owned but its spell as the grand moving power of human intellect and action.

How opposite are the associations which fill the mind in the contemplation of Spain! how peculiar, how wild the features stamped on the yet surviving ruins of its earlier and mightier dynasties! It is here antiquity looks forth from the depths of ages with a strangely varied expression:—the Roman grandeur, the oriental splendour, and the chivalrous romance of successive and distinct eras, appeal to the imagination of the astonished traveller, almost dazzling him with visions of the past, bright and rapid as the changes of some phantasmagorian show.

Cordova wears but the tattered mantle of an antiquity, despoiled of the greatest part of its glory; yet

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stripped as she appears of the ornaments of her pride, she can boast grand vestiges of the proudest of epochs; and we shall endeavour, by the traces which they afford us, to conduct the reader through the most interesting portion of her diversified history.

This remarkable city* had already attained a high

* The nursery and favourite shelter of learning, art, and science when Europe was sunk in darkness and barbarism, and worthy of being the birth-place of Seneca and Lucan, few cities also have to boast a more delightful site than the once-queenly Cordova. From its sumptuous palaces and towers was seen flowing from east to west, far along its banks, the lordly stream of the Guadalquiver. With a territory rich in every production congenial to the climate of Andalusia, it was refreshed with the clear waters and the inspiring air of its brown sierra, which pushes its bold picturesque barriers almost to the walls of the city.

Its situation is now the only charm to which the capital of the greatest Moorish princes can put forth its claim. The world has found other masters, science has fled to other sanctuaries; wealth, fame, dominion, and the craft of government have linked themselves with other creeds, and other worldly patrons, less able but not less willing than Mohammed, to rule by the sword. Modern Cordova is one of the most fallen, deserted, and miserable cities, even of the now wretched Spain. The stupendous pile of building seen to the right, in the accompanying plate, is the grand mosque, and beyond it is the tower of the Alcazar, more fearfully known to modern times as the dungeon of the Inquisition. On the left, is the ancient Moorish tower which commanded the entrance to the bridge, also of Moorish construction. At the termination of the bridge, to the right, appear the remains of a fine old Roman gateway; immediately over which, rising from a platform, is a pillar bearing a statue of Raphael, the guardian of the city, who, with the characteristic courtesy and politeness for which even Milton's devils gave him credit, seems bent on saluting the stranger at every corner.

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degree of opulence, when Spain bowed before the strength of the conquerors of the world. With the skill which distinguished the Roman generals in the adaptation of their colonial acquisitions and their choice of ground, Cordova was seized upon as offering a noble situation for the capital of Southern Spain. *Colonia Patricia* was the name by which the city, thus made a portion of the empire, was thenceforward known; and it gradually assumed, under its new masters, an extent and grandeur of appearance, which fully entitled it to the high-sounding appellation by which it was dignified. But magnificent as were the works which the united wealth, power, and taste of the Romans enabled them to construct, they have been long levelled with the dust by ages of dark confusion and humiliating suffering.

As the mighty shadow of empire passed away with the genius of Rome, a new season of splendour appeared, dawning upon it from the east. A fiery glory, terrible but beautiful in its strength, shot a strange radiance over the land, and from afar the countless hosts of Arabia, panoplied in power, filled with the spirit of enthusiasm, and led forward, from the apparent results of their daring, by the invisible hand of their Prophet, burst upon the western coasts. A brief period passed, and Andalusia, its fertile valleys and glowing plains, became the home of the Moslem. Mosques, and palaces, and golden-roofed harems; gardens and groves breathing with the transplanted odours of Asiatic solitudes, rose as by a magic spell in every corner of the land. A new religion arose,

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—another era began,—an era of events, in which civilization assumed a form which it had never before worn, and boldly pursued a course no way marked out for it by those nations that had left a name in history.

The fortunes of the great leaders who first brought Spain under the yoke of the Musulmans, present a variety of strange incident and romantic adventure. The triumphs of Tarikh having excited the jealousy of his superior in command, the no less celebrated Muza, that general at the head of a powerful army vied with him in the rapidity of his conquests, and attempted to snatch the laurels from his brow. The latter appealed to the justice of the reigning khaliph, who dreading, from their bitter rivalry, the loss of his newly-acquired dominion, summoned them to the court of Damascus.

Tarikh obeyed, and was received with the honours due to the first conqueror of the Goths. Having vindicated his conduct at the feet of his royal master, "Ask," he concluded, "Commander of the Faithful, ask all good Musulmans throughout thy mighty armies, and the Christians themselves, if they ever beheld one dastardly, mean, or cruel action in thy servant, Tarikh!" Walid replied that he knew the truth, and was sensible of his high services. Muza, less frank and fearless, cast a lingering look on the beautiful land of his fame and the treasures it contained, ere he bade farewell to Cordova. He left his son Abdelaziz in command of his government, and with an immense train of Gothic captives, and in-

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numerable riches, appeared in Syria in the 96th year of the Hejira. As he approached the capital, he received information that the khaliph was at the point of death, and that he was not to make his entrance till the accession of his brother Suleiman. Disregarding this intimation, Muza pressed forward, and on announcing his arrival, the dying khaliph called both the generals into his presence, and interrogated them on points relative to their several conquests. Muza displayed his treasures to the astonished eyes of his master; and among these was the celebrated green table, the gem of Roderick's wealth. Tarikh instantly laid claim to its acquisition, while his rival as firmly denied the truth of his assertion. Upon this, Tarikh produced one of the legs, which, on being compelled to yield up the trophy to his superior, he had the precaution to retain, and thus exposed Muza's falsehood and injustice.

Within a few days, Suleiman was raised to the khaliphate, threw Muza into prison, scourged him with rods, and fined him very heavily, for his disobedience. While the aged chief underwent this outrageous treatment, his heroic son added Lusitania, as far as the ocean, to the sway of the Moslem. Splendid proofs of his success, borne by a noble deputation, arrived at Damascus; with consummate baseness, the khaliph accepted the tribute of his faithful chief, and dismissed the same deputies with secret orders to depose the brave sons of Muza, and send their heads to Damascus. Dreading the resentment of so powerful a family, the despot, with tyrannic instinct, re-

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solved to extirpate all its members; and with a refinement of cruelty hardly surpassed in the Moslem annals, he fixed upon the oldest friend and companion in arms of Muza and of his son—their beloved Habib Ben Obeidah—for the executioner of his foul purpose. That aged soldier was struck with horror. "Is it credible?" he exclaimed to Zeyad Ben Naaba, his assistant in this fearful task; "can the enemies of Muza have so soon effaced every recollection of his wondrous exploits? But God is just! he commands obedience to our sovereign."

Abdelaziz was residing with his family at his country-seat near Seville, reposing under the laurels he had so bravely won. As he was universally loved, it was feared lest his assassination should excite a public tumult, and the very friends whom he most cherished, on whom he most relied, first defamed and deprived him of the reputation of a good Musulman, ere they ventured to strike the fatal blow. His noblest virtues—his liberality—his humanity to the Christians—his known magnanimous principle, "to spare the vanquished and subdue the proud," were represented in the light of actual crimes. Dazzled by the charms of Egilone, widow of King Roderick, he had espoused that princess, and celebrated his nuptials with public festivals and games. But it was long ere calumny made the desired impression; people governed with justice and wisdom, do not give to falsehood a ready ear; they felt that they were happy, and despised his calumniators. Yet the dark deed was to be done: the hour selected was that of matin prayer—the place,

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the private sanctuary of his palace. While absorbed in this invariable duty, for the Moslem governor was as pious as he was just, a party of hired assassins attacked and slew him. They severed his head from his body, and while murmurs and threats burst forth on all sides, and the people thronged every court and avenue in search of arms, the aged Habib came forth and proclaimed, as the tears ran down his cheeks, "The supreme will of the khaliph,"—words which at once sanctified the atrocity of the deed. A strange and horrid silence, broken only by groans, followed this announcement. But calm being restored, Habib set out with his friend's head—the peerless chief whom he had fondled when a boy, and first led into battle—to present it to the grand Sultan of Damascus.

Such, in every country, is the superstitious adoration sought to be inspired even for the crimes of caste. But though the son of Omeida was in so far esteemed a good Musulman, the thoughts of meeting his earliest friend and patron, the unhappy Muza, must almost have shaken the loyalty of his spirit; and when he heard the anguished words which burst from the father's lips on beholding the head of his best-loved son, when nature asserted a power above that of all reverence for the idol-worship of self-power in man, its executioner must have felt a pang even sharper than that of the bereaved parent. The khaliph had the additional cruelty to cause Muza to be brought into his presence, and pointing to the head of Abdelaziz, asked him if he remembered it? "Accursed of God!" replied the father, turning away his eyes,—"oh! most

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accursed be the barbarian, the murderer of the man who possessed greater worth than himself!" After uttering these words, Muza walked out of the palace, through the streets of Damascus, and took the way to the desert. Not even the khaliph spoke, and no one ventured to impede his path, as if the extreme grief he discovered had rendered him sacred in the eyes of all who beheld him. He sought out no friends—no hardy tribe of his family to avenge him; he had lost the sons who had fought at his side, and he died, it is supposed, broken-hearted,—for, like *that* intrepid Muza, long the shield of Granada in later times, he was no more heard of.

After the departure of Habib, the sheïkhs elected for their chief, Ayab, the nephew of Muza, whose reputation for virtue and wisdom was surpassed by few. The new emir transferred his seat of residence to Cordova, of which the central position was favourable to the objects of the colonial government. He sought to confirm the work of conquest by useful institutions; at Toledo he gave audience to the people, listened to their complaints, ordered their governor before him, and redressed their grievances. He then visited every point of the Moslem dominions, rebuilt ruined towns and fortresses,—one of which, Calatayud, received his name,—and placed the frontiers in a condition to fear no enemy.

Suleiman, in a brief period, followed his ill-requited general to the tomb.* His successor, Omar II.,

* Suleiman was remarkable for the symmetry and beauty of his person. As he one day contemplated himself in a mir-

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unjustly deprived Ayab of his command, whose wisdom and humanity were doubly regretted under the scourge of the new emir. Nor was it difficult to foresee that, at no distant period, the fickle tyranny and impolicy of the khaliphate would raise up in its dominion of the west a separate dynasty, which should eventually transcend the beauty and glory of the parent states. He oppressed his own people equally with the Christians; and his avarice was only surpassed by his extreme cruelty. He devastated Narbonne Gaul, and brought away numbers of the inhabitants,—even women and children, loaded with chains. By barbarities like these, he strengthened the hands of the enemy of the Moslems. During his expedition, the mountaineers of the Asturias conceived the bold design of asserting their independence and their country's honour,—a design mainly promoted by the excessive tyranny and extortions of El Kaisi. The towns of Galicia and Leon equally

ror, surrounded by his women, he exclaimed,—"Am I not even as the god of eternal youth?" One of the favourites replied, in the words of the Arab poet, which I may thus render:—

Godlike and beautiful art thou,
Light of our eyes, beloved, adored;
Youth, love, sit throned upon thy brow;
Earth's joys for thee their treasures hoard.

But as the flitting shadow,—seen
And gone,—man's beauty fades to dust;
A perished flower: where life hath been,
Fell Death still claim'd his transient trust.

From that moment, it is asserted, that a strange depression, ending in deep melancholy, seized the khaliph, and that he sickened and died within a short period.

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sighed for a liberator. He appeared; and, under the intrepid Pelayo, the vanquished Goths assumed another character, and no longer fled at the war-cry of their impetuous foe.

A detachment of the Moslem army was defeated in the mountain defiles, and its leader slain; a number of towns drove out the Arab garrison, and, joining his banners, proclaimed the victorious Pelayo their deliverer and their king.

Hastening back to Cordova, El Kaisi prepared to march against the presumptuous Goth, but was suddenly deposed by order of the khaliph; and his successor, Malek El Khalani, despising so feeble an opponent, carried the war into Gaul. But he was met and defeated with great slaughter by the Duke of Aquitania; and a repetition of similar disasters to the Moslem arms beyond the Pyrenees, is a remarkable feature in their early wars. The rapid changes of government under the khaliphate, was a fruitful source of disorder; ambition, intrigue, and oppression flourish luxuriantly in all colonial soils; nor was the quick succession of khaliphs less injurious to the interests of this great tributary state.*

The talents of the new governor, Abderrahman,

* About this period, (723) there appeared in Syria an impostor, named Zonaria, who declared himself to be the Messiah expected by the Jews. On this intelligence, nearly all the Israelites in Spain, abandoning their houses and possessions, flocked to the east. The reigning emir offered no impediment; but, when they were gone, confiscated their property; thus compelling them to pay a more than ordinary price for the pleasure of indulging their gross superstition.

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repaired the evils inflicted by his predecessors;* and he also prepared for another invasion of Gaul. He sent orders to Othman to make incursions into the territory of Narbonne; but that general, jealous of his superior officer's renown, was little disposed to second his views. In one of his expeditions, Othman took captive the Duke of Aquitania's daughter, and struck with her charms, soon afterwards espoused her. Influenced by her wishes, he entered into a truce with the Christians; and, on receiving the commands of Abderrahman to advance, felt extremely embarrassed how to act. But frankly avowing what had passed, he declared that honour forbade his commencing hostilities till the expiration of the term; and his enemies at the same time made known the marriage which he had recently contracted. Enraged at this discovery, the emir reiterated his orders, and Othman, equally incensed, betrayed his designs to

* The Khaliph Haçem appointed a commission to inquire into the alleged abuses of his government in Spain. The head commissioner was entrusted with full powers to remove those whom he pleased, and to replace them by the most worthy Musulmans he could find. Mohammed Ben Abdallah made known the khaliph's order, exposed the profligacy of the governor, and devised a mode of punishment not a little ingenious, and which it might be politic to adopt, in flagrant cases of malversation, to the advantage of some Christian states. He deposed the emir; and, having confiscated his ill-acquired property, repaid it to those who had suffered from his horrible exactions. When banishing this unjust steward from Cordova, he first paraded him, mounted upon an ass, through the public places of the city; desirous to impress on the minds of the inhabitants a striking example of the khaliph's justice.

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the duke, in order to put him upon his guard. Suspecting the truth, the emir despatched a select body, under a confidential officer, with charge to watch the general's movements, and instantly to cut him off in the event of his offering any resistance. The appearance of Ben Zeyan struck consternation through Othman's camp. He fled with his beloved wife to the mountains; but was as swiftly pursued by Ben Zeyan. Exhausted by fatigue, the fugitives had sat down near a fountain, and as the generous Othman sought to reassure his companion with the hopes of reaching her father, he perceived the emissaries of Ben Zeyan close upon them. Drawing his scymitar, he long held them at bay; but at length fell, covered with wounds. She whom he loved, had not deserted him, and he had at least the consolation of breathing his last sigh in her arms. Having struck off his head, they bore it, with their fair captive, to Cordova.

"By Allah!" cried the emir, on beholding the bloody pledge of their fidelity, "I did not think the Pyrenees afforded such noble game as this!"

Othman's beloved, for whom he had sacrificed fame and life, was sent as a present to the khaliph; and the daughter of a Christian duke closed her singular career in the royal seraglios of Damascus. Her father, at the head of the people of Aquitania, prepared to meet the storm; but, sweeping all before it, from the confines of Navarre to Bourdeaux, it was only arrested in its devastating course before the camp of Charles Martel, who had brought his army to the relief of the unhappy duke.

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The battle of Tours destroyed the charm of the Moslem invincibility, which had aided, in some degree, the progress of their arms. Abderrahman forfeited life and reputation upon that bloody field; but, untaught by his example, his successors repeated the fatal experiment, which broke the power of the Saracens and inspired the Spaniards with hope.

The same year which beheld Ocba leading fresh hosts from Cordova to chastise the revolted Berbers, closed the bold career of Pelayo, whose activity, undaunted perseverance, and resources in every emergency, merited for him the reputation of founding the fortunes of a new people. His son Favila succeeded to his power; and Alphonso was the third king of the Asturias. From the mountain region and the little capital of Oviedo, this prince extended his conquests over parts of Galicia and Lusitania, many towns in the province of Leon, the half of Castile, almost the whole of Biscay, and some districts in Navarre.

On returning from his victorious campaigns in Africa, Ocba resigned the government in favour of Abdelmalek, and died at Cordova, lamented by all ranks of the people. The African chief, Baleg, attacked the power of the emir, who was compelled to shelter himself in the capital, and his ally, the brave son of Ocba, was overthrown.

Abdelmalek described in vivid colours the danger of civil factions at this juncture; but the Africans, disregarding his friendly overtures, marched upon Cordova, whose inhabitants purchased their safety at the price of their honour. They seized their

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governor, tied him to a stake upon the bridge of Cordova, and surrendered to the African. Baleg put the unfortunate Abdelmalek to death; and was immediately proclaimed Emir of Spain by the inhabitants and the army.

But a mightier rival appeared in Abderrahman, the son of Ocba, and snatched the sceptre from his hands. They met in battle, and Baleg fell by the hand of his youthful opponent, who won the title of Almanzor, by the splendour of his exploits.

The progress of sanguinary warfare between rival chiefs, could only be checked by another emir, appointed by the khaliph. After re-establishing order in Cordova, Ben Dhirar proceeded to other parts of Spain, and succeeded for a period in restoring tranquillity. But his stern sense of justice, in punishing the extortion and cruelty of many of the governors, raised up new cabals, and the principal sheïkhs combined to resist his authority. The conspiracy was deeply laid; and, taking advantage of the emir's absence, the sheïkhs, at the head of the ferocious Africans, committed the most fearful depredations and excesses. They corrupted a large portion of the army, declared Ben Dhirar incapable of holding the supreme sway, and prepared to pursue him, though the lieutenant of the khaliph, to the very death. It was now the emir reproached himself with not having crushed the rebellion in its bud, before seeking laurels in a more distant field. It was his first object to reach Cordova, and fortify himself till he could receive further support. Taking a small escort of

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cavalry, he pursued the most secret paths; but the sheïkhs, gaining intelligence of his movements, lay in wait for him, and he was captured and conducted before the chiefs, Samail and Thueba. The latter wished to dispatch him on the spot; but Samail commanded him to be loaded with irons, and thrown into one of the towers of Cordova. They gave out that they acted by authority of the khaliph; and to satisfy the Arabs, it was agreed that Thueba, a native of Yemen, should ostensibly assume the dictatorship of Spain.

The sons of Abdelmalek and Ocba, meantime, occupied the eastern frontiers. When they learned the imprisonment of the emir, wholly at a loss to account for its cause, they despatched a confidential officer to the capital. Having thus become aware of the extent of the conspiracy, they saw at once that no time was to be lost. The appeal to arms would only accelerate the fate of the virtuous governor, and Aben Kotan offered to proceed secretly to Cordova, and there, combining with their friends, devise means of setting him at liberty. Should he subsequently find it impracticable to meet the power of the sheïkhs in Andalusia, he was to conduct him to the eastern borders.

The brave young chief succeeded in entering the city in disguise, and confided his views to his friend Abderrahman, one of the faithful among the sheïkhs, who resolved to assist him. To this end they selected thirty men of their party, of approved courage and fidelity; and waiting till an hour after midnight, they suddenly attacked the tower, killed a number of the

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guards, and put the rest to flight. Having entered and struck off his chains, before the morning dawned they had conveyed the astonished emir to the different gates of the city, of which they took possession. Every where they were received as liberators; but Aben Kotan did not forget, in the hour of success, that the terrific Samail would speedily appear at the head of his veteran Africans. Supported by those favourable to his cause, he hastened towards Toledo, where he expected succours; and, as he left the city on one side, the active sheïkh appeared before it on the other. The inhabitants seemed to have borrowed firmness from the heroic bearing of young Kotan and the sight of their oppressed governor, and they defended themselves with gallantry. Even young boys and women were eager to peril their lives for his, and when he restrained their ardour, they complained that he had lost his former courage by long confinement. But to convince them of their error, he put himself at the head of some Arabs of Yemen, and issuing through the gates, carried terror into the camp of the enemy. Seized with emulation at his brilliant success, the Cordovans on their side demanded to be led to a second sortie; and they were followed by a throng of Arabs, Syrians, and Africans. The good emir led them in person, amidst the thundering plaudits of the people. This time the perfidious sheïkh was upon his guard. As before, he had laid an ambuscade; and feigning retreat, he drew the besieged into its toils. Suddenly they found themselves assaulted on all sides. They fought with uncommon spirit, for

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their revered prince was amongst them; but they were overpowered by numbers. Setting an example of unshrinking valour to the last, he fell covered with wounds, and blessed the hand which freed him from the indignities he must have borne from his revengeful foe. Nearly all his troops perished; and the terrified people once more opened their gates. The triumph of the sheïkhs was complete; and the whole of the south yielded to the power of Samail and his colleague.

All good Musulmans grieved at a state of things so inimical to the peace and welfare of Spain. The two emirs only studied how to strengthen their dominion; and the alcaydes, and other commanders, too well followed their example, oppressing the people by the most severe and unjust exactions.

Christians and Moslems alike groaned under the weight of a military despotism, never before experienced. Generals of provinces declared themselves masters of the entire produce; the governors of Andalusia aspired to a supremacy over those of Toledo and Merida, which the latter as stoutly resisted. Each and all wished to render themselves independent, eager to enforce their pretensions by arms.

The sole remedy for so many evils was looked for from the khaliph himself, or the emir of Africa; but there too insurgent tribes kept the government in a continued state of alarm.

The noblest among the tribes of Yemen and Kahtan, aided by the more enlightened Egyptians, called a general assembly of the chiefs, for the purpose of

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taking into consideration the perilous state of the whole of Moslem Spain. Notwithstanding the interested views of individual governors and sheïkhs, there was a full meeting, and it received the explanation of the new project with unbounded applause. Its chiefs recommended the appointment of a prince as the head of the entire nation, in whom should be vested the right of selecting rulers of towns and provinces, and who should exercise supreme power in the direction of the government, for the advantage and prosperity of all classes of the people. For the discharge of so responsible a trust, that member of the community most favourably known by his moderation and worth was to be chosen by unanimous consent. Yousuf El Fehri, descended from the tribe of the Prophet, merited this high testimony of his country's respect. He was the grandson of that Habib, who had obeyed the khaliph's orders to assassinate the son of his friend Muza, and of the family of Ocba, the first conqueror of Africa. Spain exulted in the elevation of a man distinguished for his enlightened views, as much as for his impartiality and clemency. So great was the enthusiasm in his favour, that Samail and his party were compelled to disguise their real sentiments; and Yousuf, to remove all grounds of discontent, gave their leader the governorship of Toledo, and to his son that of Saragossa. Amer Ben Amru, entitled the Emir of the Sea, received the powerful city of Seville. He had also large possessions in Cordova, where he had built a magnificent palace beyond the walls, and his ambition was equal to his wealth. He soon evinced

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by his actions, how much truth is contained in the words of the Arab historian,—that the heart of the ambitious is like the sea, always exposed to the storm, always agitated and ruffled by the slightest wind.

Yousuf, in his progress through the Moslem states, examined into every abuse, and redressed every grievance upon the spot. He opened new roads, re-established military posts and public aqueducts, devoting a third portion of the provincial imposts to the founding or restoration of useful institutions and grand national works. He divided the country into five portions; the first embracing Andalusia, from the sources of the Guadalquiver to its junction with the sea. The entire territory between the Mediterranean and the Guadiana, included the leading cities of Cordova, Carmona, Ecija, Seville, Silia Italica, Sidonia, Arcos, Libla—now Niebla, Malaga, Elvira, Jaen, Arjona, Cabra, Ossuna, and numerous other cities and towns.

But extensive as were the Moorish dominions in Spain, Alphonso, surnamed the Catholic, had taken advantage of the civil dissensions to strengthen the foundations of his monarchy. He carried his conquests as far as the Douro, and began to erect frontier fortresses, and to improve the natural fortifications of his mountain region; whereas Yousuf, still dazzled with the fond illusion of conquering Gaul, gave the Castilian time to mature his views. While the Moslem prepared an expedition of the most formidable character, Ben Amru, governor of Seville, conspired against his government, and wrote to the khaliph,

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accusing him falsely of numerous high crimes and misdemeanours. This letter was intercepted and brought to Yousuf. After consulting with Samail and his son, who were likewise calumniated by their secret enemy, it was resolved to seize on his person, and to rescue the state from his intrigues, even at the price of his blood.

Samail had fixed his seat of residence at Siguenza. Learning that Ben Amru was likely to pass in the vicinity with a small escort, he placed a chosen body of cavalry in the way, with orders to intercept him, either by force or fraud. On Ben Amru's approach, the other party finding themselves too weak to attack him, rode up, and saluting him, said they were come to offer him the hospitalities of their master's palace. Little suspecting that his designs were known, he allowed himself to be conducted into the presence of Samail. They sat down to table; but, at a stated signal, a party of guards made their appearance. Ben Amru, no way intimidated, threw himself, sword in hand, upon his enemies, and taking advantage of the disorder, escaped with several of his attendants out of Siguenza, and baffled all pursuit. Both parties now threw off the mask. Ben Amru, breathing vengeance, denounced the treachery of the emir, who had violated all the laws of hospitality, and shed innocent blood. Had the chief conspirator fallen, no ill consequence would have ensued; now all good Musulmans were invited to fall upon the murderer; a summons to which the tribes of Yemen and Kahtan readily replied. The motives of Yousuf not being known, it

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was in vain he appealed to the justice of the people. Ben Amru was soon at the head of a powerful army, and the better to disconcert his enemies, who expected him at the gates of Cordova, he directed his march towards Saragossa. Learning the danger which threatened his son, Samail assembled his cavalry and hurried with forced marches to his relief. But his wily foe, seizing the mountain passes, attacked him in places where his horse could not act, and routed him almost without a battle. Samail took refuge in Saragossa, to which Ben Amru laid vigorous siege. Straitened at length for provisions, the besieged determined to cut their way through the enemy, which they effected in the dead of night without losing a single man. The enemy took possession of the city, and the emir Yousuf now advanced towards the victorious rebel, firmly resolved to destroy him or to perish.

But the war was not be decided by a single battle; the Moslem dominions were convulsed from end to end; all Spain rose in arms; governors and generals, abandoning their appointed duties, hastened with new troops and garrisons to increase the horrors of this unnatural strife. Towns, villages, and even private houses were the arena in which they fought,—death and destruction seemed alone to bear sway; the people fled on all sides from their homes, consigned with entire cities and hamlets to plunder and conflagration. Not a few disappeared from the surface of the soil, or left only mournful traces of their existence in blackened heaps of ruins. At no period did a country

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exhibit a more terrible example of the destructive results of party madness, of the reckless spirit of faction, and the savage barbarity and crimes of men, who, appointed guardians over the people's interests, so infamously betrayed their trust. Nor was Christian Spain less a prey at various intervals to the same evil passions, and to all the selfish, base, and cruel incitements of rival princes, governors, and those who who are usually termed *public men*.

Strange indeed are the fortunes of nations. It was to a wanderer of the desert, the son of a dethroned and banished race, pursued from spot to spot by famine and the sword, that Cordova owed the cessation of so many sufferings, and the renewal of its ancient magnificence. Supported by the hardy tribe of his fathers, he obtained, as we shall see, a brilliant victory over his persecutors, among the chiefest of whom ranked the Khaliph of Damascus. On the banks of the Guadalquiver, he next won the laurels which rendered him famous, even in the eyes of the sons of Khaled, of Tarikh, and of Muza, whilst his generosity and clemency in the hour of triumph raised him to a level with the greatest heroes of elder Greece. His equanimity in the full tide of prosperity directed his thoughts to the only umpire of battles; and in the flush of victorious delight, the exile of Arabian wilds resolved to crown the banks of the lovely river with temples befitting the gratitude of such a conqueror. The mosque of Abderrahman, as it rose in new and almost unconceived majesty on the banks of those beloved waters,

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struck the warm imagination of the Arabs with strange astonishment; for they beheld their Prophet's banner shedding splendour wherever they came.

The prudent policy of Abderrahman, combined with the power of his sword, speedily rendered Cordova one of the grandest cities in the world. A population of three hundred thousand inhabitants crowded its broad and far-stretching avenues. The study of elegance and the useful arts, with all their refinements, was diffused among the people; luxury tempered, without destroying the native ardour of the Arab; and Europe, like a tree loaded with the richness of blossoms not its own, seemed to behold itself adorned with some city of the fabulous East.

Of all the wealth and splendour which thus enriched the capital of Moorish Andalusia, but a single vestige remains. Time and war have spared not even the ruins of its sumptuous edifices, with the solitary exception of the mosque of Abderrahman. This once splendid structure still rears its massy walls, to astonish the traveller with visions of the past; its very solitude in the gloom of ages, gives it additional grandeur to the imagination. Roman temple and tower have crumbled into dust, and the gorgeous glory of the Arab is less remembered by the present inhabitants of the soil than the last bright rainbow that spanned the clouds, and then died away; but the one ruined mosque of the young conqueror of Andalusia has not yet bowed its head to time. And who has journeyed from other lands, and bent his eye upon the recondite tracery of its arches and columns, nor

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felt moved at the contemplation?* In no section of the human race can the poet find the features of a grand and noble independence more strikingly portrayed than in the countenance of the Arab;—in no page of history is better material offered for ingenious inquiry, or profound speculation, than in the incidents recorded of this remarkable people. Their origin was equally marked by the wonders of a providential dispensation, and the pathetic history of individual sorrow. Ishmael, the son of a forsaken mother, the wanderer of the desert in earliest youth, unfriended and unknown, was the father of a race which bore, from generation to generation, the characteristics of their sire. The early history of Mohammedanism presents

* This noble specimen of Moresque architecture measures five hundred and twelve feet in length, and four hundred and twenty-three in breadth. Tradition reports that it was erected on the ruins of an ancient Roman temple; and that the materials of which it was constructed once formed part of the city of Carthage. The magnificence of the building may in some measure be conceived, when it is stated, that there are no less than six hundred and thirty-two polished marble columns, of various colours, and some of them of the most costly description, employed in its construction. It is formed upon no regular plan; but this would appear to arise from the various additions that have from time to time been made to it, rather than from any defect in the original design. Another cause which greatly injures the effect of the whole upon the eye, is the appearance of a Gothic cathedral in the centre, which shows a lamentable want of taste in the successors of the Moors. However beautiful in itself, it is here totally out of place; and to this we may add the blocking up of the arches that opened upon the Court of the Fountains, which of itself gives to the whole a gloomy and forbidding air.

How different must have been the impression produced by

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us with the combined effects of that burning of the spirit and untameable love of freedom and solitary grandeur, which has kept the children of Arabia so long distinct from the rest of mankind. The Prophet was but the leader of thousands who had as proud and daring a spirit as himself; they required the impulse, which could only be communicated in its proper direction by a mind as wise in its calculations as it was bold in its determinations. A summons proclaimed by such a mind, could scarcely fail of being obeyed by tribes who had been for ages thirsting after adventure, conquest, and glory.

the view of the interior of the widely-spreading edifice in its original condition. There is one beautiful specimen, however, of Moorish relics, sufficient of itself to repay a visit to this splendid memorial of other and brighter days. It is the famous chapel of Mohammed, which is stated by the late enlightened traveller, Mr. Inglis, "to have been accidentally laid open in the year 1815, by the removal of some old brick-work. It is in the most perfect state of preservation. The Arabic characters upon the cornices, and the colours in which these are inscribed, are as perfect and as vivid as if it were all the work of yesterday. The gilding too, and the mosaic, have lost nothing of their freshness. Close by the mosque, upon a stone platform above the river, there is a monument to the angel Raphael, the guardian angel of the city. A certain devout archbishop, who held the see of Cordova many years ago, dreamt that the angel Raphael appeared to him, and declared himself guardian of the city; and the archbishop commemorated his dream by the erection of a handsome monument. Such expensive dreams have gone out of fashion nowadays."

The proper appellation of the chapel is *Zancarron, or Sanctuary of the Koran.* Mr. Murphy says, that "it very closely resembles the fine specimens of Arabian architecture to be seen in Egypt, and is unquestionably in a different style from the rest of the Moorish architecture. It was

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The immediate results of the subjection of Spain, were not less splendid than those of their earlier triumphs. But soon after the settlement of the victors in Europe, we have seen how the vigour and ambition, which had secured the success of their exploits, furnished arms for private discord; and the Moorish kingdom of the Peninsula began to exhibit those signs of ruin, which invariably attend the progress of civil strife.

Forty-five years had scarcely passed away since the standard of the Prophet first waved over the subject soil, ere the most melancholy prospect pre-

probably executed in imitation of the palaces of Damascus and Bagdad; and it is undoubtedly the finest example, in the entire edifice, of the first of the three periods into which the Arabian architecture is divided. The gate is of white marble, delicately sculptured, and ornamented with numerous columns of precious marble. The arch itself is mosaic, with a blue ground; the decorations are superbly gilt, and its interaltos are gold, red, blue, and green mosaic, of singular beauty. When illuminated, and more especially on the last ten nights of the Moorish Ramadan, by the massive silver chandelier which hung from its centre, the gorgeous beauty of the Zancarron must have surpassed any thing that we can possibly conceive of splendid and magnificent."

Ranking second only to that of Mekka, the grand mosque of Cordova was as much an object of veneration to the Moslems of the west, as was the former to those of the east. In its spacious *patio*, or court-yard, adorned with fountains,—the indispensable accompaniment of a mosque,—the religious Moors were accustomed to perform the ceremony of ablution, preparatory to entering the sacred edifice. It is said to have been built upon the site of a Roman temple, dedicated to Janus; but in the opinion of the ingenious artist, it must have been a series of temples, judging from the varied size of the pillars, and the very different forms of the capitals.

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sented itself to the eyes of the few chieftains who remained faithful to the cause for which their fathers had fought. Arabia itself, with all its tributary provinces, was suffering from the ceaseless wars of rival pretenders to the khaliphate. No strong arm, therefore, could be lifted up for their support; and, left to themselves, their only hope depended upon the prudence and resolution with which they might be able to resist the present and clearly discerned perils which overhung the state.

At length, we behold eighty-four chiefs of Syrian and Egyptian tribes assembled at Cordova. Their meeting took place under the cover of secrecy; but they met with the brave determination to do whatever might seem best for the re-establishment of the Moorish power.

"You know," said the venerable Hayût, of Einessa, "the frightful miseries which afflict every corner of the east; and that each province is groaning under the sway of some worthless tyrant. What can we expect from such a state of things? But were the Khaliph Omar himself upon the throne, we are too distant from the seat of government to look for aid from any exertion of its authority."

This address was listened to with profound attention; and while the assembly was still agitated with the excitement it had occasioned, Wahib Ben Zair arose, and related the following history:—

"After the tragic death of Merwan, Soliman and Abderrahman, the two sons of that unfortunate prince, having escaped the hand of the assassin, obtained an

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asylum at the court of Azefah. There the noble youths were treated with equal gratitude and generosity, and fate seemed willing to atone for the downfal of their family, by the bounty with which she provided for them in their new home. But the mind of Azefah was not allowed to retain its generous sentiments in their favour. A bitter enemy of the race of Ommiah won him over with subtle arts, and he was converted into as dangerous an enemy of the unfortunate youths, as he had been a warm and magnanimous friend. Soliman fell by the hand of a slave,—the executioner of Azefah's commands. The same death awaited Abderrahman; but he was absent from Damascus, and on his way home a faithful friend met, and warning him of his danger, afforded him the opportunity of escape.

"The fortunes of Abderrahman were those which have nurtured many a hero, and made him a wonder and glory to his race. Dreading the power and vigilance of his enemies, he scarcely hoped to make his way through the long and perilous tracts which intervened between the spot where tidings of his brother's death had found him, and the deserts in which he could hope for safety. But hurrying forward as well as his means would allow him, he traversed day after day the solitary borders of the Syrian wilderness; and after encountering every kind of hardship and danger, at length found himself in the neighbourhood of a tribe of Bedouins. Among this rude and wandering people, he led the life of a herdsman, submitted patiently to its privations, and

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surprised the Arabs themselves by the boldness with which he joined in all their fatiguing pursuits.

"It might have been supposed, that in these solitudes he would have enjoyed complete security; but he soon saw reason to dread the influence which tracks the footsteps of the unfortunate, in the continued pursuit of his princely foes. Again setting forth, he traversed with painful foot the sandy route into the African province of Barca. There he hoped to find safety and repose, under the protection of the governor Aben Habib, who had been chiefly indebted for his elevation to the favour of the Ommiahs; but Abderrahman had erred in his calculations respecting the strength of human gratitude. Aben Habib,—a dark and hateful spirit of pride agitating his soul, burned with indignation at the recollection that he owed aught to the noble generosity of another. Instead, therefore, of meeting the fugitive prince with the frankness of a friend, he received him with the base, premeditated determination of striking him still lower to the earth. Abderrahman had learned much of the wisdom of suffering silently and with patience; the eye of his soul had become, as it were, stronger and keener, and he could see with an acuteness not common to young minds, how misfortune might be best borne. But he had farther to learn how difficult it is to calculate either the extent of human calamity, or the ingratitude of man. On his first arrival in Barca, he was unknown to the governor, but the proclamations of Azefah shortly after reached that remote province; and so exactly were his form and lineaments

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described, that Aben Habib at once discovered in the person of the stranger, the descendant of his early benefactors.

"Abderrahman, not loving the life of a courtier, had in the mean time retired to the settlement of another tribe of Bedouin Arabs. There he again displayed that astonishing firmness and bravery which had before rendered him a favourite among the free wanderers of the wilderness. Every day did they behold in him some new proof of valour and virtue; and the chiefs of the tribe rejoiced in his presence, as in that of a true son of the Prophet.

"One evening, just as the sun was sinking below the horizon, clouds of dust rose dark and thick under the tread of horses urged fast by riders, whose looks, as they drew near, betokened the importance of their mission. The tents were quickly surrounded by armed troops, and voices were heard eagerly demanding if a young Syrian had not lately sought refuge with the tribe? Happily for Abderrahman, the faithful Bedouins suspected danger for their beloved guest, and replied, that the young Syrian, Giafour Almanzor, as they named him, was absent hunting the wild beasts of the waste, and that he would pass the night under the shelter of some neighbouring rocks. The soldiers immediately departed, and sought out the place to which they were directed by the Bedouins. Abderrahman, in the mean time, was asleep in one of the tents. Roused and warned of his danger, he burst forth in the most passionate exclamations of gratitude to his deliverers; but they would not occupy, in receiving

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his thanks, the precious moments left to him, and calling forth six of the noblest-hearted youths of the tribe, they appointed them to conduct him across the desert.

"During many days did the prince and his faithful attendants continue their journey over the pathless sands. At length they arrived at Tahart, the capital of Algarbe; and then, for the first time since he was driven from his pastoral home, did Abderrahman feel that he might rest secure. His mother had sprung from the tribe of Zeneta, the most powerful and honourable family in the land; and no sooner had he declared his real name, and related the misfortunes he had endured, than the people and their chiefs poured forth exclamations of joy at the event of his arrival among them. There Abderrahman," concluded the speaker, "still lives, and it is this last descendant of the virtuous Khaliph Haçem I would propose to elect as our future sovereign."

Astonishment sat on every brow, as the illustrious Wahib thus related the eventful history of Abderrahman; and when he ended his recital by proposing the object of that history for a supreme commander of the faithful, their leader in battle, and the umpire of justice "within the gate," the assembled sheïkhs, with one accord, expressed their assent in terms of delight and exultation.

No time was lost in useless debate. Wahib Ben Zair and Temam Ben Alcama were forthwith despatched to the young prince at Tahart, with authority to invite him, in the name of all faithful Musulmans,

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to the throne of Spain. The mission was not one that could be performed without extreme peril. A suspicious sovereign, and emirs dreading every instant the downfal of their power, guarded the coasts of Africa with sleepless care. The brave delegates, nevertheless, succeeded in reaching Tahart in safety; and, disclosing the object of their journey to the young prince, they had the satisfaction of hearing from his own lips the most ardent expressions of love to Spain, and the Arab children who had grown up on its soil.

The Zenetes rejoiced even more in the prospect of distinction thus opened to their prince; and providing him with a brave escort of seven hundred and fifty horsemen, sent him forth to win a throne for himself, and glory for his family. At the moment when he arrived on the shores of Spain, Yousuf, a conqueror and usurper, whose path to dominion was deluged with blood, had begun his march towards Cordova, where the inhabitants expected his approach with mingled terror and indignation. A burning sun obliged the chief, at the hour of noon, to seek shelter from its fervour in a lonely valley. While reclining here, a messenger arrived from Cordova, and presented to him a letter, containing these mysterious words:— "Thy reign draws near its close; he who is destined to destroy thy power is on thy path. God is great! He hath appointed us to suffer the death which so many noble Musulmans have already met. Why sparest thou Amer and his son? Let them perish, and with them those perfidious sheïkhs who have

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summoned thy successor to the throne! To diminish the number of our enemies is to triumph." Scarcely had Yousuf perused this strange epistle, before a messenger arrived from his son, at Cordova, announcing the approach of Abderrahman, and the peril which threatened their family.

It was even so; the youthful prince had landed at Almuñecar, and was now rapidly hastening into the very heart of the kingdom. The people, as he approached, received him with shouts of joy; and had he not been tutored by misfortune to subdue the enthusiasm of his spirit, he would already have regarded himself as a king. But he felt that he had still a fierce and dangerous struggle to encounter, and instead of allowing his mind to repose on the flattering spectacle of a rejoicing people, he pressed forward with his little army towards Cordova, determined, should God permit, to strike at once a decisive blow.

After several preparatory encounters, so much the practice with the best Arab tribes, Abderrahman and Yousuf at length joined battle in the open plain. The army of the usurper amounted to four times the strength of that of the young prince; and in the pride of his soul, Yousuf could not help repeating the verses of the old poet:—

> Our thousands thirst with a burning thirst,
> And rivers of blood we need;
> How shall we quench this burning thirst,
> Oh, where are the hosts to bleed?

Yousuf had better not have asked the insulting ques-

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tion; his own countrymen supplied the sanguinary streams which cooled the fever of his valour; and Abderrahman, finding himself wholly master of the field, marched at once upon Cordova. That city, little inclined to support the cause of Yousuf, opened its gates without delay to the victorious prince, and another brilliant victory seated him permanently on the Moorish throne of Spain.

The noble mind of Abderrahman displayed its characteristic tenderness in the season of prosperity, as it had exhibited the virtues of bravery and fortitude in times of difficulty, danger, and privation. It is recorded, that he planted with his own hands a palm-tree in the gardens of his palace, and that this palm was the parent of the spreading groves, which afterwards gave to the neighbourhood of Cordova its oriental magnificence of shade. To contemplate the beauty of this his favourite tree, formed the chief delight of the few moments he could steal from the cares of state. His thoughts, notwithstanding what he had suffered, still lingered with untiring affection on the scenes of his boyhood; and frequently, on returning from his brilliant campaigns, he would sigh and water the roots of the palm with his tears, as the vision of his native land rose before his mind. The poet, who most loved his memory, took a fond delight in recording his melancholy reveries:—

> Beautiful as the summer dost thou spread
> Thy graceful branches o'er the verdant earth;
> Glory sits smiling on thee, and thy head
> Heavenward aspires from earth that gave thee birth.

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Like thee, a stranger to these realms I came,
But ah, for me vain the soft west-wind blows;
Vain the rich soil its treasures bids me claim,
The pure bright air its sweetest incense throws.

Bloom in thy pride! Yet couldst thou know the cares,
My favourite tree, that rend my troubled breast;
Like me thou 'dst weep; for me stern fortune wears,
Her darkest look, whilst thou in peace mayst rest.

When fate and tyrant-power first drove me far,
An exile from our land, oft would my tears
Bedew the palms, what time the eastern star
Glow'd bright,—yet of my griefs no trace appears.

Unseen I sigh,—untold the thoughts that come
With haunting dreams of that most loved of lands;
But thou, fair tree, deem'st not of cruel doom,
Though planted here far from our native sands.

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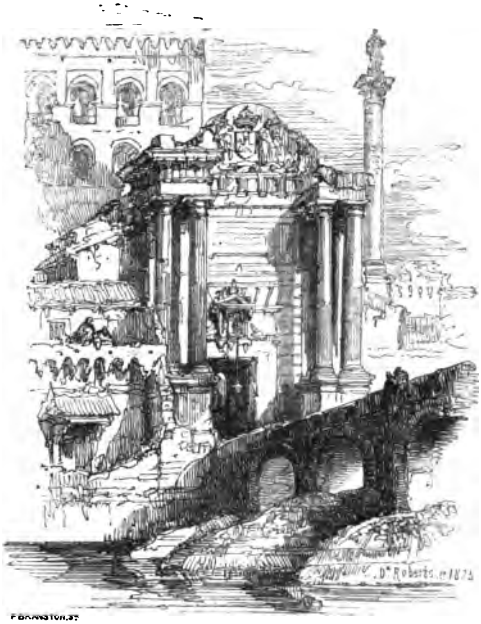

CHAPTER II.

Oh, lovely Spain! renowned, romantic land!
Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,
When Cava's traitor-sire first called the band
That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore?
Red gleamed the Cross, and waned the Crescent pale,
While Afric's echoes thrilled with Moorish matrons' wail.

Byron.

It may not be unpleasing to diversify our sketches of Moorish character and adventure, with some allusion to the earlier fortunes and striking achievements of the noble-minded Spaniards of other days. The melancholy contrast between its splendid historical associations and its modern aspect and condition,

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forcibly struck the mind of England's noble poet, on first beholding Spain; and where is the thoughtful stranger who contemplates its natural advantages and immense resources, once the garden of Europe, the storehouse of Carthage and of Rome, yet finds it almost a desert and a ruin, but may gather the best lessons of history in moralizing upon so strange a theme?

Her vast chains of grand and fertile mountains seem to threat the sea, as if, to use the language of her great historian, they would cross the strait, and join Europe and Africa;* her intervening plains, lofty as the hills of other lands, are elevated more than two thousand feet above the ocean; and in the beauty and prolific qualities of her romantic-sounding rivers,—the Guadiana, the Guadalquiver, the Tagus, the Ebro, and the Douro,—in their fertilizing waters and tributary streams, encompassing the cities and filling the groves and gardens with a freshness and fragrance ever new, Spain still appears the favourite of nature; but all her lavish blessings are turned to gall and bitterness by man's savage passions, even now goaded into worse than barbarism,—the result of ages of imbecile tyranny and degrading superstitions. Vainly has her Guadalquiver, bursting from the dark brown or snowy sierras, spread salubrity and plenty through her southern vegas, her rich towns, and lovely hamlets, laying, as it pursues its graceful windings to the sea, the tribute of fragrant coolness at the feet of the east-robed Cordova. With a soil adapted by culture

* Father Mariana.

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for yielding every variety of product, the most delicate and luxurious of their kind, is combined a climate boasting the happiest temperature of all the seasons,—the summer snow of Andalusian hills, the glow of arid burning plains, and the inspiring breezes of her far-sweeping coasts. Yet not for her people bloomed the spreading vineyards, the rich olive and orange-groves; mines and mountains teemed with the strength of nations, while the iron foot of war, feudal discord, and withering fanaticism prostrated their noblest energies, destroyed their character, and trampled the harvests of their industry in the dust.

If we consider next her celebrity in arts and arms, the veteran spirit of her patriots and soldiers, even the courage, as well as surpassing beauty of her warm-souled women,*—in whatever light we view her native genius and inherent powers, the more shall we see reason to deplore the fatal errors and oppressions of a long line of worthless rulers.

> And doth the power that man adores ordain
> Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?
> Is all that desperate valour acts in vain?
> And counsel sage, and patriotic zeal,
> The veteran's skill, youth's fire, and manhood's heart of steel?
>
> Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
> Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
> And all unsexed, the anlace hath espoused,
> Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?

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* Martial. The old historians, with Conde, Bourgoing, Laborde, and the Roman writers, Pliny and Cæsar, supplied the author with materials for some of the reflections in the text.

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Endued with the noble and fiery temperament of the Roman, the African, and the Celt, the Spaniard traces back his origin and his history nearly eight centuries before the Christian era. The Greeks are known to have preceded Carthage in her colonial establishments in Spain, as the latter yielded up her precious possessions to the irresistible sword of the Roman. On the same soil where Greeks, Phœnicians, and Romans had built cities and left colonies, civilization, arts, sciences, and virtues of a great people were taught in the school of adversity, and by the ordeal of successive conquests. The genius of colonization dictated the policy of Rome, and the country which adopted her laws and customs, gave to the empire some of the noblest rulers and commanders who swayed her destinies to their close.

In magnificence and wealth, in the extent and grandeur of her public works, her temples, and amphitheatres, in population,* in the fine arts and the cultivation of letters, Spain was far in advance of every colony subject to the Roman sway. The nursery of armies and navies, she long fought the battles of the republic and the empire; till taking advantage

* Stated at above forty millions, whose activity developed all the resources of the state. With the noble Greek architecture, Roman tastes, refinement, and even dress, were introduced. Roman roads, bridges, and aqueducts gave a fresh spring to commerce; while painting, sculpture, and all the arts in their golden era, threw splendour round her genius and power. In learning and philosophy, the names of Quinctilian, Silius Italicus, Mela, Columella, Seneca, Martial, and Lucan, bear testimony to the flourishing condition of Spain, and the vigour of her intellect and genius under the Romans.

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of the civil wars, she rose under Sertorius into independence, and both the poet and historian have commemorated the part she bore in the eventful struggle, which left Cæsar master of the world.

The northern inundations, which overwhelmed the most extensive and durable empire * upon record, consigned Spain to the dominion of the Goths. Hordes of rival barbarians disputed their new conquests, and destruction, famine, plague, marked their desolating career. The feudal age soon made its appearance; the dominion of the Visigoths was broken into dukedoms and counties, and their meanest soldiers, seizing the estates of Roman and Spanish gentlemen, condemned them to slavery or death. Even so despicable is the origin of Europe's modern nobility, the offspring of Gothic and Norman robbers, under whose feudal laws, merging at length in despotism, the people of every country so long groaned, and of which they still continue to reap the bitter fruits.

But another and a nobler power, democratic in its genius and habits, prepared to avenge the sufferings of the old Spaniards,† and in 711, the first of the Mohammedan chiefs, our favourite Tarikh, set foot on the coasts of Andalusia. The victory of Xeres opened the

* The power of the Romans continued upwards of twelve centuries, before its final extinction.

† Of whom it may truly be said, in the words of the poet, "Beati si sua bona norint," — had they blended happily, as they might have done, with the Moors, instead of throwing off an easy yoke for the real enduring horrors of the Inquisition.

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way to the dominion of the country, till the feeble remnant of the Goths sought refuge in their mountain-fastnesses, from which, in the lapse of centuries, they descended like a torrent to expel their former conquerors. The brilliant reign of the early Moorish khaliphs and chiefs in Spain, has no parallel; the splendour of their great cities surpassed all that Europe had before witnessed, till rival dynasties broke into fragments those mighty conquests, which, springing from a small tribe of the desert, extended to every part of the known globe. Poetry, science, and philosophy owed their highest degree of perfection to the zeal and learning of the Moors; their favourite princes were learned and accomplished as they were heroic, and the genius and munificence of their Almanzors and Abderrahmans spread their renown from Europe through the remotest east.

But while the Gothic institutions acquired strength and stability, the Saracenic empire declined; its periods of civilization, refinement, and luxury, in advance of those of Christian nations, rapidly passed away. No longer supported by its former fanaticism and heroism, what could resist the enthusiasm of newly awakened chivalry and the glory of the Cross? The fire of the Crescent, already on the wane, was extinguished by the armed hand of knighthood, directed by the church militant. The war-cry of Santiago, re-echoed by Christian Europe, sounded the knell of Mohammedan supremacy, and its ancient dominion was shaken to the very confines of the deserts that gave it birth.

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Within half a century after this event, which made Christianity the established religion of Europe, the social condition and the prosperity of the country underwent a rapid and fearful change. In its southern kingdoms, — the favourite seat of the western khaliphat, the last relinquished, and contested with so much obstinacy by the Moor,—the contrast was most marked and deplorable. The rich and flourishing kingdom of Cordova, with its splendid and powerful city,* bore the appearance of a conquered province, consigned to spoliation and neglect; and the other cities and kingdoms of Andalusia, as they successively fell before the Christian, participated in the desolating system, which the pride of conquest and religious hatred dictated; and, notwithstanding its impolicy and the irremediable evils which it inflicted on the conquerors and their suc-

* The old far-famed Alcazar itself was converted into a dungeon of the Inquisition. As it is exhibited in the accompanying plate, there appears, in the space between the Alcazar and the spectator, part of the foundation of an ancient Roman bridge, with a Moorish superstructure, the original purpose of which was for raising water from the river, for the supply of the town. This, with the mere exception of the lower part, which is appropriated to the use of a mill, is a complete ruin. From the observations of the artist, to which the author is indebted for no little pleasure and instruction, it would seem that only a small portion of the present edifice is of Moorish origin. The garden and terraces, indeed, are in the oriental taste, together with the fish-ponds, which are yet in a tolerable state of preservation. The present building, judging by the same authority, was not constructed anterior to the fourteenth century, having been most probably erected in commemoration of the capture of the southern capital by St. Fer-

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cessors, so long persevered in. As the same barbarous spirit of cruelty and fanaticism still exists, it may be of use to trace its fatal effects through the most eventful period of the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella, and Charles V.

The union of separate states, and the fall of the Moorish empire in Spain, form one of the most striking epochs of modern history. Upon the ruins of that extraordinary power, which at one period threatened the destruction of Christian Europe, rose a vast and splendid monarchy, which extended its dominion over every quarter of the globe. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, brilliant prospects opened upon the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, nor could the most philosophic of historians have hazarded the conjecture, that a nation so great and chivalrous could so rapidly decline under the

dinand. Time appears jealous of the monuments of princes: the celebrated palace of Abderrahman, built beyond the walls of the city, near the foot of the Sierra Morena, has perished without leaving a wreck behind.

The Alcazar is still used in the two-fold capacity of a garrison and a prison. Through the kind attention of a young Spanish nobleman, and his influence with the governor, the artist was shown through the terrific dungeons of the Inquisition. He describes the sight as one at once intensely painful and absorbing. Much curious but melancholy matter might be gleaned from the various names, with frequent remarks attached to them by unhappy victims, which he observed in many places inscribed upon the walls. There is every reason to think, that the existing race of Spaniards look back with a species of shame and national remorse on the revolting acts of that once-powerful tribunal, which made even Roman pontiffs tremble.

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withering influence of absolute sway and abject superstition.

Advanced in civilization beyond the other states of Europe, in possession of popular rights and newly acquired independence, Spain, in her ancient laws, her free communities, in the character of the nobles and of the people, comprehended all the elements that constitute a mixed and vigorous government. Unhappily, the spirit of civil discord and religious persecution gradually threw the power into the hands of the monarch; and the rising wealth, the splendour and importance of the leading cities, with their free institutions, sunk rapidly into decay.

The same causes which then threatened the destruction of the monarchy, are still at work in the unexampled contest which now rages, and seems destined to exhaust the remaining energies of this ill-fated and almost expiring monarchy. Religious hatred and the privileges of separate states supply Don Carlos with arms, and render his cause a national cause, which looks on freedom and constitutional sway as a foreign innovation, strange to priestcraft and corruption, and a thing abhorred. The old spirit of the Spaniards, as in the day of Pelayo, has retreated to its mountain home; where, under Zumalacarreguy, it resisted the tide of innovation and a new order of things with an energy and success like those of the unfettered Goth, who held at bay a succession of the greatest Moorish generals who could be brought to cope with him in his sanctuary of the hills. And so has the Carlist leader foiled all the talent and bravery of a new and

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nobler Spain ; and, like the Goth, had life and a clear path been granted him, might have rolled back the strong invading torrent of a new dynasty, at least for a period, and restored a government based on the veneration and ancient prejudices of the people.

The policy of Ferdinand and Isabella, after the national triumph over the Moors, was directed at once to curb the power of the nobles, and arrest the genius of the people. By uniting with the church in the indiscriminate persecution of Jews, Moors, and Christians, they laid the ground-work of that fatal system, which depopulated while it enslaved, and eventually destroyed one of the most extensive monarchies known in modern times.

The grand military orders of the nobles, and the free associations of the cities, with the ancient privileges of different states, were successively undermined or invaded by the crown; and by artfully fomenting the divisions between the grandees and the citizens, Ferdinand gradually enlarged the boundaries of the royal prerogative at the expense of both. Aided by the papal see, he placed himself at the head of the proud masterships of St. Jago, Calatrava, and Alcantara; and while he circumscribed the feudal jurisdiction of the barons, equally encroached upon the privileges of the great cities. He established in Cordova and Seville that terrific tribunal of the Holy Inquisition; and breaking the sacred compact entered into with the Moors, left a precedent of religious hatred and intolerance, which, acted upon by his successors, filled Spain with horrors, crippled the national ener-

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gies, and produced a train of calamities, the consequences of which are felt up to the present day. The fairest portion of his dominions, Andalusia, with its then splendid cities, was the first to reap the bitter fruits of this reckless ambition and mistaken zeal. He had obtained the kingdom of Aragon by the death of his elder brother, and Naples and Sicily by disregarding the most solemn engagements and the common claims of kindred.

It was not without extreme reluctance, after the strongest ecclesiastical remonstrances and threats, that the noble and virtuous Isabella was induced to yield her sanction to measures at once so impolitic and cruel. Her frequent efforts to allay the violence of religious rage, her generous protection of the great Columbus, and her attachment to the Castilians, endeared her to the people, but failed to soften the implacable character of Ferdinand and his evil advisers. Her early death, while it deprived her consort of the crown of Castile, involved the country in fresh conflicts and misfortunes. Her son-in-law, Philip, claimed the regency on behalf of his son, afterwards Charles V. Castile favoured his pretensions, and the ambitious conqueror of the last of the Moors was constrained to retire into his hereditary dominions. Exasperated, it appears, at the loss of power, he attempted to exclude his own daughter, and his grandson Charles, from succeeding to the crown. Breaking through the restraints of law and decency, he demanded in marriage the sister of his former queen, on whose alleged illegitimacy he had himself

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founded Isabella's right to the crown. By reviving the very claims which he had formerly opposed in the field, he believed that he should be enabled to recover possession of Castile. But the King of Portugal, in whose court Joanna resided, refused, it is asserted, to sanction so wicked and scandalous a marriage; nor did the injured princess herself show less repugnance to it.* Ferdinand then sought a niece of the French king, entered into a treaty with Philip, and upon the death of that prince, through the influence of the celebrated Cardinal Ximenes, obtained the regency which he so eagerly coveted.

To the same great and enlightened character Ferdinand was, most probably, indebted for the wise and prudent administration of the affairs of his kingdom during the minority of Charles. Intrepid as he was learned, this distinguished prelate headed an expedition to the coast of Barbary, of which he defrayed the expenses, and added several important conquests to the Spanish throne. The acquisition of Navarre, and the great maritime discoveries of Columbus and his successors, conferred additional lustre upon the Spanish arms. So sensible was Ferdinand of the eminent qualities of his counsellor, and of the necessity of a vigorous administration, that in his last will he appointed him regent of Castile.

* Since the time of Robertson, the historical accuracy of this assertion has been questioned, but on no sufficient grounds. In addition to general report and contemporary authorities, the fact of Ferdinand's hasty marriage with another princess, in the hope of cutting off Charles from the succession, gives strong countenance to its truth.

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At a period when Europe was distinguished for the number of its extraordinary characters, who appeared almost simultaneously;* when many eventful changes were in progress; when the most comprehensive intellect and the firmest will decided the future destinies of mankind, this prelate stood conspicuous for his enlarged and statesman-like views, the strength and decision of his mind, and courage in the most critical and arduous circumstances. He had gone through the most rigid discipline of the Roman church, and aided only by his austere, unbending genius, opposed to every species of intrigue or flattery, attained the highest clerical honours and reputation. Appointed father-confessor to Queen Isabella, he preserved the same severity of life and simplicity of manners; nor, when promoted to the richest dignities of the church, did he manifest a less calm magnanimity of mind, less apostolic humility and gentleness of deportment. With sound learning and extensive knowledge, he combined talents of the highest order;—intimate acquaintance with the world, inflexible honour, and incorruptible integrity. He displayed the characteristics of a statesman by pursuing great and noble designs with unremitting ardour and perseverance.

* As monarchs, Charles V., Francis I., Henry VIII., Solyman II. As pontiffs, Julius II., Leo X. As commanders, Gonzalvo, the great captain; De Foix, Bayard, the Prince of Parma, and our great English admirals. And still greater in the annals of mind,—Sir Thomas More, Luther, Melancthon, Erasmus, and many others no less celebrated: while in science and art we need allude only, on the revival of learning, to the grand poets and painters of Italy.

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While discharging the important duties of supreme governor of the kingdom, Ximenes consulted the feelings and wishes of the youthful monarch, sanctioned the appointment of Cardinal Adrian as his colleague, and repressed the ambitious views of Ferdinand, Charles's younger brother. With equal ability he opposed the turbulence of the nobles, and the dissensions between different states and cities; while the promptitude of his measures, at once formidable and conciliatory, aimed at restoring justice, order, and equal rights, in the spirit of a moderate constitutional monarchy.

It is surprising how, in so brief a period, by his energy and wisdom, he succeeded in developing the vast resources and greatness of the country. But unhappily, his noble and enlightened views were destined never to be fulfilled, closing abruptly with his life in sorrow and disappointment. Educated as a foreign prince, and ill directed by his Flemish favourites and advisers, Charles assumed the title of King of Castile, though his mother, in whose right only he was entitled to the crown, still survived. The regent was invited by the barons to join them in resisting this premature assumption of power; but when assembled, as they believed for that purpose, he replied to them by pointing to a powerful body of troops, and by commanding on the spot that Charles should be proclaimed king in Madrid. Most of the leading cities speedily followed the example.

The powerful arbitrator at once between the three estates of the king, the nobles, and the people, this

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enlightened statesman would have established for Charles a power far greater and more durable in the free government of a spirited and united people, than he ever attained by fomenting divisions between the nobles and the citizens, by the terrors of the Inquisition, or by aiming at absolute rule. But time was not allowed him to mature his noble plans; his best efforts were misrepresented; his enemies won the ear of Charles; and as the sole remaining hope of rescuing the young king from impressions fatal to the prosperity of his country, imbibed from his Flemish favourites and advisers, Ximenes sent him urgent entreaties that he would instantly quit Brussels, and repair to Spain.

In the September of 1517, Charles landed in the Asturias, and the aged cardinal hastened, as fast as his infirmities permitted, to meet his sovereign. On his way, being taken sick, with symptoms which his attendants attributed to poison, he lost no time in writing to the king, earnestly soliciting an interview; adding, with fearless candour, that he advised him to dismiss his foreign retinue, and to cultivate the good opinion of his people. But the Flemish courtiers and the Castilian nobles were equally interested in preventing an interview between the young monarch and his regent; and they succeeded in thwarting every measure which the latter recommended for the welfare of the state. Charles refused even to see him; and while bitterly lamenting the misfortunes which he foresaw would fall upon his country, and the ingratitude of a prince whom he had

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so faithfully served, the dying minister received a formal letter to the purport that he was permitted to withdraw into his own diocese, and end his days in peace. His noble mind was in no condition to bear up against this fresh indignity, and he died within a very few hours after he had received the letter.

"The variety, the grandeur, and the success of his schemes," observes Robertson, "during a regency of only twenty months, leave it doubtful whether his sagacity in council, his prudence in conduct, or his boldness in execution, deserve the greatest praise. His reputation is high in Spain, and he is the only prime minister mentioned in history, whom his contemporaries reverenced as a saint, and to whom the people under his government ascribed the power of working miracles." That he was compelled by the influence of circumstances and the dictates of royal and papal authority to transgress the bounds of reason and humanity in the fervour of mistaken zeal, was rather the fault of his times than of his character, which, however austere and unbending, was neither cruel nor despotic. His strenuous efforts for the conversion of the Moors were prompted by the king and the inquisition; and, though the least defensible part of his policy, afforded a remarkable instance of the conflict of strong religious zeal with the better feelings and the true Christian wisdom which he possessed. His measures of conversion, at first the opposite of harsh, were directed towards the more influential classes,—the Moorish nobles, commanders, and priests. But persuasion and interest, when found unavailing, were

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followed by less justifiable means,* and the mind even of the great Ximenes was darkened by the long prevailing night of religious error and superstition. He destroyed by fire the controversial works of the Arabs, and enforced the royal edicts, which produced repeated insurrections throughout Andalusia,—acts not consistent with his other great and useful designs, with that self-government and truth which he had derived from the fountain-head,† or the profession of a servant of Christ and an expounder of the healing counsel and merciful dispensations of his gospel.

Shortly after the death of Ximenes, new troubles broke out in various parts of the kingdom; the influence acquired over the mind of Charles by his former tutor and other foreign adherents, having led to many unwise and obnoxious measures. The insolence and rapacity of foreign governors and agents,

* More than one singular instance is on record of the cardinal's zeal, seconded by that of one of his chaplains, named Pedro Leon. One of the *Zegri* captives proving very refractory, he was shut up with the said Leon, who undertook to effect his conversion. In a short time, the Moor was heard to entreat to be brought once more before the cardinal. He required immediate baptism, declaring there was no Mohammedan however faithful, who, if shut up with this "ferocissimus Leo," as he had been, would not be happy to be made a Christian. Throwing a robe of honour over the Moor's shoulders, Ximenes, turning towards his chaplain, reproached him with his cruelty.

† Francisco Ximenes Cisneros, Archbishop of Toledo, was deeply learned in the various languages in which the Scriptures have appeared, and published his grand edition of the Polyglot Bible.

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excited the indignation of the Castilians to the highest pitch. The discontent of the Cortez, held at different towns, was loudly expressed; the people of Cordova, Seville, Toledo, and Segovia entered into a compact against the Flemings, which greatly endangered the constitution; yet Charles still treated their remonstrances with neglect and contempt.

At this period, the imperial crown becoming vacant, Charles and Francis I. alike aspired to its possession, and it was disputed with an acrimony and a spirit of intrigue which involved every power in Europe. Henry VIII., too haughty and ambitious to support either of these monarchs, declared himself also a candidate for the imperial throne. But being informed by the Pope and the electoral princes that he had come too late into the field, he resolved to retard the success of both potentates to the last moment. It was still more the interest of Leo X. that these powers, so ambitious and formidable, should not obtain any accession to their dominions. While affecting to favour each party, he therefore secretly exhorted the German princes to raise one of their own body to the imperial throne. It was accordingly offered to Frederick Duke of Saxony, who with rare magnanimity, out of regard for the welfare of Christian Europe, declined the offer in favour of Charles, whom he considered the most able to resist the influence of the Ottoman power.

However gratifying to the pride of Charles, his Spanish subjects had soon reason to deplore his success. They were called upon to fight the battles of

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all Europe against a power whose dominion and whose faith they had extirpated from their own soil, and to expend their blood and treasure to support the views of a conqueror of Italy, and a Christian emperor in his wars against the Turk. Valencia rose in arms; and the people of Valladolid, enraged that Charles should have summoned the Cortez to meet in the town of Compostella, attacked the Flemings, and the emperor and his ministers were compelled to seek security in flight. Fresh dissensions between the nobles and the people added to the general dissatisfaction; and having appointed regents during his absence, the young monarch with ill-dissembled joy set sail for the Low Countries, eager to assume the imperial crown. Jealous of the influence of Francis I. with the English king, he also resolved to visit England, and suddenly landing at Dover, soon obtained a marked influence both over Henry and the haughty Wolsey, which he made subservient to his future plans. The progress of the Reformation, the hostility of France, the subtle policy of Leo X., and the ascendency of the Ottoman arms, called forth all the resources of his bold yet cautious genius, and by fomenting divisions between other powers, he so far weakened them as to be enabled to dictate to all. But the seeds of fanaticism were too deeply implanted in his mind, to permit him to derive advantage from events which would have been eagerly seized by a great and enlightened prince. The revival of learning, the invention of printing, and the spirit of free inquiry, with the grand maritime discoveries which distinguished his age, would, if

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rightly appreciated by a monarch in whose dominions the sun never set, have conferred on him irresistible influence, and inestimable advantages upon mankind.

At this period, the death of his former governor and favourite, Chievres, relieved Charles from an authority he could ill brook. His commanding talents soon obtained the ascendency, both in the council and the field, over the less matured designs and persevering efforts of his rival, from whose alliance he succeeded in detaching Pope Leo and the English king. When the French, moreover, attacked Navarre and Castile, they were defeated and driven back with great loss. Still more signal success attended the emperor's arms in Flanders, and it was not till the siege of Mezieres, where the Spaniards were opposed by the famous Bayard, that they were in turn compelled to retreat. Francis was equally unfortunate in Italy, and lost the Milanese and Genoa; while, to crown the successes of Charles, the English king was induced to declare war against France. By amusing the haughty Wolsey with hopes of the papal chair, and flattering the vanity of Henry, Charles during a second visit had so far ingratiated himself with the English court, as to lay the foundation of England's future alliance with his son. Henry invaded France, and while the Christian monarchs were thus engaged in bitter hostility, the celebrated Solyman was extending his dominion in every direction, and made himself master, after a long and memorable siege, of the noblest outworks of Christendom,—the chivalrous Island of Rhodes.

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In 1522, the emperor was recalled into Spain, to quell the civil dissensions which again broke out in Castile, and some of the leading towns. Toledo, Segovia, Burgos, Zamora, led by popular chiefs, disputed the government of the regent Adrian, and repulsed his troops. At the head of all was Don Juan de Padilla, distinguished for his high character and talents, who by his success and his eloquent appeals to the people, brought over other cities to their cause. He boldly demanded a redress of their grievances; and seizing on the person of the dowager-queen, Joanna, set up a new government in her name, to be directed by a popular junta. They were even joined by several of the barons, who at the outset had instigated the insurgents, in order to check the encroachments of the monarch on the feudal privileges they enjoyed. But when the insurrection assumed the character of a popular government, they trembled for their power, and joined the royal governors with considerable bodies of troops. Padilla had also taken the field, and continued his successful career until the intrigues of the junta divested him of the chief command, and their cause was lost. After a long and disastrous struggle, the army of the junta was utterly routed, and the noble-spirited Padilla being taken prisoner, was led to execution with a number of other chiefs. He was greatly beloved by the people; and on learning his fate, his wife, a woman of consummate talent and accomplishments, instead of weakly repining, resolved to die in the same cause, and at the head of the garrison and citizens defended Toledo to the last.

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From Castile and Navarre, the spirit of popular discontent, aggravated by the conduct of the regents and the oppression of the nobles, spread through Valencia and Aragon, and still more fiercely in the Island of Majorca. It was only by adopting conciliatory measures, on his arrival, that Charles at length succeeded in repressing these repeated struggles between the government and the people.

Having succeeded in this object, the emperor next directed his attention to the formation of a new league against the French king. He took advantage of the disaffection of the Duke of Bourbon, caused by the ill treatment of Francis and his court, and in conjunction with his allies, resolved to invade France. He entered the country at the head of a powerful army; but this was the least fortunate of his great expeditions, and after ravaging several provinces, he was compelled to retire with loss and disgrace.

In Italy, his armies under the conduct of those distinguished commanders Bourbon, Pescara, Colonna, Lannoy, and Leyva, were more successful, and for a period terminated the grand contest, by the complete rout and the capture of his chivalrous rival before the city of Pavia.

By the severity of the conditions he imposed upon his unfortunate rival, Charles failed to reap those advantages which a more magnanimous conduct would have secured. The use he made of his power, drove Francis, upon regaining his liberty, to the breach of the most sacred engagements, under the plea that they had been extorted from him by force; and thus an event

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which ought to have proved beneficial to Spain, and laid the foundation of future peace and prosperity, involved her in fresh efforts and disasters. Both resolved to pursue the war with more bitter hostility than before; the Pope absolved Francis from his oath, and to such lengths did their hatred and inveteracy against each other proceed, that they made use of the most coarse and opprobrious epithets, and dared each other to decide the dispute by single combat. But the dignity of royal heads would have suffered too greatly in such an exhibition, and Charles contented himself with reinforcing his armies, exhausting his finances, and exciting fresh discontents among his Spanish subjects. To irritate the French monarch, he lavished honours upon the rebel Bourbon, gave him the command of an army in Italy, and beheld with secret exultation the terrific sack of Rome, and the capture of the holy pontiff who had released Francis from his engagements. Yet, with refined duplicity, he affected to regard the event with the utmost horror, ordered his court into deep mourning, and sent condolences to all the European princes and ambassadors. He offered up public prayers for the recovery of the Pope's liberty, solemn processions were appointed throughout Spain, but not a single order was issued to his generals to release the unhappy Clement.

While the capital of Christendom thus fell before the arms of the Christian emperor, who had been elected as the most powerful of its defenders, Hungary and other states were overrun by the Ottomans. The

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indignation of Europe, the complaints of the Pope, and the discontent of his own subjects, soon gave rise to a confederacy which not only constrained Charles to set the Pope at liberty, but to offer more moderate terms to his enemies. The whole of the belligerents had exhausted the energies and resources of their respective people; during ten years Europe had scarcely breathed from the horrors of incessant wars; and the peace of Cambray, honourable to none of the parties, was less a matter of choice than of necessity. Besides having violated his honour as a prince, Francis forsook his former allies, without a single stipulation in their favour; and Italy, with the head of the church, was abandoned to the clemency of the imperialists. The genius of Charles, though the opposite of great or magnanimous, seconded by the skill and valour of his generals, was an overmatch for the vain, impetuous Francis, directed by every impulse at the will of favourites and flatterers, to whose intrigues he sacrificed some of the noblest and bravest of the land.

If the ambition and policy of Charles proved disastrous to Spain and the rest of Europe, his intolerance was no less injurious to their best interests, by depriving them of the most industrious classes of the community. The terrible example of the Inquisition spread like a devastating plague throughout the continent of Europe, and the religious wars and persecutions of successive centuries, and the hatred and bigotry, not yet extinct, which they engendered, were

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the fruits of the frightful corruption of the Christian church which, in fact, produced that terrific tribunal of blood, and the principle of all state-religions. The persecutions of the Huguenots, the Albigenses, and the Puritans sprung from the same source, were kindled at the same fires which desolated the fairest provinces of Spain. Their terrors were extended, under Charles, to the New World. Cardinal Adrian, regent and grand inquisitor of Spain, succeeded Leo X. in the pontificial chair, and continued at the head of the ecclesiastical courts till the year 1523. He then delegated the power to Don Alphonzo Manrique, Bishop of Cordova and Badajoz, and afterwards Archbishop of Seville; who assisted him in establishing its authority over the Indies and the surrounding islands. With criminal weakness, for which he was extolled by the Pope, he permitted the commissioners to abuse the powers entrusted to them, and imposed upon Charles by false representations, which prevented his interfering with their cruel and scandalous proceedings. For in the Cortez of Valladolid and Saragossa, he had promised the people of Aragon and Castile such a modification of the severity of the tribunal, as would have been of incalculable relief to these two kingdoms. On such trivial circumstances may the welfare of a great people be made to depend! and the inquisitors of Spain were now excited to a higher degree of zeal by the spread of the reformed faith, and the evident disposition of the Moors and Jews to emigrate. Men of all professions, and of the

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highest rank, were subjected to the same fearful processes, and the names of princes, nobles,* soldiers of every rank, poets, and scholars, swell the list of victims recorded in the archives, and reported by the historian Llorente.

In his persecutions of the unhappy Moors, Charles followed the example of cruelty and bad faith held out by his predecessor. He was induced to think that he ought no longer to tolerate the existence of the Moors in his dominions, and he asked from the Pope a dispensation from the oath he had taken before the Cortez, in order to extirpate them from the soil. The pontiff having replied that such a concession would be a scandal in the eyes of Christendom, Charles still insisted, and obtained the absolution he sought for in 1524, with the recommendation that he should permit them the choice of baptism, slavery, or perpetual banishment. It was further desired, that the whole of the mosques should be converted into places of Christian worship, and the rents formerly derived from the Moors appropriated to the support of the Catholic church, and the establishment of the true faith.

By his opposition to Charles, it was clear the Pope saw the impolicy of the measures he was pur-

* A colonel of high merit, on being led forth to the stake, and observing Philip and his court present to enjoy the spectacle, addressed the monarch in these words; "Tyrant! how canst thou see the most faithful of thy subjects condemned to this cruel doom?"—"Wert thou my own son," replied the bigoted Philip, "and hadst lapsed from the strictness of thy faith, I would behold thee burnt before mine eyes."

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Drawn by David Roberts

TOWER OF THE CHURCH OF SAN NICHOLAS

Cordova.

Printed by Lloyd & Co

London, Published Octr 1st 1835, by Robert Jennings & Co 62, Cheapside.

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suing; and a doubt as to the validity of the baptism administered to the Moors having been started, Charles summoned a council to take the subject into consideration. It was composed of the members of the provincial councils of Castile and Aragon, of the Inquisition, of the Indies, the military orders, bishops, theologians, &c. &c. They met no less than two-and-twenty times in the conventual church of the Franciscans at Madrid, and in that of St. Nicholas at Cordova, * and after many protracted discussions, it was declared that the baptism bestowed on the Moors was sufficiently efficacious, inasmuch as those infidels had made no resistance, but on the contrary were eager to receive it, to avoid what they considered a still greater misfortune; all which supplied a well-grounded belief that they possessed the liberty necessary for the efficacy of the sacrament.

The emperor, informed of what was passing, as-

* Neither in the pages of the antiquary nor the tourist, do we find any thing of a remarkable or interesting character connected with this edifice, except in an architectural point of view. It is chiefly distinguished, as appears in the annexed plate, for the beauty and symmetry of its tower. In its immediate vicinity may be seen many interesting Moorish, as well as Roman remains; but most of the smaller mosques, at one period so numerous, are now converted into dwelling-houses. One of these in particular, abounds with the most highly finished specimens of arabesques, in common with many fine old Moorish mansions, with their pleasant gardens, fountains, and courts. Some of them are yet seen, with few alterations since the days of the favourite khaliph, the princely and munificent Abderrahman, and his successors. The Roman antiquities of this fallen city, would of themselves amply repay the inquiries of the antiquary. There is scarcely a street, or

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sisted at the last meeting, in March 1525, and provided, in addition to the declaration already made, that these Moriscoes should be compelled to remain in Spain, to live like other Christians, baptize their children, and have priests set over them for this especial end. A poor monk, with more knowledge of religion and of human nature than Charles and his state counsellors, observed, that in every man so baptized he beheld a future apostate,—and the result showed that he was not mistaken.

Francis I. was, if possible, a more bitter persecutor than Charles, and when he was a prisoner at Madrid, is stated to have expressed his opinion that no settled peace could exist in Spain, till the Moors and the Moriscoes were all expelled. Such were the ideas of policy and the intelligence which then decided the destiny of mankind.

In Valencia, the Moors were summoned to meet in the cathedral, and there offered either baptism or

even a house, but can show some portion of its pavement, or its walls, constructed out of fragments of columns, entablatures, friezes, votive altars, or other curious evidences of former works.

It is a singular fact, that out of all the shafts of columns, of which there are many thousands, there is scarcely one of them which is not *fluted*; whereas those employed in the construction of the mosque are all *plain*. Again, amongst the numerous capitals, it was remarked by the observant artist, that they invariably belonged to one order,—that of the Corinthian. Of these, some are in the very worst style of the art, while others are finished in the most exquisite taste. My friend, Mr. Roberts, made various drawings of the most interesting specimens; and it is a subject of regret, that the limited nature of the present work will not admit of their introduction.

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death. A large number escaped into the mountains, where they resisted the troops of Charles until the month of August, but at length capitulated on being assured of receiving an amnesty. In the September following, Charles wrote to the leaders of the insurgents, requiring them to submit to baptism, in which case he undertook to protect them in all the rights enjoyed by his Christian subjects; promising, moreover, to respect the compact, inasmuch as he had adopted, concerning them, opinions very different from those he had formerly held. The Pope likewise issued a bull, directing the inquisitor-general to give full absolution to all the Moriscoes, and to take entire cognizance of their spiritual affairs. The Bishop of Cadiz, in consequence, attended by a large procession of catechists and preachers, hastened in fulfilment of their mission to Valencia. Among these was one named Guevara, who soon after was made Bishop of Mondognedo. The better to engage the Moriscoes to live like good Christians, he began by showing that they had all descended, like the rest of the inhabitants, from old Spanish parents; "for do you require to be told," concluded the shrewd father, "that when the Moors, after the death of the Cid, the valiant Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, took possession of the proud city of Valencia, they made themselves masters of all the Christian women, and from these are born the Spanish Moors, already half Christians; so that you need to be only half converted." The good father would have been somewhat puzzled, if required to show how he proved this

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singular assertion; but if not true, it was at least well meant.*

Soon afterwards a still more absurd edict appeared, forbidding the Moriscoes to sell gold, silver, silk, jewellery, and other kinds of merchandise; and a public order was issued, commanding all Spaniards, under a severe penalty, to denounce the suspected Moriscoes to the holy office. They were further condemned to wear a badge of slavery, to deliver up their arms; to appear at stated places to receive religious instruction; to prostrate themselves on the passing of the Host; to exhibit no public act of their former religion; and to close all their mosques. The princes and nobles who possessed Moors among their vassals, were held responsible for the execution of these regulations, which were followed by a royal *ordonnance*, requiring all Spanish Moors to receive baptism on or before the 8th of December ensuing, on pain of being driven from the kingdom, or reduced to slavery.

The day of grace having expired, proclamation by sound of trumpet was made, that before the 21st of January, 1526, they should depart by the routes pointed out to them, through the two Castiles and Galicia, to the port of Corunna. Lords and knights, and all classes, were prohibited from harbouring them after such day in their houses, or on their estates, under a fine of five thousand ducats; and a host of inquisitors spread themselves among the inhabitants,

* The Italians have an old proverb much to the point, of which Father Benedict may have availed himself on this occasion,—*Se non è ver è ben trovato.*

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with threatening notices to proceed against each and every one, who should dare to abet the resistance of the Moors. Those of Almonacid, who refused the rite of baptism and flew to arms, held out till the month of February, when the town was taken, and a great number put to the sword. The survivors were baptized. The Moors of Correa also suddenly rose against the lord of the place and twenty-five officials of the church, and slew them upon the spot, in the act of preparing for the rite. Not less than twenty-six thousand families fled, and fortified themselves in the mountains of Espadan,—thus depriving the state of numbers of skilful artisans and workmen of every kind.

The appeals of the Moors of Aragon were equally disregarded, and the emperor gave orders to the inquisitors to compel them, like those of Valencia, to become Christians or slaves. In 1528, Charles summoned a general Cortez in Aragon, where the deputies of that and other states complained loudly that the inquisitors had broken the articles of agreement made in 1512 and 1519; that they extended their jurisdiction to matters beyond their province, and persecuted the Moriscoes contrary to the treaty entered into, and before allowing them the benefit of sound religious instruction.

To the former of these complaints, the emperor replied by saying, that he would see justice firmly administered; and that measures had been already taken with regard to the latter. With this view he obtained another dispensation from the Pope, absolv-

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ing himself and the confessors who should receive again into the bosom of the holy church the backsliding Moors ready to express their penitence and desire of reconciliation, notwithstanding the number of times they might have fallen into error. Want of knowledge, rather than innate wickedness, it was maintained, caused their return to heresy; and that thenceforth gentleness and charity would be found more efficacious than the harshest measures.

The more tolerant spirit of this bull was equally creditable to the feelings of the pontiff and to the judgment of Charles. He began to see that, as artisans and cultivators of the soil, the Moors formed the most industrious portions of the population; but with regard to the Jews, who had amassed prodigious wealth, and were for the most part merchants of long standing, there was no reason to show the same lenity; and the more frequent the confiscations of their property, the more rapidly would the treasuries of the grand tribunal and of the government be replenished.

The Moriscoes of southern Spain next occupied the attention of the emperor. In Granada, with the exception of five Catholics, they had all relapsed into Mohammedanism. Charles summoned a grand council under the presidency of the Archbishop of Seville, comprehending the highest ecclesiastical and military members of the state. The result, announced in 1528, was the offer of a free pardon, and oblivion of errors;* but should they relapse into heresy, they

* How happy is the commentary of Erasmus on this principle of conversion from error:—"What a hard lot is mine,"

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were to expect the extreme vengeance of the laws of the Holy Inquisition. From the castle of St. Angelo, where he was still a prisoner since the celebrated sack of the capital by the Constable Bourbon, Clement VII. in a letter dated 1527, expressed his high satisfaction at these mild and judicious proceedings.

With a view, however, of keeping alive the respect of the Moriscoes, the inquisitors resolved to celebrate a solemn *auto da fé*,† for which they selected a number of Jews, who having become Christians had gone back to their old faith, and burnt them alive for the edification of the Moors.

Charles next ordained, that they should abandon the particular quarters of the cities which they had been accustomed to occupy, and take up a central position in each place, so as to be surrounded by old

says this true Christian philosopher; "the Lutherans attack me as a convicted papist, the Catholics as a supporter of Luther. Strange fatality, that one may not live in quiet, calmly pursuing the road of truth, to be found only between extremes, and which the leaders of the two parties, blinded by mutual hatred, seek in vain to discover. I pursue truth, and I find her sometimes in the arguments of the Catholics, sometimes in those of the Protestants. Is it possible that a heretic should always labour under error?"

† The number of victims who, according to the accurate Llorente, perished under the scourge of the grand-inquisitor, Torquemada, is almost incredible. During the eighteen years of his administration, he consigned to the flames 18,220 victims; 6,860 were burned in effigy; and 97,321 were punished with infamy, had their goods confiscated, and were condemned to perpetual imprisonment. The extreme cruelty of the inquisitor, Lucero, began actually to depopulate Cordova; and those whom he left alive, actuated by a common sense of peril, flew to arms, and sought to destroy him.

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well-confirmed Christians, upon whose example they might model their new faith. But in 1530, without the slightest grounds for accusation, beyond his defenceless age and the temptation of money, a Moor, baptized Juan Medina, was condemned to go through all the fearful processes of the tribunal, till he afforded the spectacle of an *auto da fé*, though in contravention of the amnesty granted to his suffering and indignant countrymen. Holding a wax candle in his hand, the aged Moor heard the terrible sentence read by a court, which violated in every particular the inquisitorial laws of its own constitution.

When, in spite of amnesties like these, we reflect on the innumerable victims who fell a prey only to the abuse of this tremendous power, we are filled with astonishment that a noble and generous people, like the Spaniards, should so long have borne a yoke infinitely more cruel and galling than that of the Moors. In 1537, the supreme council decreed that the Moriscoes should no longer be put to the question to extort the usual avowal that they had abstained from drinking wine or eating pork,—providing there were no other crimes, on account of which it was permitted to put them to the torture.

Thus, although in many instances the policy of Charles led to measures of a conciliatory character, the actual abuses of the Inquisition stifled the good effects it would undoubtedly have produced, and fixed the stigma of bad faith upon the government. In the ensuing reign of Philip II., and his successors, still more summary and violent proceedings were adopted,

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which, as in the case of the Jews, ended in the utter expulsion of the Moors. The slow and stealthy march of persecution under the previous monarchs, all tended to this object. On their first submission, they entered into a special treaty for the free exercise of their religious customs and language. Ferdinand set the first example of an open violation of public faith; Charles and Philip made use of the precedent, and fostered the destructive system which he had established. The abdication of Charles, his assuming the monkish habit, his self-inflicted severity of discipline, and his singularly impressive death, were the consequences of deep remorse and disappointed ambition.

From early youth he showed a strong bias to fanaticism, and religious terrors often clouded his more enlightened policy, and even his reason. Still, in the midst of his most brilliant successes, the most powerful monarch of Christendom, or when surrounded by difficulties, in the decline of his power and his retirement, he maintained the same equanimity,—a dignity and vigour of character, which commanded the respect of his contemporaries and inspired his enemies with terror. In the gloomy cells of the monastery, he was always an emperor; while the mean, bigoted Philip was a mere monk in the palace of his royal predecessors. Had the latter swayed the imperial sceptre when Luther first promulgated the doctrine of Church Reform, no safe-conduct would have protected the German heretic from the fires of the Inquisition. Philip early placed himself at the head of every thing intolerant and despotic. With fanatic

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instinct, he kept a watchful eye on the progress of the Reformation; while the Council of Trent, no less enraged against the writings of the heretics, confided to the celebrated Carranza the task of drawing out an expurgatory index. An immense number of valuable works were burnt or torn, and the fragments thrown down the stream of the Adige. After this exploit, Carranza accompanied Philip, at that time King of Naples, into England; where, we are informed, he converted a considerable number of Lutherans, and purchased all the Bibles he could meet with, written in the vulgar tongue, which, like the Irishman revenging himself by burning his own bank-notes, he committed to the flames. Philip still more *religiously* pursued the same anti-christian system in Spain, even during the period when he governed in the often-recurring absence of Charles V.

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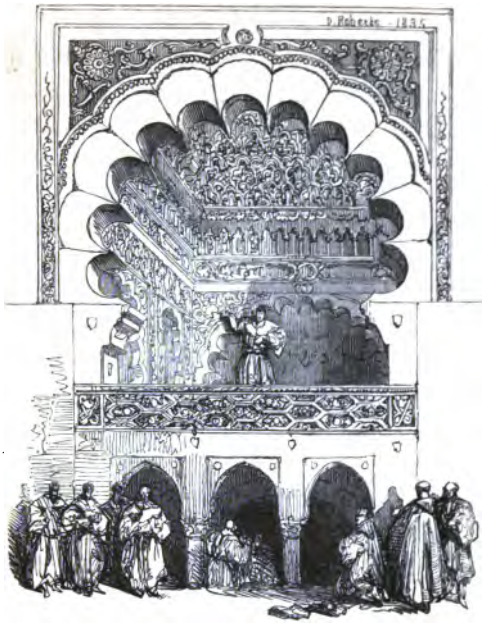

CHAPTER III.

Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days.

BYRON.

With conscious joy I view the band
Of faithful friends that round me stand.

ALDARAMY.

ANDALUSIA, supposed to have taken its name from the conquering Vandals, comprehended the four leading kingdoms of Cordova, Seville, Granada, and Jaen,—forming the chief part of the old Roman Bœtica. Bounded on the south by the Mediterranean and the straits of Gibraltar; on the north by Estremadura and New Castile; on the east by Murcia;

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and on the west by Portugal, this fertile and extensive province is divided into two unequal parts by the waters of the Guadalquiver. The river Xenil, bursting from the mountains of Granada, enters Lower Andalusia, and pursues a north-western course to the Guadalquiver, the Odier, the Tartessus, the Guadiana, the Guadalete, the Tinto, or Azeche.

Under the sway of the Phœnicians, Seville assumed the title of Hispalis; the Romans named it Julia, and after the lapse of ages, it acquired the modern designation of Sebilla, or Sevilla. Its Gothic conquerors made it their favourite capital, before they removed their court to the ancient Toledo. The celebrated Muza, after his triumph at Xeres, carried the city by storm; and in 1027, on the downfal of Cordova, Seville became an independent sovereignty, which continued till the invasion of the African prince, Yousuf Almoravides, in the year 1097. The conquest of Toledo,* by Alphonso VI., in 1085, during the chivalrous age of the Cid, broke the power of the Moslems, and opened the road to the reduction of their southern kingdoms. Abandoning the more insecure possessions obtained by the heroism of Rodrigo,† he directed his efforts against the power of the Moors in the very heart of their southern dominions.

* The capital of all Spain, under the reign of the Visigoths.

† Rodrigo de Bivar, whose surname of Cid, from the Arabic term *El Seid*, or Lord, was frequently conferred on great men, and sons of kings. The author has abstained from entering on a subject of mingled history and romance, which has been so fully and admirably treated by abler pens.

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Separate kingdoms had sprung up on the ruins of the old khaliphate; and in the midst of successive revolutions the King of Cordova lost his crown, which was united to that of the royal Moor of Seville. Mohammed Ben Abad thus became one of the most powerful of the Moorish princes of the age; and Alphonso, beholding in him a rival worthy of his arms, resolved to attack him, sensible that the subjection of so formidable a prince, would eventually lead to the destruction of the Moslem dominion in Spain.

The preparations for action on both sides engaged the attention, not only of the Peninsula, but of Christian Europe; and, as at the siege of Toledo, throngs of volunteers,—the flower of Navarre, the knighthood of Italy and Germany, and the chivalry of France, sought renown under the holy banners of Leon and Castile. The King of Seville, aware of the gathering storm, had recourse to the African monarch Yousuf, who passed into Spain while Alphonso entered the territories of Mohammed Ben Abad. The hostile armies met on the plains between Badajoz and Merida, where the Christians were routed, with the loss of twenty thousand men. The result of the battle is ascribed to the number of dromedaries employed in the Moorish ranks, which struck a panic into the Spanish horse, as the Romans are known to have fled at the strange onset of the elephants of Pyrrhus. But the victory was dearly purchased, not less than thirty thousand of the Moslems having fallen. So severely indeed had both parties suffered, that neither were unwilling to listen to terms of peace.

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The King of Castile, moreover, had beheld the beautiful and accomplished Zaida, the favourite daughter of the monarch of Seville; and the princess did not reject the royal lover's proffer to ascend the throne of Castile and Leon, although on condition of renouncing the Mohammedan faith. Their nuptials were celebrated with surpassing pomp and splendour at the court of Seville; and in addition to all the attractions of eastern magnificence and Castilian pride and chivalry, were exhibited those of the joust and ring. Moor and Christian joyously mingled in the courtly pageant, the game, and the dance, as they had before done in the tented field, and in the learned precincts of the celebrated schools and colleges which flourished in those brilliant days: for the darkness of fierce religious hatred and intolerance had not yet cast its cold, withering spirit over that bright and beautiful land, and Saint Ferdinand and his intolerant successors might have learnt from historical facts like these, that there existed no insurmountable bar to the amity of two noble people of opposite creeds, when love and honour could thus for a season charm the worse passions of the mind to gentleness and peace.

A gleam of tranquillity ensued. Alphonso made over his conquests in the Algarves, with the hand of his daughter, to Henry of Besançon; from which period may be dated the rise of the modern kingdom of Portugal. But the amicable relations which had sprung from the charms of a Sevillian princess, and might have sometime continued, were disturbed by

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an unforseen event. After Alphonso's marriage, the King of Seville invited his African ally to visit his capital. Yousuf and his companions in arms were delighted with every thing they beheld; the softness of the climate, the elegance and luxury of the court, and the beautiful country enriched by the streams of the Guadalquiver. Secretly determined to risk every thing for the possession of so enchanting an empire, he returned abruptly into Africa, where he bent all his efforts to collect a formidable force.

With equal perfidy and dispatch, he first set foot in the kingdom of Granada; and seizing the capital in 1087, bore its king, Abdallah, a captive with him into Africa. Three years subsequently, he undertook his third expedition. Having landed, he marched directly towards Seville, where summoning his former ally to surrender, after a fierce and desperate siege, he made himself master of his person, and carried the unfortunate Mohammed with his family prisoners to his ships. Having thus become King of Seville and Cordova, uniting the southern kingdoms, he assumed the proud title of "Prince of the Moslems in Spain." Sprung from the race of the Almoravides, which had risen into the sovereignty of Africa upon the ruins of the empire, Yousuf was the second prince of this dynasty. He built the city of Morocco in an extensive plain, not far from Mount Atlas; his commanders were of old Arabian descent, and the mass of his armies consisted of the sons of the desert.

The Arabs of Spain were thenceforth subjected to the dominion of princes of Morocco; and being

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mingled with repeated armies sent over as auxiliaries or principals in the terrific campaigns against the Christians, they became gradually known by the distinctive appellation of Moors.

The Spanish kings were struck with dismay at the rapid successes of one, who swayed alike Africa and southern Spain. The whole church militant was called into action; and monks and prelates, throwing aside the cowl, poured from their cells and mountains to join the *levée en masse*, under the banners of the martial Alphonso. On his approach, the King of Morocco, afraid to hazard an engagement, retreated towards the sea, and ultimately embarked with the chiefs of the Almoravides for his African kingdom.

After a reign of thirty years in his native dominions, and twelve over the Andalusian Moors, Yousuf died in 1106. His successor, Ali, supported by hordes of auxiliaries from Fez and Morocco encouraged by the hope of plunder to join in the war, advanced boldly into Castile. He laid waste the country with fire and sword, almost to the gates of Toledo. But the Christian banners were seen advancing to the attack; and seldom have two armies of equal prowess met in a field of battle disputed with so much desperation. The ardour of the Moslems triumphed; Don Sancho, Alphonso's son, and Don Garcias, with seven of the most distinguished nobles and thirty thousand Christians, fell in this sanguinary engagement. The conquerors suffered scarcely less severely; and in the midst of his adverse fortune, the spirit of the aged, and now broken, Alphonso con-

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tinued undismayed. He made incredible exertions to repair his losses; and after a noble but troubled reign of thirty-seven years, he left to his daughter, Urraca, the united crowns of Castile and Leon. She espoused the King of Aragon and Navarre, who attempted to reign in the right of the queen; but the latter and the States both rejected his authority, and a divorce and civil dissensions were the result. The kingdom of Seville continued a prey to rival claims during ten years; when Alphonso, the son of Urraca by Raymond Count of Burgundy, at length secured the throne. A series of splendid campaigns by the Christian monarchs of Spain, which ended in the great victory of Tolosa, was a fatal blow to the Almohades; and Seville, having shaken off their yoke, was swayed by one of the new African chieftains.

Early in the thirteenth century, Ferdinand III., called the Saint, succeeded to the throne of Castile, in the sixteenth year of his age. He was the grandson of Alphonso VIII., whose daughter Berengara had married the King of Leon. On the young prince's accession, the regent Lara fled to Alphonso, and urged him to take arms against his own son. The nobles of Castile resolved to support their new king, and compelled the unnatural father to abandon the enterprise, and sue for a reconciliation.

The genius of Ferdinand laid the ground-work of the independence of his country; religion and chivalry, in their most vigorous epoch, were arrayed against the declining energies of the Moslems; and the saint-and-soldier king kept a watchful eye upon

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Seville. The fall of the gallant Ben Houd, King of Granada, was followed by that of Cordova itself; and struck with terror at the loss of that ancient and splendid capital, the Moslems were defeated on every side. Valencia fell after the defeat of the emir, and the successes of the Spaniards were promoted by a large body of English knights. Ubeda had been captured by Ferdinand in person, and his brother Antonio, though surrounded by infidels, had fought his way through them, and slain their leader. Vainly did the brave Abou Said, still in possession of Granada, Jaen, and Cadiz, attempt to retrieve the fortunes of the Moors; the religious and patriotic ardour of the age extended to women and priests, and he was foiled by the wife of the governor of Martos.

The King of Granada, having heard that the governor was out on a marauding expedition, suddenly presented himself before the fortress. But the lady, with rare presence of mind, having caused the gates to be closed, summoned the garrison; and addressing them in the language of a hero, led the way to the ramparts, and continued to animate them by her indifference to peril, or death itself. They held the Moslem at bay till the arrival of succour, when he was compelled to retreat, and entered into a truce with the King of Castile and Leon. On its expiration, Ferdinand's brother was defeated by Abou Said; but in the ensuing campaign the king approached and laid siege to the city of Jaen. Abou Said, driven by the revolt of his own subjects to take refuge in the Christian camp, threw himself at Ferdi-

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nand's feet, offered to deliver up the impregnable fortress, to do homage for Granada, yield up half his revenue, and to reinforce his armies in time of war,—all on condition of being protected in the possession of his tottering dominion. A treaty being concluded, the fugitive prince was supplied with a body of Christian troops to chastise his unruly subjects, and restore to him his Mohammedan throne.

Having nothing to dread from one of the most powerful monarchs of Andalusia, Ferdinand was enabled to mature his great design of subduing the kingdom of Seville. The royal Moor, aware of the approaching struggle, called forth every resource within his reach to offer a formidable resistance. His cavalry was numerous, and he had provided stores of arms and provisions. From every town and hamlet of his populous territories the Moors hastened to join his standard, and reinforcements from Africa swelled his ranks, and gave strength to his maritime defences. On his side, the King of Castile equipped a fleet of large vessels, commanded by Raymond Boniface, one of the most skilful commanders of his age. Before setting sail, it was sanctified by the clergy, who had devoted one-third of their revenues to its preparation, though it does not appear that they volunteered their personal services as in the *terra firma* campaigns.

In August, 1247, the royal Ferdinand approaching Seville, proceeded to invest the city both by land and sea. He succeeded in blockading the river, which he maintained notwithstanding the most desperate sallies, and repeated attempts to burn or destroy

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his ships. On the land-side the Moors were more successful; they carried the enemy's works, and got possession of their battering machines. A dreadful distemper, also, broke out among the Spanish troops, who were dismayed at the difficulties they had to encounter; and the king himself was beginning to doubt the policy of prosecuting his enterprise. In these critical circumstances, the King of Granada obeyed the summons of the Castilian, and arrived in the Christian camp with a body of his veteran Moslems. The display of the united banners of the Cross and of the Crescent, struck terror to the hearts of the inhabitants of Seville; but after the first panic had subsided, they made a bold and vigorous resistance. Many severe and sanguinary encounters ensued, and the approach of winter inspired the besieged with hopes that their assailants would be compelled to retire from before their walls.

But the indefatigable Ferdinand, in spite of every obstacle, continued to press the siege; he received considerable reinforcements, strengthened all his positions till his camp extended over the whole plain, and effectually cut off the last resource from the distressed Moslems. Scarcity began to be felt, soon followed by the horrors of discord and famine.

Yet with the courage of despair, the garrison and people held out through the winter, and made several desperate and successful sorties. The siege became a close blockade; and with the return of spring, the Castilian admiral determined to break through the bridge of boats formed across the Gua-

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dalquiver, with the view of cutting off all communication between the city and the suburbs of Triana. He succeeded in his object, and a general assault upon the place became practicable. The Spaniards and their allies scaled the walls in several quarters with the utmost intrepidity; but, unsubdued by numbers and by famine, the people rushed to the walls, and seconding the bravery of the garrison, beat back their fierce assailants. After reiterated attempts to carry the city by storm, the besiegers were eventually driven from every point and retreated with immense loss. At length, reduced rather by famine than by the sword, the Moslem king was constrained to enter into terms of capitulation; and it was honourable alike to the garrison and to the people, that they were permitted to withdraw with their arms and property to the towns of San Lucar, Niebla, and Aznal Farach, which were delivered up to the heroic Moor. Seville, with the other cities of the kingdom, were taken possession of by the Christians, and in 1248, after a memorable siege of sixteen months, Ferdinand made his triumphant entry into the capital. The greater part of the inhabitants, scorning the proffer of living under the Castilian sway, embarked for Africa; others retired to towns not yet conquered by the Christian. Both nations, almost equally exhausted with long-continued conflicts, seemed to require repose; and for nearly two years after this terrific campaign, Ferdinand abstained from farther pursuing his conquests.

During this memorable siege, many chivalrous exploits and feats of hardihood took place, which appear

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almost incredible in these calmer and less adventurous days. In that rare and interesting work called *El Conde Lucanor*,* written by Prince Juan Manuel, grandson of the King San Fernando, among other curious matters is contained an account of a struggle for the palm of bravery between three of the choicest cavaliers of the royal camp. As the entire narrative of the princely author is highly characteristic of the persons and times of which he speaks, it will perhaps be more interesting to the reader if we render it in something of the quaint manner of the assumed count, by adhering as closely as may be to his homely and ancient text.† The anecdote concerns Don Lorenzo Suarez Gallinato, Don Garci Perez de Vargas, and, in default of his actual name, "another cavalier."

It happened on a time that the Count Lucanor, conversing with his counsellor Patronio, said to him in this manner: "It hath so fallen out, that I had a powerful king for my enemy, and the strife between us lasted some time. Now let us advise together for our future good. It is so:—although we are in part

* A copy of the first edition of this singular book,—extremely rare and valuable,—in the author's possession, has supplied him with the above curious facts. They are literally given from the old Spanish, in which the grandson of Ferdinand composed it. As he lived so near the period of the siege, they are in so far doubly valuable.

† There are few Spaniards themselves, however learned and familiar with their modern language, who can interpret, without long previous study, the obsolete terms and idioms in which this curious work abounds. The writer has therefore to bespeak the leniency of the more critical reader for any inadvertency or mistake, should such occur.

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reconciled and not at actual variance, we keep a sharp look out, and are full of suspicions towards each other. As I know well your good sense, I ask your advice as to what I should do in this matter."

"Sir Count Lucanor," replied Patronio, "this, for many reasons, is a very serious subject on which to require the advice of a friend. The first of all is, that a man would require very great preparation to do it. For granting that he wished you well, that he undeceived you, and that he is sorry for your trouble, he will always say things which will tend to keep you in suspicion, and you will come to such little beginnings as will lead on to strife, and no man will be able to persuade you from them. For he who should say that you need not guard your body, gives out that he cares not for your life; and he who should aver that you ought to go armed, and to fortify your strong places, gives to be understood that he heeds not of your patrimony. He who should say, again, that you have not many friends, or not enough for your defence, shows that he regards not your honour nor your safety. And all these things not being done, you might be in very great danger, and the cause of some terrible uproar. Therefore, as you ask my advice how to act, I would like that you should know and consider what happened to a very good cavalier in the siege of Seville:—

The History.

"The saintly and most fortunate monarch Don Fernando, who beleaguered Seville, had in his army three knights of arms, esteemed the best of which the world

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could then boast. One of them was called Don Lorenzo Suarez Gallinato, another Don Garci Perez de Vargas, but of the gallant third I have forgotten the name. One day these three cavaliers got into a dispute as to whom was the best soldier, free from all dread and without reproach; and as they could not arrive at a decision in any other manner, they agreed to arm *cap-a-pee*, and advance to the gate of the leaguered capital, and strike it with their lances. The next morning they all three armed, and riding up, smote the city gate with their spears; when the Moors, seeing that they were only three, and taking them for envoys, sallied not forth. The three knights passed the mine and the barbacan, arrived at the gate of the city, and having struck loudly, turned the reins of their chargers to return to the camp. The Moors now perceiving that they bore no mission, and thinking themselves insulted, hurried in numbers from the Plaza Real*

* The Plaza Real, one of the most spacious squares in Seville, contains, among other edifices, the town-hall and courts of justice. The corner of the latter is seen to the right, from the point of view chosen by the artist, as represented in the annexed view. The architectural decorations are of the most elaborate description, the work of a celebrated sculptor in the time of the Emperor Charles V. Considered in detail, they are of the most exquisite workmanship; but as a whole the effect is not good, being at variance with all our ideas of simplicity and true taste. In a national view, however, it may be questioned how far our own notions in this respect approach nearer than those of the Moors,—assuredly more wild and fanciful,—to the ideal of decorative beauty and taste. With all the extravagancies and complicated variety of their system, and to whatever singular results it may sometimes lead, the artist, if I may judge from his written opinions,

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through the gates, all eager to overtake them. And when they heard the rolling of the city gate, as it opened, the Spanish knights turned round, having gone some way, while fifteen hundred horse and more than twenty thousand foot came in pursuit. The knights still facing round, expected them; and when near, he of whom I forget the name, put spurs and couching his lance, assaulted them. Don Lorenzo and Garci Perez remained still; but when very near, De Vargas flew upon them, his companion not stirring from the spot nor making assault till the whole army came upon him. Then he began to achieve prodigies of gallantry in the thick of the enemy; and when those of the royal camp saw the three knights so hard beset by the Moors, they started forth to their

is inclined to give the preference to their principles, which he thinks superior to tameness and uniformity. The houses which surround the Plaza Real are of great antiquity, and assort well with the general aspect of the place, and with the magnificent cathedral by which the view is bounded.

The grand ceremony of the Corpus Christi, as it here appears in its most gorgeous array, is known to be one of the most solemn and important of religious festivals. In Seville especially, it is one to which strangers from all parts of Spain eagerly resort, at whatever expense or inconvenience. Over the entire line of streets through which the procession moves, awnings are suspended; but these, in the plate before us, the artist, for the sake of showing the noble back-ground, has not introduced. In front of the procession is borne the banner of the cathedral, the staff and decorations of which are of silver and gold. On the flag itself is introduced a representation of the Last Supper. Immediately behind is carried the Mystery of the Potter's Daughters, whose effigies are seen supporting the Giralda. Lest the reader should not be so fortunate as to have met with the history of these two ladies, be it known, that

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help. Though sore wounded, not one of these champions of Christ fell, protected by the mercy of God, and the battle grew fierce and general. At last the King Don Fernando came forth, and that day it went well with the Christians. Having returned to his tent, the king commanded the three knights to be arrested, declaring that they deserved death for so mad an action. And first, because they had thrown the royal host into confusion; and next, for risking the lives of such bold knights. The chiefs and nobles interfered, and begged for mercy from the king, upon which he ordered them to be set loose. When he farther learnt that the exploit had been performed on account of the

they were two of the first, if not the very first, who suffered martyrdom on the introduction of Christianity into this part of Spain. On this account, it is difficult to express the degree of veneration in which they are held throughout their native suburb of the Triana, where the potter himself is esteemed little lower than a saint. During a violent earthquake, that visited Seville and shook the city to its centre, the great tower of the Giralda alone stood firm as a rock. While the consternation of the devoted city was at its height, the two sisters were seen with the utmost coolness and intrepidity shouldering up and steadying the immense pile. In how short a time they had expanded in size proportionable to the tower, we are unable to state. The tower itself is three hundred and sixty feet in height, but to attempt to doubt the miracle in Seville, might not be wholly prudent even now. It were, perhaps, safer to question the superior science of the Moorish architect, whose miracle of skill still exhibits its proofs to view. Yet these true conservative ladies obtain all the credit of the work; and what is more, have a magnificent chapel in the cathedral, which is appropriated to their sole use. On occasion of the ceremony of the Corpus Christi, they are removed with great pomp, together with the representation of the Giralda, and paraded through the city. It is observed by

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dispute which had taken place, he summoned a council of all the good knights who were with him, to judge which of the three had acquitted himself the most bravely. You may be sure when they met there was a grand discussion; for some said that it required greater courage to rush at once to the assault, like the first knight; others declared for the second, and not a few for the third. Each gave many good reasons for their decision; but at length the general conclusion which they arrived at was this:—that if the Moors who pursued them had been in such force as to admit the chance of being vanquished, the first was entitled to be pronounced the best knight, because

the artist, with a proper respect for the antique, that the effect of their appearing arrayed in the costume of the present day, is truly absurd. The mantilla, and head-dress with comb, do not at all agree with our notions of what the potter's daughters must have been. There is another absurdity, scarcely less glaring to those who are not accustomed to Spanish tastes and superstitions. The eyes of the figures are made to roll about, by a person concealed underneath pulling a string, so as to make the populace imagine they are in the act of prayer.

Next to these follows the silver *custodia*, containing the sacred host. This is of solid silver, of the most exquisite workmanship; its weight is enormous; and it is moved by sixteen men, who, to give it the appearance of self-motion, are also concealed.

The boys in antique Spanish dresses, in front of the Mystery of the Potter's Daughters, dance before the high altar during mass, both morning and evening, while the festival lasts. This is a privilege granted exclusively to this cathedral by his holiness the Pope, and of which the Sevillians are not a little proud. It is said to be in imitation of David dancing before the ark, only with this difference,—the latter played the harp, whereas the former rattle the castanets; how far becoming in a solemn religious ceremony, we pretend not to judge.

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he first began what it was in his power to finish. But since their numbers were invincible, it was not courage so much as shame of flight, and the fear which did not permit him to stand firm and await their assault. That the second, who stood longer than the former, ought to be held the better knight of the two; but Don Lorenzo Suarez Gallinato, who the longest bore the fear and suspense, till the Moors actually fell upon him, was to be adjudged the best knight.

"And you, Sir Count Lucanor, if you see that the enterprise you would take in hand cannot be accomplished, the more you put up with those anxieties and fears which keep you on the watch, the more courageous are you, and show your superior sense, since you take care of yourself, and will not be persuaded by bad counsel or by hasty passion to run into unknown peril. Such is my counsel; that you should show the true fortitude which you possess; and as you fear not to receive any great blow, abide till you shall be attacked. Perhaps you may find out, that these suspicions and fears are without foundation: and it may chance that, by your not moving in this affair *à l'outrance*, the other may not like to be the first to fall on, so that you may be at peace, and continue to do service to God, to the benefit of good men. And because Don Juan found this to be a good example, he made these verses, to the purport that,

If you'll not be persuaded
To give the first hit,
You will always prove victor
By suffering a bit."

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In the year 1250, Ferdinand again took the field, became master of Medina Sidonia, and succeeding in all his great enterprises, at length determined to carry the war into Africa. Among other potentates whom he invited to join his arms, was Henry III. of England; but after many fair promises, the warlike Castilian was left to prosecute the perilous undertaking upon the strength of his own resources. With indefatigable energy he equipped one of the most formidable fleets which had yet sailed from a Christian port. But scarcely were his preparations completed, before he was seized with a distemper, which in a short time proved fatal. His continual exertions, and the fatigues of successive campaigns, had undermined a constitution naturally strong and vigorous; and to the last moment his mind retained all that intelligence and self-possession, which in the most critical circumstances had enabled him to triumph over his enemies. He struck at the heart of the Moorish power in Spain, and left but a small share of glory to be reaped by his successors. His fortitude and devotion made him revered during his life, and, four centuries after his decease, obtained for him the title of a saint in the Roman calendar.*

The first Castilian king of Seville, he left his widely-extended dominion to his son, Alphonso X., called

* He was canonized by Pope Clement X., in 1671, at the express desire of the Spanish sovereigns. They were, moreover, graciously permitted by the pontiff to celebrate the festival of their new saint, which they long continued to do with the especial pomp and splendour of Catholicism.

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the Wise, an appellation merited rather by his knowledge of the stars, than of cities and men. His various learning and high qualities were insufficient to protect him from the severest domestic misfortunes and unhappiness. His cultivation of mathematics and of astronomy, which enabled him to complete his famed tables, were a poor compensation to his country for the errors and follies of his administration; and he offered a royal example of the philosopher, who with his eyes fixed intently on the heavens, majestically walked into a hole. Of the weakness and presumption of his character, the observation attributed to him, that "had he been consulted at the Creation, he could have given some useful advice," affords a tolerably conclusive proof. As impiety, moreover, is not unfrequently combined with superstition and selfishness, we are informed that he read the stars in order to be assured of his future destiny; and as a listener to the Fates, like other listeners, he seems to have heard no good of himself. In other words, he was destined to be deprived of his dominions by one of his own blood. He naturally became extremely suspicious of all his brothers; and while towards others he was kind and generous to a degree of profusion, he behaved morosely and parsimoniously to the unfortunate princes in his power.

At the period he ascended the throne of Castile and Leon, to which the kingdoms of Cordova, Seville, and Jaen were already attached, the Spaniards began to reap the rich harvest which had sprung from the domination of the Moors, under whom science and learn-

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ing had flourished, while other parts of Europe were involved in the barbarism of the middle ages. Having acquired both the refined and the useful arts from their conquerors, the descendants of the Pelayos and the Rodrigos, impelled alike by chivalry and religion, turned the weapons with which they had supplied them against their own teachers, and drove them from the country they had so thickly populated, civilized, and enriched. Granada, and the thrones of Fez and Morocco, were next to have fallen under the sword of the warrior-saint; but the genius of Alphonso was better adapted to a professorial chair than to found a great kingdom, and the Spaniards viewed with secret contempt his abandonment of the bold designs of his father. He confined his enterprises against the Moors to the capture of minor cities and fortresses, and many of these he acquired as much by treachery as by arms. Arcos and Lebrixa opened their gates; he entered the Algarves and invaded the territories of his faithful ally, Abou Said, who had fought under the Castilian banners at the siege of Seville, and raised the Crescent, to the horror of his countrymen, in conjunction with the Cross, as they marched into exile over the Cruz del Campo.*

* No general view of Seville, situated as it is upon a level plain, even when taken from the most favourable point, can convey any adequate idea of that once superb and powerful city. The one here represented is, perhaps, the most interesting that could have been selected, with the exception of the prospect obtained from the convent of San Juan, which is too distant however to form what painters would call a picture,—in other words, to produce a complete and agreeable effect.

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This perfidious conduct met with the return it deserved; the King of Granada, uniting with the Moors of Murcia, abandoned the service of this ungrateful ally, and in a short time restored Xeres,* Arcos, Medina Sidonia, St. Lucar, and Ronda, to the

In the centre of the annexed plate, if viewed from the spot where the spectator is supposed to stand, and extending to the city gate, appears the old Roman aqueduct with its four hundred arches, a wonderful monument of antique genius and magnificence. Next among the most conspicuous of the numerous spires, both for its magnitude and peculiarity, is the Moorish tower of the cathedral called the Giralda, and the battlemented walls flanked with forts, which extend entirely round the city. These are still in excellent preservation; they are composed of the same materials as so many other of the Moorish fortifications, namely, *tassia*; and if subjected to the operation of time alone, they may yet survive a longer period than they have hitherto stood. To the left of the picture is the celebrated cannon foundery, which has been somewhat emphatically called one of the *lions of Seville.*

The Cruz del Campo, the point from which the accompanying view was made, consists of the remains of an old Moorish edifice, probably of a sepulchral character. In it is erected a rude cross, in commemoration of the triumph of Ferdinand III., called the Saint, over the Sevillian Moors, a method of handing down victories that seems to have been adopted by most conquerors from the Christian era.

* It was on this occasion that Garcias de Gomez, the governor, displayed a heroism which filled his assailants with astonishment and admiration. The last of his faithful garrison, he sustained alone for a considerable time the fury of the besiegers. He refused all quarter; but at length, struck with his intrepidity and desirous of saving his life, the Moors contrived, by means of grappling hooks, to drag him down from the ramparts, and with laudable magnanimity had his wounds dressed, and humanely attended him till he was restored to his friends and country.

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power of the Moslems. On his side, Alphonso, entering into alliance with the King of Aragon, ravaged the plains of Granada; and having recovered the towns he had lost, after a fierce contest, compelled Abou Said to submit to the victors. He engaged to pay an annual tribute of two hundred and fifty thousand crowns, and to bring a body of veteran troops to assist in the reduction of the kingdom of Murcia. In 1266, the capital city submitted to the Christians; the reigning prince was deposed, and his brother, Mohammed, raised to the throne, on condition of doing homage and yielding one third of the revenues to the treasury of Castile. Upon the death of Conrade of Suabia, Alphonso had been offered the imperial crown. He had, perhaps wisely, declined the temptation; but with a strange inconsistency scarcely reconcilable either to his dignity or his wisdom, he had recourse to secret means to retrieve the step he had taken, and lavished the treasures which had been prepared for the expedition to Africa in vainly tempting the German princes to annul their decision in favour of Rhodolph of Hapsburgh. During the life of his father, Alphonso had espoused the daughter of his ally, the King of Aragon. She had borne him five sons; but instead of giving stability to his kingdom, it was through this source torn by domestic factions, his brilliant successes were darkened with crime and sorrow, and his distinguished career closed in bitter disappointment and remorse. He looked with regret to his loss of the imperial dominion in Germany; he was annoyed by the rebellion of his brother Don Philip, who had

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sought refuge in the court of Granada, whose monarch, instigated by the King of Morocco, threw off the Castilian yoke. At the head of a powerful fleet and a veteran army, the African prince landed in the bay of Gibraltar, and laid waste the entire country between the Guadalquiver and the Guadiana. Don Nugnez De Lara first advanced to oppose the invader, but was defeated, and perished in the battle.* At the same time, Sanctio, Archbishop of Toledo, encountered the King of Granada with the like result. Entering Andalusia, where the Moor was laying waste the country to the gates of Jaen, he refused to await the arrival of Lopez de Haro with reinforcements, and his troops being totally routed, the warlike prelate perished in the action. He is said, indeed, to have fallen alive into the hands of the enemy,† just as the columns of Don Lopez entered the field and charged the African army, but too late in the day either for succour, or to retrieve the error which had been committed. Nor was this all; the Moors of Valencia revolted, and routed the armies of the heroic King of Aragon, who having been victorious in thirty battles, is stated to have died of grief upon receiving the tidings.

In this threatening aspect of affairs, Ferdinand, the

* His head was sent as a trophy by the King of Morocco to his ally of Granada, without a single comment on the victory he had just gained.

† Cardonne, who adds that the Moors of Africa and those of Spain, in the act of quarrelling for the possession of so noble a prisoner, actually tore him to pieces, in order that neither party might boast of having made the capture.

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king's eldest son, sought to stem the tide of Moorish success by summoning to his banners the chivalry of Castile. But his sudden death at the moment he was about to march, raised his brother Don Sancho to the chief command. Avoiding a general engagement by a series of able movements, this intriguing and ambitious prince constrained the King of Granada to retreat from before Jaen, and the African monarch, entering into a treaty, withdrew into Africa. The high reputation acquired by Don Sancho, contrasted with the ill success of the king himself and his son Pedro in the siege of Algesiras, first alienated the minds of the people, and brought down the greatest misfortunes upon the state. Without one of the virtues of his deceased brother, he had always been an object of dislike to his royal parent. He disguised not his impatience to ascend the throne; he spurned the ties of blood, and the discontent of the people appeared to favour his views. He had the boldness to summon a general assembly of the States, and by exaggerating the popular grievances and complaints, succeeded in usurping the royal authority under the specious title of administrator of the kingdom.

Alphonso, on this daring act, violating every duty of a son and a subject, instantly unsheathed the sword,* and a civil war was the result. Adored by the army

* By some writers Alphonso is represented as wandering from place to place, in hourly expectation of being delivered up to his son. It is certain that he was reduced to implore the assistance of Jacob Ben Yousuf, king of Morocco. He sent over his royal crown, enriched with the largest and most splendid jewels, entreating that he would assist him to chastise the

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and by the people, Don Sancho was joined also by the principal nobles, and the cities almost every where opened their gates.* In this emergency, Alphonso invoked the aid of Morocco; and the African prince, either from policy or hatred of Don Sancho, soon arrived with a powerful army in Spain. History has seldom recorded a more singular interview than that of two national enemies, of opposite faith, combining to attack the son of one of the parties, who had vanquished that ally in the open field. To Spain and the rest of Europe it was a spectacle strange as it was revolting, to behold the Christian and Mohammedan monarchs, uniting the banners of the Cross and

wickedness of his rebellious and unnatural son. He desired, moreover, to receive the sum of seventy thousand pistoles, upon the value of the crown which he pledged.

* The conduct of Alphonso towards his queen, his brothers, and his younger sons was not forgotten, and thus greatly endangered his throne. In the early part of his reign, he resolved to divorce his queen, and sought the hand of the Princess Christina in marriage. Before the ceremony took place, however, it is stated, that on her arrival the princess was found to be already *en famille*, and that the discovery threw both courts into no little dilemma as to how they should proceed. In this difficulty, it appears that the Infante Don Philip generously came to their aid; and having fallen in love with the princess at first sight, entreated the king to be permitted to take her off his royal hands. But Don Philip having been intended for the church, and to occupy the archiepiscopal see of Seville, Alphonso had considerable scruples on the subject, and remonstrated with his brother on so lightly throwing up the state of life which he had embraced. The king, therefore, settled a very narrow income upon them; and the princess, who believed she had come to possess a throne, in a very few years pined herself to death.

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the Crescent, lay siege to the grand city of Cordova. But the garrison repulsed all their attacks with the most brilliant valour. On the approach of Don Sancho, the two baffled monarchs sullenly withdrew, and the military skill of the prince once more compelled the royal Moor to seek safety on the African shores.

Don Sancho pursued his successful career, while Alphonso, still more disliked by his subjects, was reduced to appeal to the authority of the Pope. The denunciations of the head of the Roman church were more effectual than the arm of flesh, and Don Sancho trembled and submitted. He solicited pardon and confessed his undutifulness at the feet of his father, whose death soon after gave the realms of Castile and Leon, with the recent conquests he had achieved, to the sway of the fiery and ambitious prince.* He may be said to have been crowned on the field of battle, and to have deserved the appellation given him by the people of *the Brave*, by marching against the King

* Alphonso's acknowledgment of Don Sancho as his heir, to the exclusion of the children of the elder brother, led to fatal consequences. Aided by the king's brothers, it is said, their mother escaped with the young princes from the court. Highly incensed, Alphonso, instigated doubtless by Sancho, with whom he had become reconciled, resolved to punish those who had aided and abetted her. The very same day he ordered the Infante Don Fadrique and Don Simon to be apprehended. Upon the accusation of their enemies, and without any formal trial, the princes are stated, by some historians, to have been put to death at the king's express command. Don Simon was condemned to be burnt alive in the town of Treviño, and the Infante is supposed to have been smothered between two quilts.—*Revolutions in Spain.*

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of Morocco, who had laid siege to Xeres. But the valour of the garrison left him no room for further glory, and without his striking a blow, the invader once more retreated to his ships. King Sancho, after remaining quietly within his lines, withdrew with his army to Seville, and there held his court; while his enemy, foiled on all sides, sought refuge in his ancient dominions beyond the sea. But domestic divisions clouded the splendour and success of his opening reign. In his last will, Alphonso had bequeathed to his son Juan, the cities of Seville and Badajoz; and Sancho, on the ground of resisting the dismemberment of the state, refused to yield them up. Don Juan, supported by Lopez de Haro, resolved to enforce his claims. The vassals of that powerful noble joined their standard; and to avert the rising storm, the king invited the heads of the party to an interview, which they attended. In this, the king first required of Don Lopez to yield up his fortresses; to which the haughty noble replied by clapping his hand upon his sword. It was the signal of his fate; jealous of their sovereign's consequence, the other nobles, drawing their swords, dispatched him before the king's eyes. Don Juan was then seized and committed to prison, but the son and brother of Don Lopez escaped to the court of Aragon. That kingdom, together with the greatest portion of Andalusia, embraced the cause of the infant princes, and an army of more than one hundred thousand men was prepared to support their claims. Sancho was not idle; with equal vigour and rapidity he marshalled his

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forces, and leaving Seville, offered battle to the King of Aragon who retreated towards the Ebro. The Castilian then laid siege to Badajoz, which surrendered by capitulation, in defiance of which, however, it was delivered up to plunder, and the inhabitants were cruelly massacred.

The insurrection being wholly quelled, the active Sancho next turned his sword against the Moors. The naval armaments of the King of Morocco were destroyed by the united fleets of Castile and Genoa; the fortress of Tarifa, situated on an eminence near Gibraltar, was invested and taken, and victory every where followed the banners of Sancho. At length, he set his brother Don Juan at liberty, after an imprisonment of four years. Untaught by adversity, the prince once more raised the standard of revolt, and being defeated, narrowly escaped and sought refuge in the court of Morocco. Its enterprising monarch supplied him with a noble army, and he landed in Andalusia, but was foiled in every effort to vindicate his patrimonial rights. So signal was his failure, that he was afraid to appear before the King of Morocco with the wreck of his troops, and fled to the court of Granada. Sancho remained undisputed master of his kingdom; but though only in his forty-fifth year, he was broken down by anxiety and incessant toil, and he expired at Toledo in the year 1295. Fierce, cruel, but liberal, and at times magnanimous, the insatiable ambition of this prince involved the state in a long series of troubles and misfortunes.

Ferdinand IV. succeeded to his father in his tenth

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year, surrounded by a turbulent nobility, and under the tutelage of a woman. The queen mother, Maria de Castilla, found it impossible to resist the claims of Don Juan, supported as they were by the Moors, and reluctantly ceded the estates left him by Alphonso; she made other cessions to the haughty houses of De Haro and Lara, and gave up some frontier towns rather than engage in a war with Portugal. Don Juan had no sooner taken possession of the kingdom of Seville, than the Infante de la Cerda, afterwards Alphonso XI., appeared at the head of another army to support his title to the Castilian throne. Pressed at the same time by Don Henry, third son of Alphonso, to yield to him the conduct of affairs, the queen mother, ambitious only of reconciling all parties, gave up the regency. But the incapacity of Henry to decide between so many conflicting interests was soon made manifest, and he was reduced to have recourse to the superior judgment and the decision of the very person whom he had displaced. Under her direction, the Moors were compelled to retreat from before Jaen. Perez de Guzman routed the army of Granada, and the King of Aragon, withdrawing from the powerful league of the Infante de la Cerda, concluded a peace with the queen regent. Having preserved the monarchy from dismemberment by her skill and judgment, she had next to encounter the intrigues of the young king and his uncles, who involved the kingdom in a quarrel with Portugal, and lost the town of Alicant. On assuming the sceptre, Ferdinand, refusing to listen to the prudent counsels of his mother, be-

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came involved in a series of domestic troubles and calamities, which agitated the country with contending factions, and embittered his life and reign. Almost the only exploit which redeems his weakness in the eyes of history, was his capture of the fortress of Gibraltar, which had belonged to the Moors since the first invasion of Spain. He made an attempt upon Algesiras, in which he failed; and, on receiving a sum of money, entered into a peace with the King of Granada, as well as with the Infante de la Cerda, under the auspices of the Kings of Portugal and Aragon.

In 1312, Ferdinand again marched against the Moors. Upon reaching Palencia, an incident is said to have occurred which left a foul stain upon his memory, and which, in the superstitious opinion of his age, was the cause of his early doom. In going out of the palace, his particular favourite, Alphonso de Benavides, was suddenly assassinated, and the perpetrators of the deed made their escape. Two nobles, however, of the name of Carvajal, were accused of the crime; but the proofs, it is believed, were by no means conclusive. In the heat of passion, the king condemned them to death, and even commanded that they should be hurled headlong from the rock of Martos, in Andalusia, where they had been arrested. They made the strongest protestations of their innocence, but were hurried to the fatal spot. When on the point of being cast down, it is asserted that they called upon the God of Justice to make known their innocence; to which end they summoned the king to appear within thirty days to answer before a higher

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tribunal. They perished, and the monarch continued his march. His brother, Don Pedro, had commenced the siege of Alcandete; and the king, finding himself indisposed before he reached the camp, stopped on his way at Jaen. His complaint, however, excited no alarm; he called for no medical advice; and his attendants, on entering his apartment on the morning of the thirtieth day from the execution, were surprised to find that the king was dead.

The minority of his successor, Alphonso XI., was advantageous to the state from the period when that able princess, Doña Maria, assumed the management of affairs. Her high talents and pacific policy enabled her grandson to mount the throne under more favourable auspices than his predecessors; and by pursuing the same prudent policy, he put an end to civil dissension, and prevailed on Alphonso de la Cerda, the Pretender, to relinquish his idle claims, and do homage before the nobles and prelates of his court at Seville. The persecution of the Knights Templars, about this period, and the extinction of their order by a decree of the Roman see, was viewed with extreme jealousy by the court of Spain. Although their immense possessions had been transferred to the order of St. John of Jerusalem, and they had been tortured and put to death without any evidence of guilt in France and other states, they were honourably acquitted, after an impartial trial, by the States-general. The court, at the same time, retained its share of the spoils, under the plea of carrying on the crusade against the infidels.

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It was during the minority of Alphonso XI., that the signal defeat of the Spaniards by the King of Granada spread consternation throughout the dominions of Castile. During the civil dissensions of Granada, Azar implored the aid of the regent princes, Juan and Pedro, the king's uncles, against Ismael, the reigning king, who had driven him from the throne. Seizing the opportunity to weaken the power of Granada by fresh divisions, the regents made great preparations to take the field. The King of Morocco embraced the cause of Ismael; and this eventful campaign was opened by the invasion of the Moorish territories on two different points. Don Pedro carried Huescar by storm, while his brother Juan advanced direct to the capital. He was joined by Don Pedro, when they offered battle to the Moors. This being declined, the Spanish princes at length retired; upon which Ismael, at the head of the fierce Africans and Moors, issued forth and attacked his assailants. Such was the excessive heat of the day and the intense thirst it produced, that the Spaniards could scarcely sustain the weight of their arms.* Their rear, thrown into confusion, gave way; when the two princes, at the head of the van, sought to arrest the fugitives, and with their veteran horse and their whole retinue, rushed into the thickest battalions of the enemy. They all perished in the general carnage, excepting only a small division of the army, which escaped under cover of the night. The Moor, following up his success, took Huescar and Martos by

* Mariana. Cardonne.

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storm; but at this moment, his very triumph paved the way to his destruction. Among the numerous captives, most of whom were condemned to slavery, a young woman of incomparable beauty fell into the power of the governor of Algesiras. As she was on the point of being conveyed to his tent, an order arrived to convey her instantly into the presence of the Moorish king. Maddened with passion and the desire of revenge, from that moment the alcayde laid in wait for his master's life. He flattered the ambition of Osman, the chief officer, and others of the Moorish court; the assassins entered the palace by night, and having plunged their daggers in the king's bosom, sought to raise an insurrection in the capital. But the fidelity of the governor baffled their efforts, and they fled; while Mohammed, son of Ismael, was raised to the throne amidst general applause.

The genius and spirit of Alphonso XI. soon repaired the errors and failures of the administrators of his kingdom. Throwing off the trammels of tutelage at the early age of sixteen, he defeated the ambitious designs of his uncles and other relatives; but in Don Juan Emanuel, son-in-law of the King of Aragon, and Don Juan, son of the regent of the same name, he found enemies too powerful and politic to be subdued by the same means. He resorted, therefore, to the atrocious system so frequently practised by the princes of those days, and resolved to assassinate those whom he could neither conciliate nor subdue. They were the chief obstacle to order and public security throughout his dominions; criminals, banditti, and

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all the needy and desperate ranged themselves under their standard, and they at length openly braved the authority of the sovereign. With refined duplicity, Alphonso made the most flattering overtures to Don Juan; aware of his ambition, he offered to give him the hand of his sister Eleonora, and appointed the place and hour of interview. On entering the royal apartments, Don Juan, instead of beholding the young and beautiful princess, met the daggers of his assassins, and Alphonso scrupled not to avow and to defend the dishonourable deed. Its impolicy was soon felt. Don Emanuel, dreading a similar fate, went over to the King of Granada, whom he had successfully opposed, and engaged the King of Aragon to join with them against the avowed assassin of his colleague and friend. Unfurling the standard of the united monarchs, he ravaged the frontiers of Castile, but was speedily compelled to retreat. The arms of Alphonso were every where triumphant, both on land and sea; the Moors and rebels were routed on all sides, and one of the conspirators, who had betrayed his trust, though a powerful noble, was stabbed as he stood surrounded by his own vassals and retainers, at the mandate of the king. Having thus struck terror into the hearts of private and public enemies, he next turned his victorious arms against the capital of Granada. Shrinking even from the encounter, the Moorish king, with abject submission, entered into the humiliating terms proposed to him,—to do homage as a vassal, and pay an annual tribute of twelve thousand pieces of gold.

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With equal rapidity he repressed another conspiracy of his most powerful nobles,—Alonzo de Haro and Juan de Lara. The former was taken prisoner in one of his castles, and Alonzo commanded that he should be led to instant execution. The fortresses and estates of Lara were confiscated, and he soon afterwards compelled Navarre to sue for peace. After a period, however, he restored to many of the condemned nobles their titles and estates, and found his clemency productive of far greater advantage than his previous severity. Unanimity and peace being established among the Christian monarchs of Spain, the efforts of all were called into sudden action by one of the most formidable invasions which they had yet sustained. Abou Hassan, King of Fez and Morocco, having made himself supreme master of Africa, prepared, upon a formidable scale, to attempt the recovery of the Moslem empire in the west. His son, at the head of a vast army, effected a landing, and proceeded to lay waste Andalusia with fire and sword. But Alphonso speedily arrested his career, surprised his army, and, in the general carnage which ensued, Abdelmalek was slain. The grief of the king his father, and his subjects, on hearing the extent of the calamity, knew no bounds. Throughout the countries of Africa, the imaums were commanded to preach the Algihed, or Holy War, calling on every Musulman to arm for the avengement of his religion and his prince. A new enthusiasm seized the sons of the Prophet; and seventy thousand cavalry and four hundred thousand foot are said to have covered

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the African shores. Two hundred and fifty transports and seventy galleys were engaged during five months in bringing these immense hordes to the European coast. The Castilian fleet, though it fought with gallantry, was overwhelmed and the admiral perished. Intent on vengeance, the African, attended by his wives, his children, and his whole court, effected his landing; and, joining the King of Granada, began the siege of Tarifa. Never, since the days of Tarikh and of Muza, was the entire Peninsula in peril more pressing and extreme. The King of Portugal, with all the nobles and vassals under his command, hastened by forced marches to join Alphonso; and the combined armies met, and formed their camps at Seville. With no more than forty thousand infantry and twenty thousand horse, they advanced to the relief of Tarifa; and on their approach, the two rival kings took up advantageous positions on the adjacent heights. It was evening when the armies came in sight of each other, too late for a decisive action, and both continued under arms during the night. Early next morning began the famous battle fought on the banks of the little river Salsada, in which the veteran troops of four nations struggled for conquest under the eyes of their respective kings. It was obstinately contested, but ended in the rout of the Moors.* Two sons of the King of Morocco were slain, their father himself wounded, his favourite wife captured, and the immense riches of the united camps

* Cardonne calculates the loss of the Africans at not less than two hundred thousand.

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became the spoil of the Christians. The Spaniards and their allies re-entered Seville, loaded with booty of every kind, and still prouder of the victory they had achieved with forces so unequal. A continued series of successes, both by land and sea, raised the reputation of Alphonso beyond that of every Christian monarch. He resolved to attack the strong-hold of the African power in Spain,—the sea-port of Algesiras. The fortifications were almost impregnable, and the citadel had a numerous garrison of the choicest troops. The squadrons of Aragon and Portugal, united with Castile, blockaded the harbour, while Alphonso invested the city by land. In vain the King of Granada tried his utmost efforts to raise the siege. Nothing could daunt the ardour and resolution of the Castilian king. With his battering rams, balistas, and catapultas, he assaulted the town upon its weakest points; nor did the cannon of the Moors, first brought into use against the Christians, and so superior to other engines of war, deter him from repeating his daily attacks, which were met with a spirit and heroism equal to his own. Months rolled away, little impression had been made, and to such extremity were the besiegers reduced, that the king was about to send his plate to the mint to obtain fresh supplies. But the States, seconded by the Roman pontiff, prevented the necessity; and the arrival of a strong body of volunteers from England and France, eager to share the honour of the war, gave renewed impulse to the siege. On his side, the King of Morocco made the most strenuous exertions to prevent the fall of

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this celebrated fortress, considered the key of the Moorish dominions in Spain. He sent a squadron of sixty galleys and a large body of troops, which were landed at Gibraltar. Alphonso lay in wait to receive them, and they were routed with great slaughter. This victory sealed the fate of Algesiras; which surrendered in March, 1344, after a siege of one year and eight months. The terms were such as were merited by its gallant defenders,—both the garrison and the citizens being permitted to retire with their effects; while a truce of ten years was entered into between Alphonso and the kings of Africa and Granada. The favourite wife, and other relatives of Abou Hassan, taken at the battle of Salsada, were also restored to their friends and country, with munificent presents and every mark of respect.

A period of tranquillity enabled Alphonso to restore order, and consolidate the laws and institutions of his newly-acquired territories. But his passion for war was soon destined to be once more gratified. The King of Morocco having been dethroned by his son, the Castilian refused to consider himself bound by the previous treaty.* It stung the pride of the Castilian conqueror to behold the banners of the Moor dis-

* It is difficult not to contrast the conduct of Alphonso XI. on this occasion, with the magnanimity of a predecessor of the African king. When Alphonso X. was deprived of his royal authority by his son Sancho, the African, as we have seen, was not vainly solicited to support the cause of the unhappy father. When Abou Hassan appealed to the descendant of that prince for aid in a yet more distressing situation, Alphonso XI. took advantage of his misfortunes to aggrandize his own dominions.

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played from the rock of Gibraltar, which, once rescued from his grasp, had again fallen. Advancing at the head of a chosen army, he approached the place and summoned the garrison. The governor having answered in a tone of defiance, Alphonso commenced his operations with his accustomed skill and spirit. He passed great part of his time in the entrenchments, animating his troops and directing the approaches. During the siege, a fatal distemper broke out in the royal camp; but neither the persuasions of his friends nor the remonstrances of the physicians could induce him to retire. He even pressed his attacks with renewed spirit; when, suddenly taking the infection, he was cut off in the thirty-ninth year of his age, after a reign unrivalled for its brilliant successes, and which struck a last blow at the independence of the Moslems. He reconciled and consolidated the conflicting interests of his empire, and annihilated the factions of the princes and the nobles, by holding up a few memorable examples. Each of the surrounding kingdoms which opposed him, equally felt the weight of his displeasure. The Africans and Moors were on all sides overthrown; and the terror of his name, both at home and abroad, gave him the palm of military glory, with more than the sternness and determination of Saint Ferdinand.

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CHAPTER IV.

Believe not Fate at thy command,
Will grant a meed she never gave;
As soon the airy tower shall stand,
That's built upon a passing wave.

MOHAMMED ALTAHMANY.

SEVILLE can never be viewed without emotion. No modern city abounds in more interesting associations; in every epoch of Spanish history she has been distinguished for her splendour and greatness,—the capital of a southern kingdom, and the theatre of strange vicissitudes and stirring events. The chivalrous spirit with which, in every age, she has sustained the

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memorable sieges of successive invaders, from the old Greek and Roman till the day of the modern Spaniard, has made the native Sevillian justly proud of the city which gave him birth. Her maritime genius and resources, her delicious clime and spontaneous products, offer an union of attractions,—pleasure and wealth,—the strongest motives to conquest and ambition, and the great spring of individual, no less than of national undertakings.

Admirably situated on the banks of the Guadalquiver, in the midst of a fertile and almost boundless plain, this proud and ancient city is defended by a rampart of walls, more than a league in circumference. Over one of its massive gates may still be read that antique inscription of

> "Condidit Alcides, renovavit Julius urbem,
> Restituit Christo Fernandus Tertius, heros."*

Another gate bears the following version of this ancient memorial of its foundation:—

> "Hercules me edificò;
> Julius Cæsar me cercò
> De muros e torres altas;
> E el Rey santo me ganò,
> Con Garci Perez de Vargas."†

Seville ranked the first of the four Andalusian capitals,—the most extensive city in the kingdom; and it was a favourite saying of the old Andalusians,

* By great Alcides raised, Julius restored,
And conquering Fernand gave it to the Lord.

† I was built by Hercules; Julius Cæsar surrounded me with walls and lofty towers; and Saint Ferdinand gained me, with the help of Garci Perez de Vargas.

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—the Gascons, by the way, of Spain,—that, whoever had not seen the famous city, had seen nothing wonderful.* Under the sway of the Moors, it attained its highest degree of prosperity and power; and the surrounding country, where the traveller now beholds little more than a desert, had the appearance of one vast and blooming garden. Groves of the richest and most productive fruits, plains loaded with golden grain, vales of bright luxuriant verdure, and vine-clad hills diversified with plantations of the fig, the olive, the pomegranate, the orange, and the citron, showed the triumph of agricultural art, the unwearied industry and ingenuity of the Arab colonist. Extensive tracts of irrigated meadows, in the midst of which rose numerous and busy hamlets, and, within a few leagues of each other, populous thriving towns, sheltered by woody mountains of pine and palm,—the most barren clothed with oak, and ilex, and thickets of the mimosa, the cypress, the date,—presented altogether a picture of beauty and animation, of which the present scene conveys not a faint idea.

Seville was the chosen residence of one of the first conquerors of the Goth—the celebrated Muza, who laid the foundation of its splendour and prosperity. There the young conqueror of the desert, Abderrahman, at the head of his little army, marched to establish a new and independent khaliphate over the whole of Spain. Nor was it less than the princely Cordova the object of his attachment, on which he

* "Quien no ha visto Sevilla,
No ha visto maravilla."

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lavished the most distinguished marks of his munificence, his genius, and his taste. It was under the walls of this city, that the youthful and noble Kasim met an untimely fate from the hand of his own father, —a fate which caused the tears to start from eyes long unused to weep, calling forth the lamentations of the entire army. His father had charged him to observe a part of the enemy's force, which, however, came upon him unexpectedly, and in the surprise of the moment he was seized with sudden panic, and fled. Among the first of the fugitives who reached his father's camp, he was met by the brave old man; who, enraged to observe signs of terror still on his son's countenance, grasped his lance,—"Die, thou coward!" cried Abdelmalek, "for thou art no son of mine!" and with these words, the son was struck dead at his indignant father's feet.

Abdelmalek triumphed, but was severely wounded; and his sufferings were increased by grief and remorse for the death of his son. In this state, Abderrahman came to visit him at Seville, and found his faithful general stretched upon his couch, stung with remorse, and bathed in tears. The good khaliph sought to soothe his feelings with words full of compassion, conjured him to rise above the stroke of a calamity wholly irremediable. To show the sense he entertained of his too devoted services, his royal master conferred upon him the government of Saragossa, and of Eastern Spain; but all failed to remove the grief that preyed at his heart.

What a contrast to the day in which the Cresce-

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was replaced by the Cross over the golden towers and mosques; when the third Ferdinand, at the head of his hardy mountain legions, entered her beleaguered walls! Three hundred thousand Moors, the survivors of those who had perished in the memorable siege of sixteen months, are stated by historians to have marched, prisoners and exiles, through her gates; while in 1800, the returns of population given for the interior of the city, were 60,218; and 20,350 for the seven quarters situated without the walls,—a total of 80,568. In that year, nearly all of this trifling remnant were attacked by the fatal scourge of a pestilence, which carried off 14,685 persons in the brief lapse of three months; and it has since repeatedly renewed its ravages, in addition to other causes of degradation and wretchedness, in the imbecility and exactions of the government. To show farther the continual decline of its prosperity from the hour it was wrested from the Moors, it may be mentioned, that 130,000 people were employed in the silk-trade alone; that in 1700 there were 16,000 looms, of all sizes; a number which twenty-five years ago had decreased to 2318; and a still more recent return gave it as low as 1500.

The modern city is divided into thirty parishes; it has eighty-four convents and twenty-four hospitals. The streets are narrow and winding, few of them wide enough to admit carriages; and, in places, a person may touch both walls at the same time.

It has thus much more the appearance of a Moorish town, than many others in Spain. The portions

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inhabited by the lower classes retain the same characteristics,—the irregular building, the low roof and contracted windows, and some of the alleys so very narrow, that, as Sir Arthur Brooke *feelingly* expresses it, "If you happen to meet a friar, who in Spain is not remarkable for his spare habit of body, it is sometimes no easy matter to get by."

Few cities can lay claim to more numerous public edifices devoted to objects of religion and charity, or to so gorgeous a display of the emblems of Catholic worship. Besides twenty-five parish churches, it comprehends five chapels of ease, a commandery of St. Jean D'Acre, exempted from episcopal jurisdiction, about thirty nunneries, three congregations of canons regular, three religious communities, called *Beaterios*, two seminaries, and, to wind up all, two houses of correction. For this reason, therefore, the archiepiscopal see of Seville is one of the wealthiest in the world. It is united with that of Toledo, which had formerly still higher pretensions, in point both of dignity and wealth. Mr. Townsend gives an interesting account of his introduction to the then archbishop, who, permitting him to kiss his ring, made him sit down, and promise to dine with him every day while he continued in Seville. Then ordering out his great coach, the noble prelate ordered one of his chaplains to attend upon, and show him every thing worthy observation in the city. "Agreeably to this invitation," adds Mr. T., "I returned, and not only dined with him that day, but almost every day during a fortnight's residence at Seville." No wonder

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that he was pressingly invited by other families; but as it was the season of Lent, and fish in Spain never agreed with him, he prudently declined those invitations, not having, perhaps, the less dignified laymen's carriages, like the good prelate's, in such constant attendance. The archbishop was well lodged, and kept a hospitable table. He was quite the man of fashion; his manners were engaging, and his conversation was lively. His usual company at dinner was his confessor, his chaplains, secretaries, and a few choice friends. The pages in attendance were young men of family, recommended to his patronage and educated under his inspection. The librarian sometimes sat down at table; at others, waited behind a chair. He filled the office also of a guide, and could show every corner of the city.

It is not every Sevillian archbishop, however, as we are told by Sir Arthur Brooke, who could boast of enjoying so much of the *otium cum dignitate*. "The archbishop," he observes, "who had been recently made a cardinal, had lately retired into the country to enjoy the air. In other unholy words, he had become deeply embarrassed; and the heat of the weather and the clamour of his creditors having made the place too hot for his holiness to remain, he had thought it prudent to make a temporary retreat." *

The contrast between Cadiz and Seville is amusingly described, the former being the decided votary of pleasure, the latter of religion in its most solemn state and gorgeous attire. From early dawn to sunset, is

* Sketches in Spain and Morocco, pp. 63—65.

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heard the hourly chiming of bells from innumerable monasteries, churches, chapels, &c.; and when about to close your eyes, the heavy toll of some neighbouring convent reminds you that its fair recluses are summoned to midnight prayers. You walk to view the city, and at every step you take, a friar crosses your path,—canons, ecclesiastics, monks, and lay-brethren hurry to and fro with looks swelled with importance and good living. When it is dark, begins the music, and you see a grand display of moving lights,—one of the beautiful and splendid processions called *Novenas*, which makes its solemn progress through the city during nine successive nights, rendered more brilliant from the wax lights and gaudy hangings in the windows. A splendid standard of cloth of gold, bearing a figure of the Virgin, is preceded by eight large silver lamps; while children, adorned with flowers, add to the general brilliancy by carrying lanterns. A single military trumpet heads the whole of the procession, which is closed by a band of choristers and musicians.

The religious splendour of Seville is associated with the most magnificent and conspicuous of all her public edifices—the cathedral. Those of Toledo and Leon, though proverbially rich and beautiful,* cannot vie with its patriarchal fame. Ponderous volumes have been devoted to its history, and many native writers have exhausted their ingenuity and industry in commemorating, most worthily and with infinite elaboration,

* La de Sevilla, la grande; la de Toledo, la rica; y la de Leon, la bella.

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the minutest portion of its details and merits. To select the most interesting of these particulars from materials so vast, is of itself no trivial task; but offering the traveller at the same time a cool and pleasant refuge from the fervour of the mid-day heats, its personal inspection is far more desirable than pondering over the huge, Herculean descriptions of the old Spanish writers. One of the noblest of Christian temples, in its extent * and proportions as in the pomp and ceremonies of its worship, no stranger can enter its

* The modern approach to the Court of the Orange Trees, formed in other times one of the principal entrances to the grand mosque, previous to the capture of Seville by the Christians. The Giralda, with the external wall of this court, present the only remains of the splendid temple of the Moslems. The wall is terminated with the Moorish *indented*, or what is properly termed, the *bearded parapet*. The gates, which still remain, serve to attest the noble proportions and extent of the original building. They are composed of the kind of wood that was held in such esteem by the Moorish architects, called the *allerica*. Of this, the ceiling of the Alhambra, the roof of the great mosque at Cordova, and other parts of numerous Moorish edifices, were constructed, for it was of a nature to resist deterioration from the attacks of worms or other insects, which never infest it. In more ancient times, this wood was grown to a great extent in the neighbourhood of Seville, but not a vestige of the tree which supplied it now remains throughout all Spain. The doors are covered, inside and out, with plates of copper. The two large columns seen in front, are ancient Roman, and immense numbers of them surround the cathedral.

Seville, like the splendid Cordova, abounds in Roman antiquities, more particularly in marble columns. The Sevillanos boast that the town alone contains eighty thousand marble pillars; a thing not at all improbable, when it is considered that almost every house possesses a court, or *patio*, surrounded by a colonnade supported by marble pillars.

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spacious and sombre aisles without sensations of surprise and awe. The lavish wealth and splendour of its interior decoration, the grandeur and richness of its numerous altars, are surpassed only by the majestic structure of this enormous edifice. Four hundred and twenty feet by two hundred and sixty, with a towering central nave, give it proportions which throw most other churches and cathedrals into the shade. It abounds in paintings and statues of considerable merit, and its spacious chapels seem actually to groan under the load of their numerous relics, and gold, and drapery. Near the splendid baptismal fonts are beheld two admirable specimens of Murillo,* nine in the hall of the chapter, and two in the sacristy.

It is dangerously captivating, we are told, to be a spectator of the imposing ceremonies of the Romish Church exhibited in the celebration of high mass; to hear the loud resounding peals of the organ through the high vaulted aisle and fretted roof, and that peculiarly wild and mournful expression which ever blends with a full chorus of voices from woman's lips, and which steals irresistibly upon the soul. The Andalusian beauty, indeed, never looks more lovely

* There are numerous other paintings by De Vargas and Zurbaran, and the followers of Velasquez and Murillo. Both these last great men were born at Seville, and the Seville school received its chief lustre and celebrity from them. Murillo was indefatigable in decorating the public edifices of his native city; and the successive invasions of Spain by other nations, which dispersed his productions in various quarters of the world, enabled Europe to appreciate their merit.

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and engaging than when she appears at mass. "How can one regard her without emotion, when, attired wholly in black and enveloped in her graceful mantilla, she advances up the aisle, and, kneeling down on the cold marble, offers up her silent adorations with mingled fervour and simplicity, her dark eye flashing through the rich fringe of her head-dress. How far more interesting, and how superior does she then appear to a belle of other countries, who, put together in the height of the mode, repairs to her well-situated pew in the gallery of some fashionable Sunday exhibition called a chapel, as she would to her box at the opera." *

The revenues of the cathedral are on a scale of munificence commensurate with its appearance; the income of the archbishop has been estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with corresponding provisions for two hundred and thirty-five canons, prebendaries, curates, confessors, musicians, singers, and levitical aspirants.† It ought to be considered, however, that they have to officiate at no fewer than eighty-two altars, and perform five hundred masses on a daily average. The date of the foundation of this splendid structure, is 1401; it was raised to the height of one hundred and twenty-six feet, and received light by eighty windows of painted glass, the work of an artist of Flanders, each of which was valued at one thousand ducats. Among its other treasures, one altar is composed of solid silver, with silver images, as large as life, of St. Isidor and St. Leander, and a

* Sketches in Spain and Morocco, p. 50. † Townsend.

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tabernacle for the Host more than four yards high, adorned with eight-and-forty columns. Add to these the gold, precious stones, gifts, and relics of the piety and zeal of good Catholics, when the riches of a newly discovered world were poured into the lap of the church. The exterior presents a combination of three different species of architecture, in the old Gothic, the Moorish, and the modern character.

To the cathedral is attached a library, containing twenty thousand volumes, collected by Fernando Columbus, son of the great navigator, and distinguished both for his taste and erudition. The remains of his immortal father were first deposited in the convent of St. Francisco at Valladolid; but in the cathedral is a plain marble slab, which bears the following inscription to his memory:—

"A Castilla y a Leon,
Mundo nuevo diò Colon." *

The body of St. Ferdinand, the conqueror of Seville, by whom the cathedral was consecrated, lies also within its precincts. He was a king, if we are

* "To Castile and to Leon,
Columbus gave a new world."

It is enough to refer to Mr. Irving's recent biography of this wonderful man for those interesting details of his exploits and sufferings, which, however well known, had never been previously described in a manner so agreeable. Still it is a sufficiently curious fact to bear repetition, that the remains of the great discoverer, "like himself, were doomed to cross the Atlantic when no longer animated by his lofty spirit, to seek repose on the shores of that world, which had conferred on him so imperishable a fame." They were removed from Valladolid to

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Drawn by D. Roberts. *Engraved by James B. Allen.*

ENTRANCE TO THE COURT OF THE ORANGE TREES.

Cathedral of Sevilla. Printed by [illegible]

London, Published Oct. 28 1835 by Robert Jennings & Co. 62 Cheapside.

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to believe the historian Mariana, and the voluminous chronicles of the cathedral, who was endowed with all the gifts and graces a monarch could desire; and of whom it was doubted whether his goodness, greatness, or good fortune most abounded. One of his crowning virtues,—the most recommended and extolled at the time he lived, was his condescension in personally performing the drudgery of carrying wood with his own hands, to feed the funeral fires of the unbeliever. Here too were deposited the ashes of the infamous Maria Padilla, the mistress of Pedro the Cruel, whose wild passions, and the strange fate of Blanche of Bourbon, have supplied both novelists and poets with so fertile a theme.

The celebrated tower of the Giralda forms part of this vast edifice, and with the court and garden leading to the modern sacristy, was the work of the Moors.*

Seville; and again, in 1536, with the body of his son Diego, were transported to Hispaniola, and buried in the cathedral of the city of St. Domingo. In the lapse of two centuries and a half, they were finally deposited with great pomp in the cathedral of the Havannah.

* The subject of the adjoining plate is taken from the Patio, or Court of the Orange Trees. It was here that the devout Musulmans were accustomed to perform their ablutions preparatory to entering the grand mosque. With the exception of its once-numerous fountains being now reduced to one, the court is pretty nearly the same as when it formed a part of the great mosque.

When Seville surrendered to the victorious Christians, the unfortunate Moslems, dreading to behold the desecration of the most sacred of their edifices, stipulated that the mosque together with its tower, the pride of the city, should be razed. But fortunately for the admirers of every thing remaining

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It was erected by Al Geber, a distinguished mathematician and architect, who lived in the reign of Almanzor towards the end of the twelfth century. From him the science of quantities, first introduced into Europe by the Arabs, received its name. Though known many centuries previously, algebra, like most other branches of abstract science, was successfully cultivated by them; they were the tutors of European royalty, as well as the promoters of learning, and Alonzo the Wise, in preparing his astronomic tables, made use of the calculations of the astronomers of Granada. There are many original inventors, and many simultaneous discoveries made, of which Newton and Leibnitz afford instances; and though the

of that extraordinary people, their request was not complied with, and the Giralda yet continues the pride and boast of the "Sevillanos."

The cathedral itself is not surpassed in magnitude by any edifice of the kind in Spain, and in wealth it far exceeds that of every other. It had the good fortune, which few other churches could boast, of retaining its valuable plate, pictures, jewels, relics, &c. when these tempting articles fell a prey to the cupidity of the French. The whole of its treasures were removed during the invasion to Cadiz, and the Gallic spoilers were surprised to find no *spolia opima* in the church.

The original height of the Giralda did not exceed that of the belfry, and was surmounted by three gilded globes. We have described its ascent by a series of inclined planes, instead of steps. So easy is the rise, that the artist was told the queen, on one occasion, was drawn in a small carriage to the top. The Giralda is stated to have been erected by the same artist who erected the great tower at Morocco. The additional portion is by no means the most chaste in its style, though its proportions, as a whole, are really beautiful. In whatever point it is viewed, it presents a very striking

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processes of algebra were known some centuries before the Arab founder of the Giralda lived, there is little reason to doubt that he also discovered and introduced the same system among his countrymen. He was a native of Seville, and is believed to have first erected the Giralda for an observatory. He raised the tower to an elevation of two hundred and eighty feet, and after the expulsion of the Moors, when the cathedral was commenced, it was raised to the height of three hundred and sixty-four. Surmounted by an iron globe of enormous size, splendidly gilded, its refulgence at a distance, and in the brilliant moonlight, is said to have surpassed every thing that art had before achieved. Directly below this ball was the gallery from which the muezzins were used to sum-

object. The prospect from the summit has already been described as vast and splendid; one hundred and twenty spires and towers belonging to the city and environs are seen spread below; five hundred masses are performed at the different altars daily, and six hundred persons are directly engaged in the service of the church.

Seville, the birth-place of Spain's noblest painters, is peculiarly rich in works of art,—the walls of the monastery of the Capuchins being literally covered with its finest productions, while the hospital of the charity possesses many beautiful pictures. Those of "Moses striking the Rock," and "Christ feeding the Multitude," are master-pieces of their kind. Among the private collections, one of the most numerous is that of the English consul, Mr. Williams, a gentleman whose taste as well as love for art, is equalled only by his knowledge of every thing connected with the interesting antiquities of Seville, while his kindness and engaging manners towards strangers are appreciated by all who visit Seville. Señor Bravo possesses also a numerous selection, but in point of taste and judgment the specimens do not exhibit equal discrimination.

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mon the faithful to prayer, at the least five times during the twenty-four hours. The ascent to the summit is up a spiral staircase without steps, so gradual as to admit of being regularly composed of a neat pavement of tiles, and easy enough to allow two persons abreast riding up to the top. It has been observed, therefore, that though the strange Knight of the Mirrors told his famed brother of La Mancha many a lie, he was not within the range of fiction when he boasted of his adventure with the giantess Giralda. The towering pile, indeed, terminates in a colossal statue, to which the great novelist alludes. It is intended to represent the Faith. The Giralda, (Anglicé, a weathercock,) is thus singularly made the emblem of a creed which, like the fortunes of the city over which it seems to preside, has experienced many a change during the storms of destiny, of which, with the wind "that bloweth where it listeth," it may be considered equally the index. After ascending to the summit of the tower and entering the gallery, the stranger can form some opinion as to the peril of the extraordinary feat related by Mr. Irving, and performed by that ornament of Castilian chivalry, Don Alonzo de Ojeda. The prospect from it is extensive, as it is striking,—churches, towers, and convents; the old Alcazar, amphitheatres and ruins; the vast cathedral immediately below, and beyond the rude walls and dilapidated turrets of Hispalis, masts, yards, and flags; the wooded walks of the Alameda; while still farther stretches the level tracts of the vega, through which the meanderings of the bright

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river break at intervals on the eye, altogether forming a panorama equally picturesque and beautiful. Its appearance in the full glow of summer has been described with graphic power by Sir Arthur Brooke, who observes, that the immense extent of burnt-up country actually presents the aspect of the sands of the desert, the waters of the Guadalquiver and the extensive orange and olive-groves only occasionally refreshing the parched landscape.

The brazen figure of the Giralda, with its antique palm-branch, has been the subject of frequent allusion by the old poets and novelists, and not a few of the dramatists have availed themselves of its traditions and localities, both in their serious and comic scenes. During the civil wars of the rival kings, Don Pedro and Henry of Trastamara, it often became the scene, with the holy edifice and Seville itself, of fierce and sanguinary contention. The two brothers had each their allies, Pedro the Cruel being assisted by the chivalrous Black Prince and a noble army; while the illegitimate Henry was no less valiantly supported on the throne by the heroic Bertrand du Guesclin and the flower of the French chevaliers, when knighthood was the boast and the envy of the greatest monarchs. A series of brilliant engagements, which terminated in the victory of Najada, reseated the cruel Pedro, for a period, upon a blood-stained throne. Before the English prince entered the field, the bold Du Guesclin had it *all his own way;* and Trastamara, favoured by the populace, had driven Pedro from post to pillar, and *vice versâ*, till he had hardly a foot of ground

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on which to stand. Having made his escape from his palace at Seville, with his two daughters and a few adherents, he embarked by night, and silently glided down the famed river of that kingdom he had just lost. As the dawn reappeared, and distant objects began to break clear and more clearly upon the view, the blue mists yet hanging on the mountain and tinging the distant horizon, how painful was the contrast the scene afforded to the bitter thoughts of the fallen monarch.

Few prospects could surpass in beauty an extensive view from the Guadalquiver, at the lovely hour which ushers in the awakening splendours of a southern sun. All the variety of far-ascending mountains, scattered hamlets, bright villas, and towering castles, was seen more softly and more imposing through the broad departing shadows, and in the majestic stillness yet breathing the repose of night. But soon the day broke into the perfect glow and beauty of that transparent clime; and almost instantaneously every object of the surrounding scenery, arrayed in its own peculiar hues, distinctly mingled with the landscape; and the song of birds, the full voice of nature in her happiest moods, fell strangely on the thoughts of the royal fugitive, and his weeping family and friends.

The vales and meadows again assumed that deep lustrous green, and the plains the dry brown, sunny colours, so finely contrasting with their dark blue skies. On herb, and shrub, and flower hung the pearly dew-bright fragrance of the morn; and swiftly

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glided the little galley by towers and villages, with their rich groves and garden grounds, on which the fugitives looked back with sighs of regret.

But not a word was spoken, as the king, immersed in deep thought, gazed round him like an exile who is no more to behold the country from which he is driven. And perhaps some recollection of his equitable laws and popular justice, tempered the trouble which the memory of his cruelties,* at such a moment, must have caused, as one by one disappeared the smiling villages and lofty fortresses which crowned the banks of the bright river. A slight start, and the grasping of his sword-hilt, (in the words of his chronicler), as a bolder and yet more majestic castle, frowning from a projecting cliff, caught his eye, told his attendants that he beheld the towers of his hated brother Henrique, from which the royal banners and trophies were seen flaunting in the morning sun.

* Though evidently exaggerated, contemporary historians have left a startling account of his atrocities and murders. Frederick, his half-brother, was assassinated in the Hall of Audience, at Seville. Henry and Tello narrowly escaped the same fate. His aunt, Leonora, was poisoned by his order; his chief financier, a Jew, is said to have expired upon the rack; and his base ingratitude to Mohammed, King of Granada, is without parallel in history. The death of the royal Moor is related in our former volume. He had thrown himself upon Peter's mercy, taking refuge at the court of Seville, where he delivered up the whole of his wealth and jewels. Like our Henry VIII., he allowed no considerations of humanity to interfere with his policy or pleasures; he divorced and murdered his wives, yet could weep over the fate of a cruel and ambitious mistress.

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While the legitimate king thus fled from his favourite palace of the Alcazar, round which his fascinating mistress had cast the spell of her enchantments, and exhausted the treasures of nature and art to give fresh zest to its delights, his enemies were preparing to enter the great and flourishing city of Seville. His stern government, his devoted passion for the haughty Padilla, and the mysterious death of his queen, had excited the indignation of a large number of the citizens. They considered the connexion he had formed, one of the principal causes of the civil dissensions which disturbed the kingdom. By some writers, his favourite is represented as devoid of every good quality,—capable of any atrocity; by others, in a wholly opposite light; but it is agreed by all, that she was ardently attached to Pedro. Jealous and haughty, she obtained complete ascendency over him, and employed it to promote the fortunes of her relatives, scrupling at nothing to procure the downfal of her adversaries. Contemporary historians extol her extraordinary spirit and accomplishments, and the charms of her person; and she is represented as possessing all the dignity and high qualities becoming a queen. But she sullied her genuine character and rare accomplishments by one false step, which plunged her into a series of errors, excesses, and perhaps crimes.

With regard to the share she had in the death of the unhappy Blanche, the evidence is of too loose and conflicting a character to be relied upon. One of the

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most credible of Spanish historians* (Mariana) asserts, that the queen was poisoned by means of a physician of Medina Sidonia; while the chronicles of Ayala lead us to believe that she was killed by an assassin, a mace-bearer, named Juan Perez. It is generally admitted, both by contemporary and subsequent writers, that Don Pedro was a party to the deed; while the steward of the household to Queen Leonora of Castile declares, in his commentaries, that Blanche died a natural death at Ureña. Another writer, the apologist of Don Pedro,† is of the same opinion. During her life, a strong party gradually arose against Don Pedro, the knowledge of which is supposed to have induced him to commit an act, which instead of destroying, gave redoubled energy to the queen's party, and aided by Henry of Trastamara, at length hurled him from the throne.

In the old Memoirs of Bertrand du Guesclin, we meet with another and still more remarkable account of the death of the queen. It is stated, that a certain Jew having presumed to salute her on the cheek, she was so incensed as to order him to be driven with blows from her presence. Instigated, doubtless, by revenge, the Israelite had recourse to her rival, and entered into a conspiracy which impelled Pedro to countenance her assassination. He is said to have permitted the Jew to surround the queen's residence by night, and taking advantage of the confusion, to dispatch her secretly.

† *Gratiâ Dei*, whose work is to be found inserted in the "Seminario Erudito."

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The Alcazar, the residence both of Moorish and Castilian kings recalls times and events of the most striking and startling character.* In the courts and the walks of its singular and antique gardens, the brave and the beautiful appeared side by side, in all the glow of joyous youth, and love, and power,—little conscious of the brooding storm destined to sweep them from the earth. Here in succession sang or wept the ambitious, the lovely, or the betrayed;—under these aged trees, in this ravaged and neglected bower, or this still bright and sunny spot, may the lovely Eleanor di Guzman, the fair Padilla, or the wretched Blanche, have passed many a bright, impassioned, or gloomy hour.

* The Alcazar must be considered every way inferior, as a Moorish edifice, to the grand remains of the Alhambra. From the extent and beauty, however, of its gardens and fountains, it is still a monument calculated to interest the imagination and feelings of the beholder. It contains seventy-eight apartments, all communicating with each other. The ceilings and walls, like those of the Alhambra, are rich with arabesques, and they are generally in a state of tolerable preservation. By far the most splendid of these saloons is the Hall of the Ambassadors, as it appears represented in the accompanying plate; but it is almost impossible to convey, in so small a space, a just idea of the elaborate and beautiful character of these arabesques.

The lower portion of this, as well as that of the other apartments, is covered with glazed tile of the most beautiful and intricate pattern, which, together with the cool fountains, give a delicious freshness to the air. The walls are of a kind of stucco, inlaid with gilding and colours the most varied and brilliant. The small compartments with the circular tops, immediately under the projecting balcony, are perforated, behind which a latticed gallery stretches all round the hall. Within these, so appropriately termed "Jalousies," the beau-

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Drawn by David Roberts — Engraved by E. Challis

ENTRANCE TO THE HALL OF AMBASSADORS.

Alcazar de Sevilla

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The Alcazar is a magnificent structure, built by Abdalasis, about half a century before the conquest by St. Ferdinand. Once the favourite palace of the royal Moor, it is still the abode of monarchs, when the Spanish court is held at Seville. Its gardens alone have attractions which may well preserve its influence over royalty, and invite the resort alike of the noble and the stranger. It was considerably enlarged by Don Pedro, and received farther additions and embellishments in the reign of Charles V. Among others, Philip V. removed his entire court from Madrid, with the intention of making it his permanent residence, had not political considerations

ties of the harem were concealed from the public gaze, while they could observe every thing that was passing in the hall beneath. Around the upper part of this apartment are introduced a series of portraits of the kings of Spain, commencing with San Fernando, who rescued Seville from the Moors. In their Gothic niches they appear quite out of character with the upper portions of this beautiful hall.

Through the entrance you look into the *patio*, or court, with its now single deserted fountain. The court is again surrounded by a colonnade of white marble columns, supporting a gallery, which is farther supported and covered like the first. This is the only instance in which Mr. Roberts observed a double colonnade, that of the Moors being almost invariably single.

The style of its architecture is also very inferior to that of other portions of this beautiful edifice. The entire work belongs to the age of Peter the Cruel, whose cruelties, however, have been greatly exaggerated by the monkish historians. He at least had the justice to mete out even measure to the Moslem, the Jew, and the Christian. When this edifice was erected, the old Moorish architecture was evidently on the decline. Inferior as it was, the Christians who gained posses-

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interfered. It is a large irregular edifice, and has a very singular appearance, presenting a confused mass of the Gothic, Arabic, and modern styles. But the site is admirable; and it contains many spacious and commodious apartments. The interior is enriched with various specimens of antique statues, discovered not far from Seville. Under the superintendence of an enlightened antiquary, Don Francesco Bruna, they have gradually grown into a rare and beautiful collection. The formation and arrangement did him honour, and he was equally admired for his knowledge, as beloved for his social qualities.

The pleasant garden, as well as the entire palace and the court-yard, are surrounded by a strong rampart, very lofty, and communicating with the city walls. Beyond this lies the orange-grove, which is

sion of the city were far more ignorant, as artisans, than the unfortunate Moslems during their decline and fall.

The garden is surrounded by a high wall, on the top of which is a terrace, under an arcade supported by innumerable pillars. The capitals and entablatures are all Moorish, and of the most rare and unique kind. Whence they were taken, or at what period erected, does not clearly appear. In all probability, they belonged to parts of the Alcazar no longer in existence, and were borrowed subsequent to the conquest.

The view from this terrace is truly enchanting, as it has been described in the text, with the cathedral and numerous spires, the Roman aqueduct with its four hundred arches, and the river seen gliding through the openings left between the orange-groves. The shady garden, the fragrance of trees and flowers, and the view of the magnificent convent of the Carmelites on the opposite bank, surrounded by its palm-trees, all serve to remind the thoughtful stranger that he is encircled by the pleasure-grounds of Moorish kings.

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spacious as it is delicious; and, during the winter and spring months, it is impossible to imagine a more desirable clime and residence than the Alcazar of Seville affords.

The court of the Alcazar is recorded in the old chronicles to have been the scene of many a wild and daring outrage, intrigue, ambition, love, hate, and sudden revenge. Not the least of these, was the assassination of the Master of Santiago, Don Fadrique, who had excited the suspicions of his royal master. While conversing with him calmly, the latter ordered his brains to be knocked out by two mace-bearers from behind, who thus killed him in the very court, and before the windows of the favourite mistress, who is said to have been a witness of the deed. The act receives no justification from the circumstance of Don Fadrique's previous conspiracy, and having been one of those who seized the king at Toro, held him prisoner, and caused the Master of Calatrava and the Prior of St. John to be put to death. It was enough that he had been pardoned and received into Don Pedro's favour, who in so many instances stained his knighthood and his honour as a prince with private murder and assassination.* Within its precincts also perished many a noble lover, and many a fair rival of the reigning mistress of the hour.

His departure from Seville, therefore, in that chivalrous and noble era of Spanish history, ere the night of tyranny and fanaticism had fallen on the land, was a source of gratulation to the citizens and

* Author of *The Castilian*; Gutierre di Guzman.

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all classes of the people. They heard of the approach of the victorious Du Guesclin and Don Henrique with no feelings of dissatisfaction; but their joy was yet tempered by the prudent reflection, that King Pedro the Cruel might still hold the palace-fortress of the Alcazar, and interrupt any premature symptoms of jubilee in a manner little agreeable to them.

But as the tidings gathered strength that Pedro had withdrawn, the sullen foreboding silence was broken by the fierce tempest of popular impatience and wrath. The *vivas* for King Henry, which had begun in a small low key, now rose boldly on the ear, mingled with execrations of his rival, and appeals of vengeance to all the saints. A few of the more resolute, forming the nucleus of a mob, having paraded the streets, soon called for a leader; and a huge *matadero*,* we are informed, of a sinister and ferocious aspect, stepped forward, wielding a huge cleaver, and offered himself as commander-in-chief. His proffer was accepted with becoming respect, and the closing of the shops and the disappearance of the more peaceable and respectable with a natural instinct of impending riot, showed that mischief was near at hand. Young devotees and old duennas were seen hurrying from the cathedral, before the usual hour of assignation; some lay-beauty on a visiting expedition, closely enveloped in her *manto*, and followed by her usual escort, an ancient family squire. All idea of dignity and *etiquette* was lost sight of; and the most slow and solemn of duennas and grandees quickened their steps, as the great *matadero*

* In English, we should say "a butcher."

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and his party came sweeping all before them. Amidst astounding cries, and the din of a thousand elements of discord, they entered the beautiful walks of the Alameda; and soon coming into collision with a second mob from the low streets of the Macerena,* they presented a true picture of a demoniac carnival. Instead of joining their forces to accomplish their grand object of storming the Alcazar, they first began with games and sports, which in their turn gave place to a regular fight, in order to ascertain which of the two leading powers ought to give precedence to the other. It was not till their popular energies were fairly worn out, that the two leaders proposed a parley, while their followers bound up their heads, and carried off their dead and wounded from the field. The rival chief then proposed to attack the Golden Tower; but the *matadero* gave the word of command to begin with the old Alcazar, where the tyrant and his mistress had held their detested orgies, and perpetrated cruelties which called for the vengeance of the skies.

As the fortress-palace in all its ancient strength and grandeur rose before their view, there burst a shout of terrific import, and their leader giving the word "to fall on," and root out every vestige of the abandoned murderess of their queen, they rushed to the attack. Having carried the entrance called Monteria, they first tore down the splendid arms of Castile, and hurried forward to gain the interior of the magnificent

* A district inhabited by the lower orders, like our old *Alsatia*, famous for the turbulent genius of the Sevillians.

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halls and richly decorated saloons. Although powerfully secured, the strong bolts and bars, with the defences hastily set up by the flying inmates, snapped like reeds before the might of the overwhelming hurricane. For a moment they paused in astonishment and admiration, as the gorgeous beauty of the scene first met their view,—the spacious gallery with its hundred marble columns; the princely audience-chamber, decorated with exquisite and wildly fanciful arabesques, skilful mosaics, rich stuccoes, paintings and statues of the noblest masters, which gave an almost magic relief to the elaborately decorated cornices, presenting subjects at once luxurious and enchanting to the eye. The noble jasper columns, part of the spoils won from the King of Aragon, first roused them from the wonder-spell which had arrested their savage career, and they commenced the work of destruction like fiends in possession of some beauteous paradise which had long defied their power. Disappointed in the discovery of treasures, they wreaked their vexation on the splendid tapestries, the superb skins, and other presents, the tribute of Moorish kings.

Meantime the rival mob burst in on the side of the "Gate of Flags," near which appeared the throne, supported by columns and elevated upon marble steps, from which the king was accustomed to pronounce his famed justiciary decrees. In the lapse of a few minutes, not the least traces of a judgment-seat were to be seen; the tribunal, with all its royal insignia, the *spolia regala*, being dispersed on every side.

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The favourite "Garden of the Ladies" became the next object of attack; and the delicious baths at the termination of it, abounding in every elegance and luxury to enchant the senses and the eye, did not escape their fury. Formed of the brightest alabaster and exquisitely decorated, fragrant with perfumes and a thousand delicious flowers, they reflected in their crystal founts the waving foliage of the cool clustering trees and shrubs. At intervals were seen marble fountains, shady alcoves, and labyrinths opening into cool recesses,—every thing elegant and luxurious which the hand of taste and the refinements of art and nature under Moorish genius could achieve. But she, the once-beauteous and inspiring goddess of the spot, was no more; and, as if incensed that they could find no living object of their wrath, the blind fury of the populace defaced all that gave the crowning charm to this delicious retreat. And as they could not reach the real personages, who had escaped their blind passions, they resolved to enact the mimic scene of blood: the effigies of Don Pedro and his favourite mistress were borne to the place fixed for execution; faggots were prepared, and as the flames illumined the court, they were consigned to the fiery abyss. Shouts of triumph and derision accompanied this strange revolting spectacle; and as the embers began to burn dim, one of the more desperate of the rioters, seizing a lighted brand, proposed to set fire to the Alcazar. This proposal was on the point of being adopted, when a less fanatic incendiary shrewdly observed, that if the palace were consumed, it was pro-

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bable there would be no royal residence left to receive their new monarch.

The voice of the *matadero* was then heard above that of his compeers, bidding them march direct for the Golden Tower,* where he hoped that some, at least, of the royal treasures might be brought to light.

* This tower is said to have owed its name to the circumstance, of the first gold which was brought from the New World having been deposited within it. It is believed to be of Roman construction, and it originally formed one of the external towers of the Alcazar. The connecting walls were removed not many years ago, to make room for the new Prado, or Alameda, designated *the Christina*, in honour of the present queen. On the opposite bank, to the left, lies that portion of the suburbs termed the Triana, and which, we have seen, is connected with the city by a bridge of boats. During the festival of the patron saint, for each suburb as well as each street in Spain has its titular saint, the bridge is lighted up with numerous lamps, and put in complete holiday attire. When viewed by night, the effect of the illumination, reflected on the waters, together with the innumerable flickering lights of the gipsies vending their *buñuelos*, a favourite dish of the Spaniards, considered one of their greatest dainties, has something very peculiar and striking. The preparation of these *buñuelos*, in the hands of the *Gitanos*, is quite a monopoly, and they are cooked and eaten on the spot. Kneaded by the fingers of 'the brown sybil' into a ring about as large again as a dollar, they are next popped into a frying-pan full of oil, and allowed to simmer over a charcoal fire, and then—you may eat them.

We have described in the text the exploit of St. Ferdinand, who cut sheer through the bridge of boats with his fleet during the siege of Seville. Little now remains of the citadel, and the river, which was formerly navigable for vessels of large burden as high up as Cordova, has, through negligence, like every thing else appertaining to modern Spain, become almost useless. Only the small craft can now approach within three leagues of Seville.

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This bulwark of ages, first erected by the Romans, and swayed by the rulers of successive nations, is situated on the banks of the Guadalquiver, of which it commands the pass. Of an octagon form, it is admirably calculated for the defence of that side of the city; it is constructed of the *piedra labrada*,* peculiarly hard and durable, and consists of three immense stories. From its site, it was doubtless originally intended for the protection of the shipping, as the Moors are known to have thrown a chain across the river to the opposite shore, where lies the suburb of Triana, which communicates with the city by a bridge of boats. Among other leaders of celebrity, in Rome's palmier days, this ancient and venerable pile is stated to have been visited by Julius Cæsar, and by Pompey's great rival, the brave Sertorius.

But other visitors, led by the terrible *matadero*, now approached its antique walls, and with mock solemnity called on the governor to surrender. He replied to them with threats, and preparations to give them a warmer salute than they expected. After several desperate assaults, however, one of the entrances was forced, and the enraged wretches, rushing in, seized the heroic Juan Gonzales, having dispatched his few faithful soldiers, and hurled him from the very summit of the lofty tower.

Such was the fearful prelude to the triumphal en-

* The *piedra labrada*, literally wrought stone, is a species of composition extremely durable, but of which the materials and process are now supposed to be lost.

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trance of Don Henrique, of whose fortunes the old Giralda was no unapt emblem, the scene of carnival which followed his coronation being destined soon to close. The English prince, the hero of Cressy, was on his way; Pedro had succeeded in joining him, eager to burst upon the season of jubilee, and wreak vengeance on his rival and the city which prepared to receive the base-born in his own favourite palace.

Seldom had Seville witnessed a more gorgeous and imposing spectacle in the day of the magnificent Moor, or when the conqueror, San Fernando, planted the Cross on the great mosque amidst the acclamations of Spain, than now unveiled its splendour to the admiring eyes of the multitude, set forth with all the pomp and circumstance which the church militant and victorious chivalry could command. No church was ever more celebrated for the pride and glory of its *fiestas*, as they are termed, those splendid festivals in which all the charms of fancy and of art, all that speaks to the soul and to the eye, were blended. Painting, music, poetry, combined with living beauty, chivalry, and the influence of the majestic-spreading temple, newly restored to the worship of the true God, spoke a language irresistibly powerful to the young, zealous champions of their country and their faith.

The description, indeed, of the grand and solemn ceremonies which followed the conquest by San Fernando, especially those of the church, by the pens of its priestly annalists, gives an imposing idea of the

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rising power and splendour of Catholicism in those stirring days.* Huge tomes filled with elaborate details, through which the historian may flounder like the Pilgrim through the Slough of Despond ere he gain the point he has in view, were thought lightly of in the Herculean times, when holy writers dedicated their lives to a single work,—not their work, as in later days, to support their lives.

But if the religious festivals in honour of St. Ferdinand inspired Seville with astonishment and woe, the public rejoicings, on the arrival of Henry of Trastamara, were more pleasant to their feelings. Throngs of people of every rank now succeeded the desperate rioters, who had bowed to the public authorities and laws; and from every spot were seen eager, curious faces, impatient to catch a sight of the splendid cavalcade. Flowers and sweets fell in gaudy showers from the balconies, terraces, walls, and trees; even roofs, gates, and walls were studded close with heads. Gorgeous draperies and cloth of gold, with gay banners and devices, decorated the towers and windows, and splendid arches, opening upon long vistas in far-spreading perspective, gave an air of magical

* The author has before him, as he writes, several of these elaborate chronicles of the grand cathedrals of Spain, which, in these days, convey an awful idea of the labour and patience of their compilers. For one of these, he is indebted to his friend, the ingenious artist, who, not confining his ardour to one class of studies, employed his mind as well as his eye. Crossing the strait, he visited Barbary, and both from thence and from Spain, brought back with him memorials of various curious objects, besides those faithful transcripts of scenery which adorn this work.

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illusion to the scene. Deafening acclamations were heard on all sides; the bells of a hundred churches, with the thundering toll of the cathedral, the heavy roll of the tambour, and the clearer chorus of vocal instruments, all proclaimed the new conqueror's near approach.

When the archbishop, arrayed in his most sumptuous robes, attended by the minor dignitaries, issued from the cathedral, preceded by numerous choirs chaunting *Te Deum*, fresh plaudits rang through the air. On the other side appeared the chief magistrate, followed by the council of twenty-four and the other civil authorities magnificently habited, and marching in procession to meet the new king. A herald bore before them the keys of the city on a rich golden salver. And soon the royal procession, headed by heralds sumptuously apparelled, appeared on white chargers before the gates. Armed cavaliers next advanced, bearing small banners hung with laurel and myrtle crowns. Immediately after these came the victorious king, escorted by a splendid assemblage of knights of different nations, led by the royal standard-bearer, the brave Lope de Ayala. On Trastamara's right rode the heroic Du Guesclin, and near him were the grand marshal and the Begue de Velaines, with the king's brothers.

The chief magistrate, now stepping forward, presented the keys of Seville to King Henrique, and the two grand processions uniting, took their solemn way, amidst the sound of martial instruments, towards the metropolitan church.

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The great dignitaries had spared no cost and labour to decorate the magnificent edifice with a lavish beauty, which none but a Catholic hierarchy ever displayed, and meant to surpass all that a triumphal festival had before exhibited. Amidst the splendour of torches and odour-breathing lamps, which rivalled the blaze of noon-day, opening a far-spreading vista of dazzling light through its majestic domes, filled with the swelling peal of the loud Hosannas, the archbishop led the new king up to the great altar, followed by the dean, who introduced Bertrand du Guesclin and the other knights, each attended, according to the order of merit, by some leading prelate. At length the body of the cathedral, the altars and broad-spread aisles, teemed with the mail-clad chivalry of the land, whose shining weapons and towering plumes strangely contrasted with the white robes and peaceful office of the pale solemn-pacing monks.

And first the chivalrous brethren bent their steps towards the revered tomb of San Fernando, in the chapel which bears the conqueror's name. The rich crystal shrine was unveiled to public view, and the sight of the remains of the great saint-militant excited anew the bold enthusiasm and holy wonder of the spectators.

The new monarch knelt and prayed aloud at the foot of the great altar; after which, a proud eulogium was pronounced on the soldier-saint who had recovered Seville from the infidel spoiler, and dedicated its noblest edifice to the service of God. High mass was then celebrated with its old characteristic pomp

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and ceremony, and the lofty aisles once more rang with the pealing music of the grand choirs and the loud hallelujahs, which, bursting from every lip, seemed to cleave the skies. Amidst this grand harmony did the royal and noble retinue, having vowed to hold one of the most brilliant *fiestas* which the holy church had ever witnessed, depart from the cathedral to hold a court at the palace of the Alcazar. There, having received the archbishop's blessing, and taken quiet possession of his capital, Don Henrique was next proclaimed King of Castile and Leon, amidst the acclamations of the Sevillians.

The gallant part borne by Edward the Black Prince, in the exterminating war between the brothers, is admirably depicted in the old chronicles of the period. The names of Sir Robert Knolles, Sir John Chandos, Sir William Felton, and of their resistless followers from Wales, Bretagne, Normandy, and other lands, frequently occur; and they well merited that noble burst of national enthusiasm, which, like so many of his sudden, exquisitely touching passages, seems to have sprung fresh from the heart of the good and lamented author of Waverley:

" A various host, from kindred realms they come,
Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown:
For yon fair bands shall merry England claim,
And with their deeds of valour deck her crown.
Hers their bold port, and hers their martial frown,
And hers their scorn of death in freedom's cause,
Their eyes of azure, and their locks of brown,
And the blunt speech that bursts without a pause,
And freeborn thoughts, which league the Soldier with the Laws."

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Soon then, at the rumoured return of Don Pedro accompanied by allies such as these, not even the fearless Du Guesclin concealed his anxiety for the permanency of the new king's sovereignty, while it incited him to the most active and vigorous measures. With an army of more than one hundred thousand, disciplined by the prompt and skilful French knight, Henry took the field. Nor was the now matured manhood of the youthful conqueror of Cressy and Poictiers slow to meet them, with Pedro thirsting for his brother's blood. The history of the succeeding war is full of bold adventure and stirring interest, which, portrayed as it is in the French and Spanish chronicles, offers a singularly vivid picture of that warlike age.

After many signal encounters, attended with no result, the two gallant armies met on the field of Najara, one of the most hard fought and chivalrous recorded in the annals of modern times. The heroic spirit and good fortune of the English prince again prevailed; and had Don Pedro, as we shall show, followed that great example before him of moderation and magnanimity in the hour of victory, he might have continued to wear the crown.

The battle was begun by Du Guesclin, who, attacking the Duke of Lancaster, was received with such resolution, that his veteran squadrons were scarcely able to support the shock. Don Pedro and the Black Prince charged the main body of the Spaniards, commanded by Henry's brothers; who, after a sharp conflict, turned their horses' heads and fled. The

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centre being broken, nearly twenty thousand of the Castilians threw away their arms and followed their commanders, although their leader and Du Guesclin still bravely maintained their ground. Their squadrons were equally undaunted, and contested the field, even after the prince and Don Pedro fell upon them in flank and rear.

Though nearly surrounded, they continued the combat with the greatest bravery, and rejected the repeated summons of the Black Prince to surrender and spare the effusion of blood. Both the Castilians and French gave examples of valour and fidelity, which excited the admiration of all but Don Pedro, who seemed bent on their utter extermination, entreating that no quarter might be given. The French leader, perceiving that the day was lost, urged Henry of Trastamara to save himself by flight, and more than once opened a path through the thickest of the enemy. But the newly-crowned monarch seemed intent on not surviving the triumph of Don Pedro, till his friends, turning his horse's head, forced him to ride from the field, Du Guesclin undertaking to make good his retreat. It was, however, with extreme difficulty that Henry escaped, and his heroic despair led to the capture of the gallant Frenchman and a part of the army, which, under such a general, might otherwise have rejoined their prince. A small number of noblemen accompanied him in his flight. His horse tiring within a few miles of Najara, a gentleman of Alaba happening to be passing with a fresh steed, instantly offered it to the vanquished prince,—a trait which tends to show

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that Henry was the more popular of the two brothers. Despatching an express to the queen, informing her of the extent of his misfortunes, he enjoined her to repair with all haste into Aragon with their children, being convinced that his rival would sacrifice them to his fury without remorse. He then as rapidly followed, and the deepest consternation is said to have been still visible on his countenance upon reaching the Aragonese court.

A single battle thus restored Pedro to his throne. His exultation was extreme, and he returned the most profuse expressions of gratitude to the English prince, which were wholly falsified by his actions. He would have put the prisoners to death upon the field,—to strike a wholesome terror, as he declared, into the hearts of his people; but was restrained and reproached by his noble ally. He had commenced the work of slaughter in his own quarters, when the prince, at the head of his English knights, drove the assassins from the spot. He took Don Sancho and Du Guesclin to his own tent, covered with dust and blood, and treated them with the most respectful courtesy and attention.

But neither example nor advice produced the slightest change in the ferocious Pedro; and it is most probable that he disgusted and broke with the English prince, with a view of wreaking immediate vengeance on his vanquished country. Within a month, Edward beheld his worthless creature master of his old dominion; and finding himself ill from the effects of the climate, he required the performance

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of Pedro's stipulations with him, that he might depart for Guienne. Under various pretences he delayed, and at length declared that the States refused to give their sanction to the full payment. Edward was of too magnanimous a nature to enforce the claims of a creditor with his sword; and Pedro was unable to conceal his joy, when he beheld the brave English prince and his nobles, at the head of their bold retainers, departing in scorn and contempt from the capital they had saved. One of his first acts was to put to death all whom he suspected of favouring his brother's cause; his special tribunals every where darkened the land; he laid heavy contributions upon the great towns, and became more arbitrary than before.

To screen himself from his brother's violence and perfidy, the exiled king was compelled, with his family, to flee from Aragon and seek refuge in France. There he was received with the kindness and hospitality due to his misfortunes; for his mother, and several of his brothers, had already perished by the tyrant's hand.

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CHAPTER V.

Ye mortals, with success elate,
Who bask in hope's delusive beam,
Attentive view Mohammed's fate,
And own that bliss is but a dream.

MOHAMMED BEN ABAD.

LIKE so many great colonial cities of Spain under the sway of the Romans, the ancient Carmona, fallen from its palmier state as it now appears, was once distinguished for its power and its magnificence. While in the possession of the Goth and the Arab, it stood foremost among those strong fortresses which supported their dominion, and was considered the

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capital of a little kingdom. It consequently became the scene of many of those sanguinary contests between the Christians and the Moslems which abound in wild exploit and strange adventure, particularly during the civil dissensions of the Moors. Towards the close of the ninth century, the third of the Hejira, Abdallah, the son of Mohammed, held the Moorish sceptre, but his life was embittered, like that of so many of his predecessors, by the unnatural strife and rebellion of his own sons. The prayer of the virtuous minister, Haçen, so cruelly put to death by Abdallah's father, that his oppressor might be made to taste the bitterest dregs of the cup he administered, seemed to be fulfilled in the misfortunes of that monarch's children. The cruelty of the murder could be equalled only by its wantonness and injustice. The wise and noble Haçen had been first minister of state to the deceased monarch. While proclaiming aloud the new king in his presence, before the council and the people, he could not restrain his tears at the name of Mohammed, his late master, and was obliged to commence his words anew. This proof of grateful attachment gave offence to the envious successor of a nobler monarch; he cast an enraged look upon the speaker, and in that look the beholders saw the death-warrant of the good Haçen. When the king and council had retired, Haçen approached the grave of the deceased monarch, and throwing aside his turban and robe,—

"Oh Mohammed!" he exclaimed, "my soul prepares to rejoin thee; for my attachment to a friend and master will cost me my life."

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It is stated that these words were reported to the jealous Almondhir, and, added to the calumnies of the Hagib's enemies, excited him to a pitch of fury. Within a few hours, Haçen found himself immured in a lonely dungeon, from which he is believed to have addressed the following touching lines to the being to whom he was most affectionately attached:

Mourn not that steel and dungeon walls
Sever my soul from thine,
Dear Agha; and that night should fall
On days so dark as mine!

Cradled in sorrow from my birth,
Ill fate pursued me fast;
Fortune but smiled to dash to earth
My hopes of all the past.

Love dies before the withering eye,
Death's angel on me bends;
Why did I tempt the destiny
That mad ambition sends?

Why leave my friends, my books, my love,
And cast me on that deep,
Mid whose wild surge, and storms above
The pilot's skill, I weep?

My faithful friends exhort to flight;
Flight! 'tis the felon flies;
I bide my lot,—'tis written, right
And good in Allah's eyes.

Shall I then fly? No, Agha, no!
Not for my boys, nor thee!
But in his turn may tortures slow,
Such as he deals to me,

Consume the tyrant's soul and race,
Cast far from all relief;
Till, standing in my hapless place,
He drink these dregs of grief!

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He died, and the savage king, not satiated with the blood of the father, seized upon his sons, Omar and Hammed, already the respective governors of Jaen and Ubeda, confiscated their property, and consigned them to a prison.

But the vengeance invoked by Haçen seemed to pursue him, as if his spirit hung upon his fortunes and paralysed his arms; he ceased to reap glory in the field, and within a brief period perished ignominiously, slain by the hand of a rebel. His brother Abdallah, being proclaimed king at Cordova, commanded the sons of the unfortunate Haçen to be set at liberty on the very day their oppressor died, after having issued orders for their execution. The new monarch raised them to high dignities, an act of grace which gave offence to his son, Prince Mohammed, while the people of Cordova rejoiced in their restoration to honour and prosperity. The prince conspired with his uncles, and other rebellious governors, and the king sent his second son, Abderrahman, to endeavour to recall him to his duty. But it was in vain, and the rebel Khaled eventually surprised the army of the king, and made himself master of several places, while the partisans of the seditious prince were preparing to make a dash at Cordova. The king returned thither in all haste, and concerted measures with his son Abderrahman, who afterwards acquired the title of the Victorious. He foiled the united efforts of his brother and the rebel governors, and his father placed the choicest troops under his command. The young victor instantly assumed the offensive, made

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himself master of Carmona* and Seville, and having re-established the authority of his father, he pressed forward to give battle to the insurgents. The action was one of the most fiercely contested upon record, the veteran Moslems from Xeres, Arcos, Sidonia, Cordova, Ecija, and Seville, being equally matched in the bloody field. The rival brothers were both consummate generals, and as their dense masses closed in the deadly shock with their old terrific war-cry, nor again divided till the ground lay cumbered with heaps of slain, the wretched father seemed to feel the weight of the good Haçen's curse, and to behold his spirit exciting the furies of paternal dis-

* Carmona is still a town of some extent, situated on the summit of a hill about midway between Cordova and Seville, and six leagues from the latter town. Its appearance in the midst of an extensive plain, and the picturesque ruins of its Moorish castle, produce a striking effect in whatever direction you approach it. It is remarkable for the number of its Roman and Moorish remains; the gate of Carmona is a monument of the massy workmanship of its Roman colonists. It is thought to be of the time of Trajan; and in some parts it has been injudiciously repaired in the modern style. Portions of the external wall are also in tolerable preservation, being constructed of large square blocks of hewn stone, differing from that of most other Spanish towns. They are formed of *tapia*, a composition of clay, mortar, and gravel. Among other antiquities there has survived, moreover, a small but very beautiful Roman temple. Carmona commands a view of extensive plains covered with olive-trees, and producing abundance of wheat of the best quality. The modern town is pleasant and lively, but the eye of taste is shocked at the appearance of the steeple, imitated from that of Seville and ridiculously overloaded with ornaments. Three leagues beyond, on the same route, is the ancient town of Alcalà El Guadaira,

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cord, and exulting in the family doom. The rebellious prince was at length routed with great slaughter, and borne dying into his brother's camp. It is even asserted that he perished by the hand of his father, an atrocity not wanted to heighten the horrors of the scene.

It is now time to resume the thread of the historic narrative, dropped at the close of the previous chapter, and recur to the civil feud of the rival brother-kings of Spain, which for bitterness and ferocity exceeds the description just given of the Moslems, and traces back its origin to the like crimes. The Count de Foix, Lewis of Anjou, and the French court, still received Henry as a sovereign. He still bore the title of king, and showed both courage and

with its Moorish castle, once considered by the Moslems as the key to Seville. It borrowed its name from the river Guadaira, which winds below, and Seville was indebted to it for a supply of the purest water in Spain. After the surrender of the castle to St. Ferdinand, the Moors lost all hope. It is observed by the learned Garibay, that the Arabic name of the town signifies a meeting of waters, and copious springs of water near each other appear to bear out the title. Near the descent of the mountains, close to the Hermitage of Santa Lucia, stands a stone pillar, which opens upon a path thirty yards in length, leading directly to the Hermitage. In the centre is a cavity in a spherical form, cut to a sharp point from the rock, forming a sort of equilateral triangle. To the west is a cavity half a yard in diameter, inclining to the centre in a diagonal shape, and out of this a torrent impetuously rushes forth. Two capacious springs are also visible. The body of water runs through the aqueduct in the mountain, and daily supplies a current to the town through a variety of lesser channels. The water continues its course underneath El Lugar, receiving springs by the way, which, at their junction and separation, raise a din which is heard as far as the stone pillars.

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resignation under the calamities which had fallen upon his family. He was indefatigable in raising another army to attempt the recovery of the crown, and he received frequent invitations to avenge both his own injuries and those of his suffering country. The King of France made him a present of fifty thousand livres; the Duke of Anjou equipped two thousand men; and Pope Urban, who resided at Avignon, is stated to have given him a license "to seize on all the effects of the merchants in that city,—one of the richest at that period in Europe." As this singular order gave rise to no small dissatisfaction and demur, although the Pope became bond for the amount, the ex-king generously promised, on the faith of a Castilian gentleman, that he would return both principal and interest within a given time, should he succeed in his enterprise.

The kings of Aragon and of Navarre, who had forbidden the fugitive prince to remain in their dominions, afraid of his displeasure in case of success, now offered him a free passage through their territories. He reached the Pyrenees with only ten thousand men; but he confided in the expression of general detestation against the tyrant. Entering Aragon, he crossed the Ebro, and traversing the whole of Navarre without opposition, appeared on the borders of Castile. Before he passed over, he fell upon his knees, and making the sign of the cross, vowed to heaven that he would no more repass them as a fugitive, whatever calamity might betide. Calahorra first opened its gates; throngs of the nobility flocked

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to join him, and the people, though highly excited, did not abandon their dwellings.

Don Pedro, in part taken by surprise, retired upon Toledo, and called upon the Moors, with whom he had made peace, to assist him. Don Henrique failed in his attack upon Logroño; but his party at Burgos prevailed, and admitted him into the city. Quitting Toledo to unite with his Moorish allies, Pedro took the children of that city along with his army, as hostages for its fidelity. Don Henrique, meantime, continued his successful progress; the great cities of Leon and Valladolid threw off their allegiance, and the people of Toledo, before which the invader next appeared, were only restrained from admitting him by the sad thoughts of their absent children. Conscious that every father, brother, and even mothers and sisters would perish on its ramparts ere consent to seal the fate of their little hostages, Henry, on learning the revolting fact, hastened from the walls and made himself master of Madrid. His numbers rapidly increased, and he soon divided the great provinces with the king, who was also attacked by more enemies.

The King of Navarre, seizing the opportunity, proceeded to recover the towns he had lost. The inhabitants sent deputies to Don Pedro, to solicit his advice as to how they should proceed; and he is stated to have replied, that if they could no longer defend themselves, they should submit to his brother rather than to a stranger.

Thus by his enemy's order, Don Henrique obtained possession of four large and important towns; and

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the Archbishop of Toledo having come over to him, he determined to invest the capital of that diocese, and subdue it by famine. Pedro resolved to hazard a battle to relieve it, though he had only ten thousand Spaniards and as many Moors to oppose his more popular rival. His army lay encamped near the ancient town of Carmona, where his daughters and two of his natural sons had taken refuge. He had conveyed thither his jewels and treasures, and leaving Don Lopez de Cordova in command of his reserve, he advanced with four thousand horse towards Toledo. Don Henrique, having information of his movements, made choice of an equal number from among the bravest of his men. Then relinquishing the conduct of the siege to the archbishop, he contrived, by a circuitous route, to place himself between his brother and Carmona, determined upon giving him battle. Pedro sent orders to Don Lopez, to hasten by a forced march to his succour; but his troops began rapidly to desert him, and, to complete his dismay, Du Guesclin at that instant joined his rival with two thousand men.

Cut off from his own resources, Pedro bitterly lamented the measures he had taken; but it was too late, and the gallant Du Guesclin was already upon him. The engagement took place a few miles from Montiel, and in all this peril Pedro's fortitude did not desert him. Fernando de Castro and Diego Gonzales, two nobles of high worth, were still faithful; and he addressed his troops, on leading them into action, with the cheerfulness and confidence of a great

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mind; and though few in point of numbers, the battle was long and obstinately contested. As if impelled by the furies, Pedro was in every part of the field, eager to end the strife in the blood of another of his bastard brothers. But the coolness and presence of mind of Don Henrique, seconded by the gallant charges of the French knight, left him no hope of victory. Don Henrique, with his own hand, is said to have slain the Moorish commander, and his troops were the first to give ground. Pedro, however, three times restored the battle; and it was not till he beheld the chief part of his small army slain around him and the rest in utter rout, that he made his escape, with only two companions, to the castle of Montiel, situated upon a solid rock and long deemed impregnable.

Intent upon avenging his country and his wrongs, Don Henrique lost no time in surrounding the place. Having encompassed both the town and castle with deep lines and trenches, he determined never to raise the siege of Toledo until he should have secured the person of the tyrant. Pedro expected every moment to be relieved by his general, Lopez of Cordova; but on learning his master's defeat, while on his march to join him, he returned to his camp at Carmona, where he calmly awaited the result of the siege. Though adapted for protracted defence, Montiel was destitute of provisions; Pedro's treasures and resources lay at Carmona, and his rage and indignation knew no bounds when he beheld the hated brother, whom he had so often vanquished in the field, thus become master of his life

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and property, and the spectator of his ruin. He had no alternative but to yield, or die sword in hand; yet in this extremity his mind, ever fertile in expedients, suggested one resource, the last that remained to him. He was aware that Du Guesclin conducted the siege, and calculating upon his known generosity and magnanimity of character, he resolved to appeal to his honour and humanity. He despatched the most faithful of his retainers to propose a conference, on the ground of adjusting all existing differences between the two brothers. The French knight entertained the proposal, and the envoy then made him the offer of two hundred thousand pistoles, if he would connive at his escape. On his appearing to listen to the terms, the messenger hastened to acquaint Don Pedro, and the twenty-third of March was the day appointed on which to make the attempt. It is stated, that the Frenchman passed his word of honour as a gentleman that the king should have fair play,—a promise which, in the sense he meant it, was worthy the perfidy of Pedro himself; who, at the appointed hour, attended by Don Rodrigo de Senabria, Don Fernando de Castro, and Don Diego de Oviedo, went armed to the place where Du Guesclin expected him. On riding up, the French knight exclaimed to his party, "It is time to spur on!" and before Pedro could turn his horse's head to fly, he was hurried on towards the general's camp. Upon entering, Pedro beheld Don Henrique surrounded by several nobles, all in arms. The two brothers had not met for more than ten years; but with the instinct of deep hate, which they appeared

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from childhood to have felt, they instantly recognised each other; and still great in spirit, Pedro first cried out, "I am the king." At these words, Don Henrique struck his rival with a dagger in the face; and closing, Pedro grappled with him, and after a sharp struggle threw him to the ground. It was nearly dark, and from respect to the royal character, and perhaps to Du Guesclin's pledged honour, no one dared to interfere, and the brother-kings continued the struggle for life and crown. Henry, though undermost, sought to plant the dagger in his foeman's heart,—Pedro to wrest it from his grasp; and, it is asserted, he would have succeeded, had not some nobles on Henry's side, on pretence of parting the brothers, given Henry the advantage. Springing to his feet, he plunged the weapon to the hilt in Pedro's throat, and repeating his blows in a paroxysm of fury, seemed incapable of satiating his vengeance in the blood of his oppressor.

Thus ignominiously perished the sanguinary tyrant Peter, surnamed the Cruel,* who to his other crimes

* That he merited the title, the following description of the murders he caused to be perpetrated, sufficiently shows. After putting his brother Juan to death, he entered Biscay in pursuit of Don Tello, whose wife he caused to be executed with Don Juan of Aragon, who was slain in his presence. Isabel de Lara was poisoned, and his aunt Leonora murdered because she upbraided him with the death of his brother; till at length, throwing off all restraints of honour or humanity, he wreaked his vengeance on all those who happened to incur his displeasure. The Archbishop of Santiago was assassinated by his particular order; and by his continual executions, he filled the country with dread and horror.

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added the meaner vices of avarice, perfidy, and ingratitude. Taking advantage of his death, the King of Granada laid siege to Algesiras, which he captured and levelled with the ground, before the new monarch was in a condition to oppose him. But active and enterprising as he was noble, Henry was speedily in the field.

Toledo opened its gates to the conqueror of Montiel, and his title to the throne was acknowledged in a general assembly of the States. He had numerous enemies to oppose. John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, who had married the late king's daughter, advanced his claims; England, Portugal, and Aragon refused to acknowledge him, and many disaffected nobles increased the difficulties with which he had to contend. But his genius triumphed over them all. He rapidly repossessed himself of his dominions; Seville and other great towns submitted to his summons with the exception of Carmona, where Lopez de Cordova, having possessed himself of the treasures of his former master, still held out. But upon the king's approach he surrendered up the place, upon condition of his life being spared, and attended the king to Seville. It is recorded, however, that not long afterwards he was assassinated by the king's command, who took possession of his immense wealth,—a sort of retributive infliction for his desertion of his former master.

Accompanied by Du Guesclin, whom he had loaded with wealth and honours, Henry next invaded Portugal. He took the cities of Braga and Braganza, and continued his victorious career till its monarch was

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glad to sue for peace, and proposed to confirm it by a marriage between his son and the daughter of Henrique. Recollecting the assistance he had received from France in his adversity, he honourably rejected the temptations offered by the court of England to break with that power, and bade defiance to the Duke of Lancaster, who assumed the title of King of Castile and Leon. By his justice and his consideration for the real interests of his people, he sought to consolidate his throne; he became extremely popular, and with returning prosperity determined to renew the war against the Moors. But he was suddenly cut off, before he entered on the campaign, in the year 1379, in the forty-sixth year of his age, and in the tenth of his fortunate and beneficent reign. He died, it is supposed, of a nervous fever, although it was absurdly reported that his death was owing to poison. It is asserted, that the King of Granada, dreading his just vengeance, sent him a present of a pair of poisoned buskins, which quickly produced a fatal effect.

His son, Juan, possessed both the talents and the good qualities of his father. During a war against Portugal and England, he displayed great prudence and ability. Pressing his claims in right of Don Pedro's daughter, the Duke of Lancaster landed with a veteran army at Compostella, where he was proclaimed King of Castile. Juan, laying waste the country as he retired, declined a battle with his formidable enemy, leaving him to triumph over a desert. Famine was soon followed by disease, and the wretched situation of the invaders soon compelled them to propose

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terms. A treaty was entered into; the duke received a sum of money to defray the cost of his expedition; and by a marriage, his daughter Catherine and her descendants succeeded to the Castilian throne.

Juan employed the interval of peace which ensued, to the advantage and improvement of the country. His personal economy and equitable government were the means of prosperity to his subjects; imposts were reduced, and agriculture and commerce, the test of a nation's affluence, rapidly revived. But while breathing from the toils and disasters of a long succession of foreign wars and intestine divisions under his able and beneficent rule, Spain was suddenly deprived, by a fatal accident, of one of the best monarchs of his age. He died from the fall of his horse, when only thirty-three years of age, after a reign of eleven years, during which he devoted himself to the welfare and improvement of the state. A regency succeeded, the enumeration of which may show the respective influence of different institutions which then prevailed. The council consisted of three princes of the blood, the archbishops of Toledo and Compostella, the grand-masters of St. Jago and Calatrava, and sixteen deputies from the leading cities. The usual want of unanimity prevailed, of which the Moors taking advantage, made an irruption into Castile. The abuses and maladministration which characterised Henry's minority, were not suffered long to continue. The young king, when not more than thirteen, assumed the reigns of government by the advice of a powerful party; and his first act was to recall many of the measures adopted

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by the council. He cancelled the enormous pensions granted by the members to their relatives; while the princes, withdrawing to their castles, began to arm their retainers. But Henry had anticipated their designs, and reduced them to implore his clemency. He re-recovered the strong city of Badajoz from the Portuguese, and defeated the squadrons sent against him from Lisbon, after which he made an advantageous peace. The corsairs of Africa next experienced the prowess of his arms, their cruelty and rapacity well meriting the severe chastisement they met with. He destroyed their vessels, and carrying Tetuan, the great storehouse of their plunder, by storm, he put the inhabitants to death, and returned laden with the treasures which it contained.

The repeated coalitions of the King of Granada with the enemies of Castile, furnished just grounds for retaliation, and Henry prepared an armament with which he expected to drive the remaining Moors from the shores of Spain. His treasury was full, and his activity and success inspired his troops with the greatest confidence. The Estates and a martial nobility were eager to promote his views: the clergy and all other professions contributed their portion to the expedition; but at the moment every thing was ripe for action, the king expired during the sitting of the States. His death was lamented by all ranks, his high spirit and his virtues having equally endeared him to his country. His noble exclamation, "That he feared the curses of his people more than the weapons of his enemies," showed how well he deserved to wield

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a sceptre, and offers a rare example to kings. He had a strong sense of justice; curbed the tyranny of the nobles, while he repressed the violence of the populace, and by inflicting severe chastisement on some revolters of Seville, was held in fear as well as respect.

Another regency under Ferdinand, brother of the late king, ushered in the reign of Juan II. with favourable auspices,—peace at home, and repeated triumphs over the Moors. Victorious both by land and sea, the regent surprised the towns of Zaharah and Aiamonte, raised the siege of Jaen, and compelled Mohammed, King of Granada, at the head of eighty-six thousand men, to seek safety by a timely retreat. The ensuing spring, the Castilian army entered the kingdom of Granada at three points, and bore down all resistance. Mohammed was reduced to purchase a truce of eight months by the sacrifice of his independence and the payment of annual tribute. Within two years, Yousuf, his successor, sought to throw off the yoke, and made himself master of Zaharah. The regent attacked Antiquera; and the King of Granada marched to its relief with a powerful force. Determined to succeed or perish, Ferdinand, instead of sounding a retreat, encountered and routed him with tremendous slaughter. But the heroic Moor again bore down upon him with the entire strength of his kingdom, surrounded his enemy, and attempted to force his camp. He was once more compelled to retreat, and the city was at length taken by assault.

Ferdinand succeeded to the crown of Aragon, which

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he had well merited by his fidelity to his nephew, and by his noble conduct and heroism on every occasion. At his death, the reign of his nephew showed the greatness of his uncle's talents and services, by the domestic troubles and civil feuds which ensued. The war against the Moors, however, was successfully renewed. Yousuf dying in 1423, was succeeded by his son, Mohammed El Azar, who refused to pay the tribute agreed upon to King Juan. The subsequent invasion of Granada was the most formidable that had yet been undertaken; after ravaging the entire territory, Juan, with Don Alvaro de Luna, laid siege to the capital, and defeated the Moors in several hard-fought battles before the walls. He was however unable to make an impression on the fortifications, but succeeded in reinstating upon the throne Yousuf Alamar, grandson of Mohammed, so treacherously put to death by Peter at Seville; and, as the vassal of the King of Castile, he entered Granada in triumph.

On his death, in 1432, the Moors recalled their banished prince, and commenced a series of fierce campaigns with Castile, in which, owing to its civil troubles, they were more successful. In 1445, Mohammed El Azar was dethroned by his nephew, who, a few years subsequently, gave place to his brother Ismael. Though seated on the throne by the intervention of the Christians, he turned his arms against them the moment he found himself in a condition to do so with advantage. Castile was almost equally the sport of revolutions and civil dissensions, as Granada itself. Its nobles took arms against the king's favourite,

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Don Alvaro de Luna, distinguished for his successes against the Moors, and recently appointed high-constable of the kingdom. The queen and the Prince of Asturias joined the party of the insurgents, and the king, overwhelmed by their superior influence, was compelled to dismiss his favourite and his ministers. Possessing itself of the entire government, the faction bestowed its power and emolument upon their relatives, leaving Juan little beyond the empty title of a king. He was even held a close prisoner in the castle of Portillo; but having effected a reconciliation with the Prince of Asturias, he eluded his guards and escaped. Uniting with the prince, he advanced against the rebels and put them to the rout, though supported by the King of Navarre, whose brother was mortally wounded in the conflict.

The first act of Juan, on resuming the sceptre, was to recall Don Alvaro de Luna, whom he invested with the dignity of grand-master of the order of St. Jago. The death of the queen freed him from another enemy of his peace and crown, and he espoused a princess of Portugal. This marriage giving umbrage to the Prince of Asturias, he withdrew from court; the father and the son met in the open field; but as the action was about to commence, a deputation of the prelates and clergy offered their mediation, and put an end to the unnatural contest. But the King of Navarre, aided by ferocious bands of Gascons, whom he had hired, ravaged the territories of Castile; while the Moors devastated the plains of Andalusia, and reduced a number of towns and cities

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under their sway. Alvaro de Luna, however, soon took the field, and by the rapidity and splendour of his victories, at length excited the jealousy of his king. Forgetting the extent of his services, he sanctioned the intrigues of his enemies, who aimed at his life. Surrounded by a body of faithful guards, headed by his son Pedro, he was secure from open violence, and they had recourse to treachery. Don Alphonso de Vivaro, possessing the place of high-treasurer, under the colour of friendship, sought to ruin him in the king's opinion. In the first burst of his indignation, Alvaro determined, if possible, to be before-hand with his enemy. He invited the leading members of his rival's party to his palace; and Don Alphonso, suspicious of evil designs came along with them. He received them in one of the loftiest towers, and no sooner had Vivaro presented himself, than he was seized by Alvaro's order, and in the presence of his friends thrown headlong from the summit, and killed upon the spot. The queen was loud in her appeals for vengeance on the murderer of her favourite, nor was the king less eager to punish one whose reputation and real greatness he envied. Before he could set out for his castles, De Luna was surrounded by a large force; he was made prisoner, tried, and pronounced guilty of murder. His sentence was decapitation by the hand of the common executioner, and he met his fate with undaunted courage. Ascending the scaffold in the market-place of Valladolid with unshrinking firmness, he at the same time confessed the extent of the

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offence to which he had been goaded by the malice of his enemies. His property was confiscated by his needy and ungrateful sovereign; and his remains, after being exposed to public view, were indebted to strangers for a resting-place. The king did not long survive him; he expired in the same city where his great general had suffered, in 1450, and in the forty-seventh year of his age.

His son Henry, surnamed the Impotent, from the time of his divorce with his first cousin, Blanche of Navarre, next succeeded to the crown. He nevertheless solicited the hand of a princess of Portugal, who both gratified her ambition and brought him a daughter in the sixth year of their marriage,—a circumstance, however, which did not inspire his contemporaries with charity enough to withdraw the title they had given him. With all the faults and weaknesses of the late king, he had none of his energy; and confided his affairs to the Marquis de Villena, who eventually betrayed his trust. The Catalans had revolted from the King of Aragon, and offered their allegiance to Henry. It was deemed necessary, however, to consult Louis XI., and an interview was agreed upon between the monarchs of France and Castile. The wily Louis, despising the understanding of Henry, bribed his minister, Villena, who advised his master to abandon the Catalans. His mal-administration gave rise to a strong confederacy, headed by the high-constable of the kingdom, the Archbishop of Toledo, the grand-masters of the orders of Calatrava and Alcantara. Finding how formidable

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it was, the marquis had the baseness to desert his sovereign and enter into their schemes, and screen himself by adopting the most factious measures.

They first published a manifesto, in which they charged Henry with having imposed a child not his own upon the nation, to the detriment of his younger brother, Alphonso. Claiming an ancient title to try their sovereign, according to one of the privileges of their order, they convened a meeting for that purpose at Avila. To give solemnity to their proceedings, they erected a spacious theatre on the outside of the town. There they exhibited an effigy of the king, seated on a throne and clad in his robes of state; a crown on its head, its sceptre in its hand, and the sword of justice by its side. The accusation of imposture was read, and the sentence of deposition proclaimed in the presence of a numerous assemblage.

At the end of the first clause, the archbishop tore the crown from the head of the effigy; at the second, Count Placentia snatched the sword of justice from its side; and when the third was read, the Count of Benevente wrested the sceptre from its hand. At the close of all, Don Diego Lopez de Zuniga showed his aristocratic respect for royalty, by knocking the pageant headlong down from the throne, and proclaiming Don Alphonso, the younger brother, sovereign of Castile and Leon.

Again two brothers were seen unfurling the banners of their country,—not against the Moors, or their foreign enemies, but to destroy each other. Their forces were nearly equal; they met in the plains near

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Medina del Campo. The standard of Alphonso, borne in front of the line, was led by the Archbishop of Toledo, armed from head to foot, who first charged the royal army at the prince's side. The action was severe, and night alone separated the combatants. Both suffered too severely to renew it; but the insurgents got possession of Segovia, and were proceeding with vigour, when the mysterious death of Alphonso terminated the campaign. He retired to his tent in perfect health, and was found dead within a few hours afterwards, without any cause being assigned. The court accused the confederates themselves of having dispatched him from jealousy of his rising genius and merits, and to facilitate a reconciliation, which shortly afterwards took place, with the king.

Another instance of the archbishop's accommodating disposition, when it suited his policy, has been recorded,—not a little singular, as connected with the most dignified prelate in the land. The king had conceived a passion for Donna Guiomar, who, in 1459, was esteemed one of the greatest beauties of Spain. In the idea, it was thought, of retrieving his reputation, he made the most ostentatious display of his attentions, accompanied her to all public places and gallant diversions, built her a splendid mansion, and encircled her with a sort of second court. The queen, an ambitious woman, jealous of her power and dignity, warmly resented this conduct, and appealed even to the archbishop, newly reconciled with the king. But it was no time for scruples of conscience, and instead of alarming that of the

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king, he sent him an invitation to a magnificent festival, with all his court, to meet the fair Guiomar. It was one of the most splendid spectacles which Madrid had for some time witnessed; and the king was delighted with his reception, both by the primate and the beauty of the day. We are told by the court chronicler, "That a dessert was served up, in which two basins full of gold rings and jewels of price, which every one of the guests was free to bestow upon the ladies, were brought in to enliven their mirth. The great men of the court liked the archbishop never the worse; and though that behaviour was not becoming his character, they said, at least he was not so much to blame as another, since he knew that Donna Guiomar's honour was in no great danger."

On the breaking up of the confederation and the restoration of peace, King Henry became anxious respecting the marriage of the Princess Isabella, there being a number of royal suitors eager for the honour of her hand. Among these, Ferdinand King of Sicily, and heir to the King of Aragon and Navarre, bore away the prize; and the nuptials of the two royal expectants were celebrated with great pomp by the Archbishop of Toledo. Ferdinand signed a convention, stipulating to govern the kingdom, after the death of Henry, conjointly with Isabella, and according to the oath taken by the Kings of Castile at their accession. He swore not to infringe or alter any of the laws, usages, prerogatives, or privileges of the cities, towns, places, or persons, civil or ecclesias-

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tical. Every order was to be issued in the joint names of Ferdinand and Isabella; no person was to be admitted into the councils or offices of state who was not a native of Castile; and all dignities, ecclesiastical and civil, were to be at the disposal of the queen. Her consort was bound, moreover, to reside in Castile, and to resume the war against Granada the instant that it should be in his power.

These conditions are supposed to have been suggested by the policy and prudence of the archbishop, to satisfy the scruples of King Henry and secure the independence of Castile. The offended pride and ambition of the Marquis de Villena, in persuading Henry to recall the solemn treaty into which he had entered, was the source of long and disastrous sufferings to the Spanish people. The king issued a manifesto, in which he confirmed, by oath, his belief that Joanna was *his* daughter, and thereby declared *her* the heiress to the Castilian throne.

Ferdinand and Isabella produced a counter-statement, admonishing the nation not to be deluded by the assertions of its king, and the base artifices of his ministers,—language tolerably strong, and which spoke their confidence in the good-will of the people. The ill-advised king and the marquis, however, expected to carry their point by a marriage between Joanna and the King of Portugal. Every thing had been arranged, and the marquis was on his return from Lisbon, when he died. He was followed by his royal master too speedily to permit him to mature his plans for supplanting Ferdinand and Isabella.

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With his dying breath he declared Joanna his successor; but the people were attached to her younger sister and her consort, and they were proclaimed joint sovereigns of Castile and Leon in 1478.

Alphonso of Portugal, indeed, espoused the rejected heiress, and entering Castile with a powerful army, laid claim to the throne. But he was worsted in battle near Toro, and compelled to retreat towards his own frontiers. The ensuing year, Ferdinand succeeded to the crown of Aragon; but that of Navarre devolved upon his half-sister, Blanche, Countess of Foix, in right of her mother, it being settled upon her offspring.

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CHAPTER VI.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and Expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls:
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute.

CHILDE HAROLD.

THE peculiar character and manners of a people, may be traced in their public exhibitions and amusements. The Olympic games of the Greeks, the gladiatorial spectacles of the Romans, like the chivalric institutions of the middle ages, the ordeal by battle, the modern duel, the Spanish bull-ring, and the English prize-ring, are all branches from the same stem;

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modified only by circumstance and by the soil, they have all their origin in the like motives of human action. To attempt to decide upon the comparative utility and merit, or the injurious tendencies, of these free manifestations of popular humour and taste, would require to empannel a jury of citizens of the world, or travelled philosophers, whose verdict, we fear, like that of agreeing as to the real colour of the chameleon, would have to be sought for—in the ring.

It is necessary, indeed, to view the subject with an eye of impartiality at the outset, lest we startle the more gentle or romantic of our readers by describing a species of national amusement so much at variance with modern feeling and refinement. They might otherwise naturally expect, in speaking of Spanish bull-fights in the nineteenth century, to hear them denounced with expressions of aversion and disgust, which, if applied to many customary sports of their own country, they would consider affected and absurd. We know that the best educated and cultivated of men, in one spot of the globe, look on the popular sports peculiar to another with repugnance, if not with derision and contempt. Yet, while English lords and divines can find a charm in hazarding their necks and riding down the generous steed in steeple-chases, or the pursuit of feeble, unresisting little animals, vie with each other in committing the greatest wholesale slaughter in a given number of hours, and lay heavy bets in the cock-pit or on the race-ground, we are at a loss to see how they can despise the Spa-

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nish grandee, for applauding the more noble combat of skill and bravery with the fearless bull. If we turn to the east, there are numerous sports still more inhuman and revolting to an unbiassed mind; and in a recent account of an elephant-hunt, for instance, by an elegant and accomplished Englishman, and a man of rank, the reader will find the most cool and particular details of the pursuit, the death, and the lingering torments of that noble animal given in a tone of pleasantry, which shows how greatly custom influences our feelings in notions of this kind. The mere habit, then, of having continued their admiration for the ancient bull-fights longer than any other modern people, conveys no imputation upon the comparative refinement or humanity of the Spanish character, while games and sports, equally sanguinary and more unmeaning, are beheld with complacency by the 'gentle public' of every other country.

In more gallant and chivalrous days, the most lovely and delicate, the high-born and accomplished, looked as a pastime on their lovers, their friends, and their nearest relatives challenging each other to combat, and meeting furiously in the lists; and so far from their sense of honour or moral feeling being impaired, both were considered to be more peculiarly fostered by so singular a display. We may say much on the same grounds in behalf of the Spanish ladies, who loved to frequent the favourite spectacle of their country, and applauded the dexterous exploits of the *toreadores* without the slightest detriment to their amiable qualities, or the ordinary sympathies and cha-

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rities of life. Nay, the very objects of the exhibition had piety and charity in view; and to have purposely avoided going to an *auto da fé*, or the amphitheatre, would have been esteemed as serious an offence as premeditated absence among our countrywomen from a charity-sermon, or a general meeting at the Queen's Bazaar.

Young ladies, old men, people of all ranks and all characters, were accustomed to attend these national festivals,—for such they were; and we are told, that however frequently seen, they failed to *correct* the natural timidity and weakness of the ladies, and in no way impaired the sweetness of their manners.* It is admitted, at the same time, that many foreigners of a delicate fibre have at first sight been taken very sick and ill, often exhibiting the most painful emotions; while the little Spanish boys and their mothers seemed inspired with the liveliest joy. But on persevering a few times, the most fastidious strangers overcome the unpleasant symptoms they first experienced, the sickness diminishes, as it does after a third or fourth voyage at sea, and the salubrious and enlivening effect of the excitement upon the spirits begins to be felt and appreciated, as by a patient who has recovered from the squeamish fit. It is then the initiated return with renewed relish to partake the stirring interest, suspense, and perils of the bull-ring; and no considerations regarding time or expense, will deter him from participating in the national jubilee.

At a former period, the spectacle was conducted on

* Bourgoing's Travels in Spain, vol. ii. p. 346.

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a more extended and magnificent scale, and kings and princes graced the ring with their presence. The wealth expended was enormous, insomuch that it was esteemed no trivial speculation by the undertakers,—a term extremely well-suited for the business in which they were engaged. The meanest seats cost from two to four reals; and those devoted to the better classes, and protected from the sun and dust, from twenty to twenty-four. When to the mechanical and decorative preparations are added the salaries of the chief *toreadores*, the purchase of the horses and the finest bulls, we are surprised to read the account of the profits, which were generally devoted to some learned, or charitable uses.

This *grande spectacle* of the Spaniard is always beheld to the greatest advantage during the heats of summer, when the noble animal is full of spirit and desperation, and the arena can be held in the open air. There are peculiar breeds of the bulls which are selected for the honour of this sacrifice,—a more lordly fate than falls to the share of their meaner contemporaries. A printed list is handed round to the spectators, in which, to give additional interest to the scene, the number and the native district of the combatants are specified.

The arena, or bull-ring, is a kind of amphitheatre,*

* For another and very particular account of this truly Spanish amusement, we may refer to the "Sketches in Spain and Morocco," and to the account of a bull-fight which took place at Port St. Mary, in honour of the Duke of Wellington. The bull-ring of Seville is described by the artist, who made particular inquiries into all subjects connected with national man-

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round which are placed twelve rows of seats, elevated one above the other. Only the loftiest and most distant of these is covered, the boxes being in the upper part of the edifice. In many towns, the principal squares are appropriated for the fight, when sufficient space cannot be obtained for a separate theatre. The appearance of so vast a multitude, all decked out in their holiday attire, and with eager looks expecting the approaching moment, is singular and imposing.

The exhibition is ushered in by a procession round the arena, both on horseback and foot, of the champions matched against the prowess of the bulls, who appear in rich and elegant costume. The *picadores* sport a round hat, partly covered with a short cloak, the sleeves of which float loose. They are in their saddle; their trim white gaiters giving a sportsman-like cut to their air, which is easy and graceful. The men on foot are arrayed in a still more costly style,—with a short silk waistcoat trimmed with ribands, a scarf of brilliant colour, their hair tied in a large silken net, of which the fringes reach down to the waist. Then advancing in two lines across the arena, one party in blue, the other in scarlet cloaks, the *toreros* make their obeisance to the president. There are generally fourteen, including the two *matadores*, each assisted by

ners and amusements, as one of the finest in Spain. Only one half of the edifice was completed; the other portion is of wood, and, from the want of the colonnade, is better suited for the painter, as showing the magnificent cathedral, with which the view is bounded.

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a *mediespada*, or half-swordsman; and followed by the *picadores*, or pikemen, on horseback.

The clearing of the arena, termed *despejo*, at the last moment, by a regiment of infantry advancing to the sound of martial airs, has a stirring effect. They perform their evolutions in the first style, while the gates are closed; and all at once they rapidly disband, seeking shelter behind the defences of the ring. The bright variegated hues of the *toreadores* and the military, the rich costume of the spectators, the white flowing veils of the women, with the breathless attention to the approaching scene, form a striking contrast, almost dazzling to the eye.

"Hushed is the din of tongues. On gallant steeds,
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance,
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
And, lowly bending, to the lists advance.
Rich are their scarfs,—their chargers featly prance:
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
The crowd's loud shout, and ladies' lovely glance,—
Best prize of better acts,—they bear away,
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay."

The horsemen now take their station to the left of the gate by which their opponent is to appear, at the distance of thirty paces in the direction of the barrier. Those on foot, with no defence except their cloaks, stand near, ready to render assistance in case of need. Two mounted alguazils next advance at a slow and solemn pace, arrayed in a black robe and wig, to receive from the presiding governor, or corregidor, the order for opening the lists. The latter flings the key of the *torril*, or bull's den, into

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the arena, which is dexterously caught in one of their hats. It is delivered at the steward's gallery; and the agents of the law, having no quarrel with the bulls, speedily make their retreat. At the waving of the president's handkerchief, the bugles strike up amidst thunders of applause; the torril-gate is open, and the first king of the herd rushes wildly into the midst of the arena.

> "And wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
> The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:
> Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
> His first attack, wide waving to and fro
> His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow."

The *picadores*, with their lances, now stand ready to receive him, and a fresh burst of applause is half drowned in his loud and menacing roar. The first act commences with the horsemen, the nearest of whom is suddenly assaulted; and if the animal again charges, after the first repulse, it is the signal for renewed applause. But if he appear stunned or confounded, avoids the shock and skulks round the sides of the amphitheatre, he is pursued by a storm of murmurs and hisses for his cowardice. He is regarded as a common enemy, intent on defeating the grand object of the day; and if he approaches the barriers too close, is assailed by the spectator with bitter maledictions and blows. Should no insults and reproaches succeed in rousing his courage, he is thought unworthy of combating with men, and the dogs are let loose upon him amidst the derision of high and low. With them, for the first time, he finds

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his horns; the battle rages, till the cry of '*Perros! perros!*' brings more enemies upon him, and he is dispatched by the *matador*.

If, on the other hand, he should conduct himself in a resolute manner and renew the assault, the spectators bestow the highest compliments upon his coolness and decision, as if he were aware of the honourable epithets they heaped upon him. Often, on some dexterous feats of the *picadores*, the same plaudits are heard; but should the horse be thrown and gored, a deep silence ensues till the fate of his rider shall be ascertained. It then becomes the duty of the foot combatants, called *chulos*, to step forth to his relief, when the red flag is displayed, and he draws the attention of the bull upon himself. His sole chance of escape is to drop some pieces of painted stuff, which arrest the fury of his enemy in mid career. Not unfrequently he has to vault over the railing, a feat in which the *chulo* has more than once been known to be assisted in the rear by his incensed foe. If the *toreador* reach the circular between the two outward defences, he is considered safe; still his pursuer often clears the first palisades by a tremendous leap, and courses round the corridor till he meets some outlet, which leads him to fresh perils and heroic death.

The horseman, meanwhile, has remounted another steed, and is seen ready for the battle; and the same *picador* is known to have survived the attacks of the bulls, and to have ridden in succession ten or a dozen steeds. Nor does the skill and prowess of these noble animals call forth less animated discussion

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and applause. Their patience, courage, and docility, under the most desperate and cruel circumstances, are truly astonishing; but having performed their part, the *picadores* retire and make room for the *chulos*, who recommence the sport. At the very moment the bull threatens to hurl them in the air, they fix a species of small arrows, called *banderillas*, barbed at the end and decorated with streamers, in the huge neck of the animal, which increases his anguish and his rage. It is now the stratagems of his tormentors are thought to become more interesting; and after many hair-breadth escapes, gradually exhaust the remaining courage and vigour of their foe.

The spectators at last become impatient,—a new spectacle is required; and the president gives the death-signal, amidst the flourish of trumpets and drums. The *matador*, or killer, is here the sole hero of the scene; he comes forward with a long sword in one hand and a banner in the other, which he waves till they come face to face. They stop and eye each other intently, and the bull makes several desperate attacks. An accomplished *matador* knows how to foil them, and purposely prolongs the suspense of the spectators, till it is time to bring the scene to a close. The animal seems aware of his intention, and they calculate each other's movements, as they draw nearer, with a caution which holds every spectator in silent anxiety and expectation. If the bull fall by a single blow, there is no bound to the applause; but if he deceive his pursuer, or linger and survive, murmurs and reproaches are no less audibly expressed.

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At the close, three mules, decorated with bells and streamers, appear upon the scene; the bull is fastened by his horns and dragged with ignominy from the place of his exploits, to make room for another victim to this wild, terrific sport.

"Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
Mid wounds and clinging darts, and lances brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray:
And now the matadores around him play,
Shake the red cloak and poise the ready brand:
Once more through all he bursts his thundering way,—
Vain rage! the mantle quits the cunning hand,
Wraps his fierce eye;—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand!"

The spectacle usually begins at the hour of ten; six conflicts were in general exhibited on the morning of the festivals, and double that number in the afternoon. Often when the legitimate methods of fighting on these occasions were exhausted, there were other varieties of the same sport at hand.

Sometimes a volunteer, a noble or a lover, would step from his 'high place' to signalize himself before the eyes of his mistress or his king. The casual stranger has been known to advance his claim, and is sometimes accustomed to make the attack mounted on another bull; at others, supported by dogs and bears,—an attempt at variety which reminds us of the words of Pliny in speaking of the Roman games: *Nihil novum, nihil varium, nihil quod non semel spectasse sufficiat.* But it is maintained, that such an observation applied to the bull-fights, only betrays the ignorance of a tyro in the art; for that the

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resources and address of the best animals are almost as great as the ingenious arts of tormenting on the side of his aggressors. The experienced amateur looks with contempt on all those who are at a loss to distinguish the respective manœuvres and the various nice distinctions in the noble science of attack and defence. The celebrated *toreador* Pepehillo, who fell at the moment he was about to give the *coup de grace* to a wily and powerful bull, offers a fearful example. He was foiled when making sure of victory, and after exhausting every resource pointed out in his famous treatise on the art. The author of *La Tauromaquia* himself was not invulnerable, though it is clear from the rules he lays down—not less logical than those of Aristotle—that he perfectly understood the subject on which he wrote. Whether in reference to amateurs, or to professional men, it was found eminently useful, unique in its kind, and duly estimated by a grateful public.

Not many years back, the people of Seville, Toledo, and Madrid took as deep an interest in the relative merits of their *matadores*, as if they had been celebrated actors of their day. Men of sense, we are told, and women of delicacy, could discuss with real gravity the various and most expeditious methods of dispatching a bull in the least given time. In short, the day of a bull-fight is a solemn festival for all: people walk a distance of ten and twelve leagues with the greatest cheerfulness. However penurious or poor, the Spanish artisan always found wherewith to purchase a seat; and the most dangerous obligation that

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a young woman could be laid under, was to be *treated* to one presenting a favourable view.

Charles III. attempted to put some check upon this popular frenzy, as not less detrimental to industry, than to quiet habits and to the national character. He had a personal aversion to bull-fights, much like James I. to the sight of a drawn sword; and his minister, Florida Blanca, entered into his views. They began by reducing the number; and in Madrid none but miserable old worn-out animals were suffered to enter the ring, so that it gradually lost much of its attraction. But his successor having an equal predilection for the spectacle, it revived in all its force, much more rapidly than it had lost ground.

Andalusia is the province most celebrated for the perfect representation of the old fights; and Seville, of all cities, may be pronounced *par excellence* the capital of the Spanish bull-rings. When tidings arrived that the royal order for their discontinuance had been revoked, the Sevillians were as much rejoiced as if they had heard of some great victory. In an incredibly short time every thing was prepared for a festival, to which they returned with redoubled zest, inasmuch as the art owed to their city its highest polish and most studied refinements.

Such is the rage for this amusement, that it is imitated in the sports of children of all ranks, and the boy's game of the *toreadores* is as pretty a piece of mimic barbarity as can well be imagined. The lad who takes on himself the formidable part of the bull, carries in front a large piece of board to which horns

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are attached, and handles fastened to the lower part of it. By these the boy keeps the machine steady, while he pushes at the little *toreadores* with his horns, and hits any of them who are not quick enough in their motions to escape him. The aggressors have small darts, edged with pins, which they attempt to fix on a piece of cork, for the bull's neck, stuck flat on the board; and after a great row, the bull falls down, according to the rules of war, at the thrust of the wooden sword of the puny *matador*. The young men, again, have their little bull-fights, which approach much nearer to reality.

In the beginning of summer, the large graziers, men of rank and fortune, send round an invitation to the young people to come and see the trial of the yearlings, and to select the best for the amphitheatre. The festivities are not exceeded by those of a country ball, and young and old of both sexes gladly join in the preparations. Round the walls of a large court, a scaffolding is raised for the accommodation of the ladies. The gentlemen are on horses, trimly dressed in short jackets of silk, the sleeves of which are laced gracefully round the top of the shoulders. A profusion of silver or gold buttons sparkle in rows upon the wrists. Their saddles rise about a foot both before and behind, in a triangular shape; and the iron stirrups, shaped to the foot, open on both sides. A white beaver hat, more than two feet diameter—now exchanged for the *montera*—was tied by a riband under the chin. Each cavalier wields a lance, with a three-edged steel point, termed *garrocha*. Only

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half an inch of steel is left uncovered to strike with in the approaching trial.

The young spectators being assembled, as if to behold some private theatricals, the one-year old bulls are driven into the rustic arena by the herdsmen. The horseman begins by brandishing his lance to inure them to the sight, and a true-bred bull is expected to repeat the attack and follow up his foe, before he is marked for the future honours of the ring. If he shrink from the trial, he is thrown down by the herdsmen and condemned to receive the yoke, as fitted only for the drudgery of the field. This ordeal of early valour is generally followed by a more sanguinary game, called *deiribar*.

The boldest of the yearlings being separated from the herd, is pursued into the open plain, all the riders joining at full speed in the chase. For some time he outstrips the fleetest steed. When overtaken, however, the foremost hunter, passing at full gallop with couched lance, pierces him in the lower part of the spine, and he instantly falls as if shot. This is considered a feat requiring uncommon dexterity, force, and presence of mind.

It is a curious fact, that the corporation of Seville possess the privilege of killing and selling the meat, a monopoly entailed on the rich Andalusian families, which renders it the worst and dearest in the kingdom. When the animals are brought up in droves to the *matadero*, the populace generally contrive to single out one or two of the most ferocious, in order to enjoy a game of their own, called *capeo*. Holding a

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cloak before them so as to conceal the person, they wave it before the bull's eyes, shaking their heads the better to provoke him, and crying out "Ha! señor toro, toro!" Before the bull rushes on his challenger, the latter is prepared to fling the cloak over his eyes, which, it is said, he closes on making the charge. Adroitly stepping aside, the man, before his enemy has recovered himself, again confronts him in the same tantalizing manner, continuing the sport till he has exhausted the bull with rage and vexation, amidst the plaudits of the beholder.

But the *matadero*, or slaughter-house itself, was the great school where the gentlemen of the fancy and the professional prize men went to improve themselves. A member of the corporation used to preside, giving tickets to his friends, as to a private exhibition, and not a few ladies graced it with their presence. Noblemen and gentlemen of the proud cities of Cordova and Seville emulated the skill of the regular *matadores*, and condescended to dispatch a bull at a single stroke. In this line, Count Miranda was esteemed a diamond of the first water, having achieved feats which made him the envy of the first butchers in Cordova. He had a favourite bull, bred by himself, of so sociable a temper, that he would walk into the parlour and make his obeisance to the count's guests. But happening one day to pick a quarrel with one of the domestics, he showed his native propensities for the ring by goring him to death. Upon which the count, unwilling to take his old friend at disadvantage, challenged him to the arena, and slew him in single combat.

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But the prowess of the great lords was generally reserved for a saint's-day, or the coronation of one of their kings. Sometimes a pension, or an order of some grand church-militant, conferred fresh attractions upon the ring. They took care, however, to be well backed by their men on foot, and sent their *rejones*, or broad bladed spears, from a tolerably fair distance. But the *Dia de Toros* is no longer what it was; it no longer takes the lead of all public and private business; the fashionable circles cease to parade round the arena in their equipages, and the spirit of the company is no longer worthy of the ancient ring.

Yet the Seville amphitheatre is the most spacious and beautiful in all Spain. It is composed of wood and stone, and will admit some twelve thousand spectators. The seats rise about eight feet above the arena, having a gallery and balcony surmounting all, for the accommodation of the wealthy and the great. The lowest tier is defended by a parapet, and rails six feet high are erected round the arena, so as to allow a considerable space between its area and the lower seats. Openings are made at intervals to favour the escape of the *chiclos*, or foot, when pursued by the bull, and they are sometimes seen to clear the fence together.

In collecting a drove of wild bulls for a field-day at Seville, the herdsmen used to employ a sort of "tame elephants;" that is, large trained oxen, called *cabestros*, in halters and with a large bell hung round their necks, which induces the others to follow. At the distant sound of their approach, throngs of people are seen rushing along the plain, like clouds

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before the storm. On reaching the palisades, numbers climb up the trees, while the more daring keep their station as a point of honour. The cavalcade, when it first breaks upon the view, along a narrow defile between the river and the old Golden Tower, is striking and picturesque. They come full speed into the plain, the leading horsemen appearing as if they were flying for their lives. The herdsmen, who cling to the necks of the oxen to keep pace with the horses, seem doomed to inevitable destruction. The cries of the populace, the sound of numberless horns, and the shrill whistling, which adds to the rage of the bulls, with the wild bellowings and rapid motions of the animals, produce altogether an astounding effect, till they are lodged safely within the *toril*, and the cavalcade seeks the shelter of the palisades.* It is an old custom to give a bull to the Sevillians directly after what is termed the *shutting in*. On one occasion, a man stood perfectly still while he made his onset, and being half a second too late in eluding it, was thrown into the air an immense height, and fell to all appearance dead.

The fate of the great *matador*, Pepehillo, the boast of Seville, was caused by the last sudden effort of an expiring bull,—a powerful animal of the old Ronda breed, ferocious as he was cunning. With the *Punica fides* of the old Carthagenian, he pretended to be dead before he was, and gored his adversary after the latter believed that he had given him the *coup de grace*. Both had that day exhibited their skill to the

* Letters from Spain.

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astonishment of the whole arena. The hero of Ronda had charged the band of *picadores* no less than ten times, slain two, and killed four of their horses: in the first, by a dexterous turn of the bridle-hand and right leg, the rider evaded the shock; but in the second, he bore horse and rider to the ground. The former rose no more, and his master lay perfectly motionless on his side, as his sole hope of escape. A thrilling silence ensued; but the suspense lasted only a few moments. The spectators rose; but the instant the bull, having dispatched the horse, prepared to gore his rider, the *chulos*, rushing with loud cries, waving their scarlet cloaks, threw themselves between him and his victim. Springing from the ground, the *picador* vaulted on another steed; while the bull, darting upon the foot champions, pursued them across the ring so closely, that the last man appeared to plant his foot upon his head as he cleared the outer palisade. Mr. Townsend observes, that he thought it was literally the case, such was the flying leap he took over the barrier. A tremendous shout of applause proclaimed the hero's safety, and, master of the ring, the bull, instead of skulking round the sides, answered with a roar of defiance as he resumed his station in the centre. Again the gallant *picador* galloped to the assault; the contest was renewed with various fortune; half the morning had elapsed; ten horses had been successively disabled, the noble bull, sore beset and wounded, yet remained dauntless as before, when the bugles sounded the death-note, and the president's signal was displayed.

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It was then that the graceful and skilful Pepehillo, the prince of Seville's *matadores*, prepared for the last scene. Throwing off his cloak, with a light fearless step he walked up till within six yards, and directly faced the bull. In one hand he bore a little red banner, in the other a short and broad sword. They stood some minutes surveying each other; for the bull's eye was evidently upon him, and his fixed as steadfastly on that of the bull. After the feats he had witnessed, Pepehillo felt that he had undertaken no trivial task. Instead of provoking him, he stood on his guard, and left the honour of the attack entirely to his foe. At this moment, the intense interest of the beholders was wound up to a degree of pain; for it was felt that the president had undervalued the remaining power of the bull, and called the *matador* too early into play. He stood partly concealed by the red flag, so that the bull could see nothing of the sword. He made a desperate rush directly at his man, who, quick as thought, wheeled half round, and the enraged beast passed under his banner, but recovered himself for a fresh charge without receiving a hurt. As he bore down on him again, the *matador* levelled his sword at the left side of the bull's neck, and turning sharply round, hit the exact line, and ran the steel up to the very hilt. The animal staggered and fell on his knees; and the *matador*, calling for the poniards of his attendants from behind, and knowing the wound was mortal, did not repeat the blow. But ere they came to his aid, while in the act of withdraw-

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ing his sword, the bull, as if endued with new life, sprang up and dashed him to the earth, falling at the same moment a lifeless heap upon the sand.

The lamentations and murmurs of the people were painful and horrible to the ear; for the unfortunate Pepehillo was found to be wounded, and after lingering some time, expired. One would have thought that a fatality like this, happening to the most skilful fighter of his times, would have acted as a check on the strange inhuman mania for the sport. But it was not so; and to show the sort of infatuation it produces, when a taste for it is once acquired, Mr. White mentions the following singular fact. An acquaintance of his had the misfortune to lose his sight. Instead, however, of avoiding the scene of his former enjoyment, he was always one of the most regular attendants at the amphitheatre, where he occupied his old seat.

One of the most remarkable occurrences, however, upon record, in the sanguinary annals of the *Tauromaquia*, was the appeal to battle by the Archbishop of Toledo and the holy Pontiff of Rome. A quarrel, it appears, arose as to the extent of the papal jurisdiction in the archiepiscopal see, and having had recourse to every species of argument and intimidation without success, it was proposed that they should each select a deputy to decide upon their claims by the ordeal of battle. With a national predilection for the bull-ring, the Spanish prelate proposed to abide by the issue of a fight. It was agreed upon; each selected the most ferocious animal he could find; that of the pontiff

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received the name of *Rome*, the other that of *Toledo*. It was fought in the arena of the latter; and being of Carthagenian extraction, with more of the *Punica fides* in his style of tossing than *Rome*, the prelate's champion drove the pope's fairly out of the ring.

On hearing the result, his holiness refused to abide by so singular a verdict; declaring that *Toledo* must have been possessed, to beat so orthodox a bull as his own.

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CHAPTER VII.

How frail are riches and their joys!
Morn builds the heap which eve destroys;
Yet can they leave one sure delight,—
The thought that we've employed them right.

HATEM TAI.

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?

CHILDE HAROLD.

WHILE Spain itself bears so much the aspect of a desert, its sterner and wilder features assume a still more melancholy interest from the ruined towns and half dilapidated castles which so often meet the eye

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* La de Sevilla, la g
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After passing over the wide-spreading naked plains of Castile and La Mancha, the traveller approaches the more cultivated spots, vine and olive hills, orchards, gardens, and villas of Andalusia, with a feeling of absolute relief. The vicinity of Seville, though it has not that appearance of sterility and desertion which surrounds many other of the principal cities, retains evidences of banished splendour and greatness belonging to some mightier people, and the ruins of Italica arrest the eye of the stranger where they once frowned in their strength and grandeur upon the waters of the Guadalquiver.

The remains of this ancient Roman town are situated about a league and a half, or five miles, on the left of the river, to the north of Seville. Some of its monuments have been rescued from time and barbarism by the care of the monks, who still continue to inhabit a monastery built almost close to the spot. It is the convent of San Isidro, the approach to which from the city is through a waste of flat and marshy soil—once, doubtless, forming part of a fertile and blooming vega. "The last afternoon of my stay in Seville," observes an amusing and ingenious traveller,* "was spent in a short excursion to the ruins of Italica. I made it on foot and alone, for the want of a better conveyance and better company. When I had travelled three miles, I found myself in front of the convent of San Isidro. An aged friar of the order of Mercy, who was walking under the trees that stand on the knoll in front, attended

* "A Year in Spain," by a young American.

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by two very good companions on a promenade,—his staff and snuff-box, readily answered my inquiries concerning the convent and Italica. It appears that San Isidro owes its foundation to Alonzo Perez de Guzman, better known in Spanish annals by the appellation of Guzman El Bueno. His remains, with those of his wife, now repose within these walls, raised by their piety.

"When the good monk had told me all about Guzman, and about the convent, where masses are daily said for the souls of the founders, he pointed out the direction of Italica.* Having taken leave of him, I pursued my way, and presently passed through

* The traces of Moorish dominion are most conspicuous in Seville, and the footsteps of the Romans are also left indelibly imprinted upon the soil; but no where are they more evident than in the interesting ruins of Italica, that neighbour which, at one period, outshone in magnificence the queenly Seville herself. It is situated only two leagues from that city, and during the time Seville was in possession of the French, many fragments of columns and friezes were discovered. Several specimens of these lie neglected in an obscure room of the Alcazar, and were there seen by the artist, who very carefully examined the architectural ruins. Its native emperors, doubtless, lavished upon Italica the noblest embellishments which Roman taste and skill could supply. The city is stated to have been destroyed by an earthquake, which appears from the character of the ruins, for no human means could have moved the masses of stone and mortar into their present position. Many of the Roman remains were employed in the construction of the houses at Seville, and there is little doubt that still more yet lie interred in the dust of ages, and the wreck of earthquake. As at Pompeii, there could have been no time for the removal of any thing valuable, and things must be nearly as they were when first it became a city of the dead. The artist saw a collection of many rarities made by a Mr.

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a miserable collection of hovels, called Santi Ponce. To the left and a little farther on, are the hills upon which, like Rome of old, once stood Italica, a city of great wealth and magnificence under the Roman domination. Its total decline and utter desolation can scarcely be accounted for by the proximity of Seville, and by the variation in the course of the Guadalquiver, which now takes its way many miles to the left, though it formerly bathed the walls of Italica. An amphitheatre, which may still be distinctly traced between two hills, is the only lingering remnant of so much greatness.

"Having penetrated up the ravine in which it lies, I came to a place where a boy was busy turning water into four earthern jars, that were balanced in a wooden

Wetherel, a resident at Seville,—such as Roman inscriptions, votive altars, and sarcophagi. But the natives themselves show total apathy upon the subject, including even the clergy, from whose superior learning some information as to the antiquities of their country might have been expected. The following anecdote, related by the artist, is a pretty striking proof of the justness of his observations.

As he was strolling in an obscure street in the town of Seville, he was attracted by the appearance of a fine old mansion. The court-yard was in the best state of preservation, and the Moresque embellishments, with the armorial bearings, were singularly interesting. While examining them, he was accosted by the proprietor, a worthy canon of the cathedral. With the old Spanish courtesy, he not only invited Mr. Roberts to view the interior, but assured him that the mansion and all within it were at his disposal—his own. After inspecting a valuable collection of pictures, Mr. R. requested permission to see the garden—well stocked with plants and in excellent trim. It had still the same antique air which seemed to envelope the mansion itself. At one end of it was a fountain,

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frame upon the back of an ass. The spring at which he filled them stood opposite to the amphitheatre, and emerged from the side of a hill.

"On entering the aperture, I found that it was the work of art, apparently the remnant of an aqueduct, constructed to convert at pleasure the neighbouring arena into a lake, for the display of naval races and engagements. The boy lent me the gourd with which he took up the water, and having drunk, I clambered to the top of the ruin.

"This amphitheatre is not a large one, its greatest diameter being only two hundred and ninety feet, and the less two hundred. Its form and extent are now all that one may discover, the seats and facings of hewn stone having all been removed to build the con-

or more correctly, a receptacle for water that fell from one. It was indeed a Roman sarcophagus in alabaster, representing the labours of Hercules. Upon inquiring into its history, the worthy canon shook his head; and pointing to the part where Hercules is represented pulling the golden apples in the garden of the Hesperides, he at last said, he believed it had something to do with Adam and Eve, when in Eden.

After this specimen of an antiquary in a Spanish dignitary of the church, can we feel surprised at the little interest shown in the preservation of Roman remains? Some years ago the Guadalquiver was encroaching on its banks close to the ruins; but instead of raising a mound, the authorities had the marble and stone-work of the amphitheatre removed, and placed so as to oppose its progress. But the genius of the stream, as if in derision of the modern Goths, swept it before him. A very fine mosaic pavement is yet, however, to be seen; but owing to the depredations of visitors, especially English, it is daily becoming less and less. Happily there is an engraving of it in its perfect state, in a curious work, with descriptions and illustrations, on the curiosities of Seville.

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vent of San Isidro, or to make a break-water in the Guadalquiver. The benches, which had been often crowded with their thousands upon thousands piled, which had rung with the approving shouts of so many happy and exulting Italicans, now offered nothing but a succession of hillocks and chasms overrun with weeds; while the arena below, fattened for centuries with the blood of wild beasts and gladiators, was covered with a heavy crop of waving wheat, which each instant changed its hue, swept by the passing gales as they entered the arches of the amphitheatre. Thrown, as I was, alone upon this death-like solitude, it was scarcely possible to picture to one's-self that the city, which now neither owns a house nor an inhabitant, was indeed that Italica that furnished Rome with three of her mightiest emperors; nay, that the very amphitheatre where I now stood, the native of a new-born land, had been often graced by the presence of Trajan, the disciple of Plutarch, *Trajanus Optimus;* he of whom the Romans spake, when they were used to exclaim at the inauguration of an emperor, 'May he be happier than Augustus! May he be better than Trajan!'"

The Rev. Mr. Townsend appears likewise to have been much struck with the ruins of Italica; and he mentions the amphitheatre as a curious monument of antiquity, highly worthy the attention of all who are fond of such remains, "but to me," he adds, "they were little interesting. If we may judge of Italica by the extent of its ruins, it was a considerable city, and although so little now is to be seen above the surface

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of the soil, yet we know that formerly it was a bishop's see; and prior to that period, it gave birth to Trajan, to Adrian, and to Theodosius."

In the list of noble names which have conferred a more lasting reputation on this once far-spreading town of the Roman, ought not to be omitted that of its native poet, Silius Italicus,* in addition to the princes and generals to whom it gave birth. From its importance and extent, Italica was even believed to have been the ancient Sibylla, but has been proved to be wholly distinct from modern Seville—the Hispalis of Rome, and by Cæsar entitled Julia Romula, as appears from various inscriptions brought to light by Ambrosio Moralez, and in which Seville is termed Colonia Hispanensium, and sometimes Julia Romula.

M. Boisel describes his researches among the ruins of Italica, their spacious dimensions, and the fine salubrious site. He explored the antique crumbling edifice called Los Palacios, the armory, as it is left on record, of the Emperor Trajan, rudely vaulted in the ancient Roman style of architecture. It is the most entire part of these magnificent remains, and, with the amphitheatre, forms the greatest attraction of the spot.

In 1659, M. Boisel asserts that he rode under a portion of the vaulted passages, both to the left and right of the building. The same traveller also describes a small quay formed to receive the waters of the Gua-

* It is asserted by some, however, that Silius Italicus received that name from a town near Naples, which also bore the name of Italica. St. Girontius, a bishop, is said to have suffered martyrdom in this place.

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dalquiver, which he passed over to visit the convent of the Hieronimites, where, he adds, that he saw an image of the saint,—one of the rarest pieces of sculpture he had ever beheld.*

Among the historic associations of a wild and startling character connected with Italica and its vicinity, is an incident so strange and tragic, as to excite at once the surprise and sympathy of the reader. Prince Maron, son of Abderrahman, descended from King Abderrahman Anasir, in attempting to seek refuge within its walls till he could reach the coast, committed an action of the darkest dye, and involuntarily steeped his hands in blood. He was only sixteen years of age, of a noble disposition, distinguished already for his genius and erudition, when so great a calamity fell upon him, and consigned him for the remainder of his days to captivity and remorse. He had been brought up at the court of Cordova with the most studious care, together with a daughter of one of the favourite slaves of Abderrahman. As children, they had nurtured a young attachment, which daily gained strength from a like noble and surpassing beauty, both of mind and person. The feelings produced by early companionship and sympathy of tastes, at length

* M. Boisel, in his amusing Journal, says that in stopping at a posada in the adjacent mountains, the landlady summoned the entire neighbourhood to come and see the grand French traveller. After repeated exclamations of admiration at the sight of his equipage, his fine fringed shirts, the cut of his redingote, and his laced jerkin, they threw themselves upon him in a body, and stripped him quite clean of all his gayer garniture, ribands, lace, and decorations of every kind.

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ripened into a deeper passion. Abderrahman became too late aware of the danger to which he had exposed his son; he separated him from the lovely companion of his infancy—the admiration of all eyes—in the opening splendour of her charms. A deep melancholy preyed on the mind of the youthful prince, the effect of which was to add fresh fuel to the passion which consumed him. Spite of all precautions, he gained access to the royal gardens, and beholding at length the object of all his thoughts, "We have not a moment to lose," he exclaimed; "let us fly, while it is yet night." She could not resist his ardent importunities, and he led her towards the spot by which he had entered.

In the very act of escaping through the gate, the young prince was rudely seized by a powerful arm; in vain he sought to shake off his aggressor, and in the rage of a thwarted passion like his, he smote his enemy with a short dagger to the heart. The cry of his own father struck upon his ear, and in a few moments he was surrounded by his slaves and disarmed. He was dragged before the chief cadi, and thrown into a dungeon. He was subsequently condemned by the grand council, assisted by the Princess Sobeiha, to a captivity equal to the number of his days,—a sentence confirmed by Haçen and his mother. The wretched lover and involuntary parricide employed his term of lingering durance in the composition of those wild and sad romances, which have added a still more mournful celebrity to his name.

In approaching Xeres along the high road from

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Carmona, there appears little worthy the notice of the tourist. The town of Utrera, which contains not more than two thousand dwellings, has little to attract the eye or excite the imagination. But in descending the banks of the Guadalquiver from Seville, the scenery for several leagues is extremely picturesque and variegated, the orange-groves and swelling hills, rich with the dark foliage of the olive, contrasting with the yellow loamy soil of the banks, the hue of the waters, and the deep glow of the sunny skies. It was by this pleasanter route that Sir Arthur Brooke, on his way to Barbary, traversed it about the season of the vintage, awaiting cooler breezes previous to his leaving the shores of Gibraltar. He was fortunate enough, during his residence at Cadiz, to form an acquaintance with Mr. Cormack, a considerable merchant at Xeres, and hearing that he was on the eve of returning, he embraced the opportunity of accompanying him. He describes the pleasure of meeting with an intelligent countryman, knowing so little as he did of the language, unattended by even a servant, and thrown entirely upon his own resources. The idea of robbers, without any great cause, would previously seem to have been his sole, and no very pleasant companion.

"At Santa Maria, we found a calesa ready for us, and set off for Xeres, two leagues distant, accompanied by two attendants on horseback, well armed, which precaution, though the distance was short, was not unnecessary; more particularly on account of a weighty bag of dollars which my companion had the charge of, and which would have been no inconsiderable booty."

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From the country being clear and open, the roads and tracks in Spain are exceedingly multiplied; and the traveller may strike at pleasure into a fresh path, should the main road take too long a circuit for him, or become difficult or impassable. In the summer, more especially, this is done with advantage, both in point of time and pleasure; and no sooner had Sir Arthur and his companion left the town, than they struck into a wild uncultivated track, strewn thickly with large fragments of rocks, over which they had great difficulty in urging their vehicle. Nothing but the sturdy springs of a Spanish calesa could have withstood the rude shocks they experienced.

"After slowly toiling," he continues, "along this stony waste, we came to an eminence, whence we had a fine view of Xeres, at the distance of about five miles; its numerous white buildings, towers, and convents stretching for a considerable distance, backed by a high dark range of distant mountains, which formed a fine gloomy back ground to the glittering appearance the town presented. A widely stretching corn valley, now quite parched, extended to it, bounded by gently swelling hills covered with vineyards, and clothed with cortijos,—small white buildings for the purpose of collecting the produce and pressing the grapes, as also of cultivating the vineyards. We met with a long train of ponderous trays on two wheels, drawn by oxen and loaded with butts of Sherry wine, going to St. Mary's to be shipped. Having passed an olive-wood, which I understood was often the resort of thieves, we reached Xeres towards evening, without

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meeting any interruption; and not choosing to be exposed to the dirt of the posada, or common inn,—Xeres, like many other Spanish towns, being destitute of hotels, I established myself in clean, comfortable apartments belonging to an old widow lady, who kept a large haberdasher's shop in the best part of the town.

"Anxious to lose no time in seeing the different processes of the vintage, I rode, after the heat of the day was over, to a vineyard of Mr. Gordon, a Scotch gentleman long established at Xeres, and one of the most considerable merchants there. The vineyard was a few miles distant, and the ride to it extremely pretty, through exceedingly narrow, winding lanes enclosed by gigantic hedges of aloe and Indian fig, varied by olive-woods, which we occasionally passed through; the hills as well as valleys being thickly covered with vineyards, with white cortijos peeping out from each. On reaching the vineyard, which was in a valley, we found the labourers busily employed in picking the grapes, and carrying them on their heads in baskets to the pressing-house. The vines were trained very low and close to the soil, on account of the greater degree of heat. This vineyard, I was informed, was originally planted with three kinds of vines, calculated to produce the wines desired. Difference of soil, however, and parts more or less exposed to the heat, had produced several other varieties. Some were nearly black; others white, large, and sweet; others again were tinged with a brownish red, of a dry flavour, and devoid of sweetness; from the last the Sherry is produced. All the dif-

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ferent kinds are picked and pressed separately, and the casks, containing the juice from each, marked.

"By the time I had seen the process of pressing, the sun was getting low in the horizon, and we mounted our horses to return. The evening was deliciously cool, and its stillness was only interrupted by the loud whistling hum of a kind of large grasshopper, which resounded in all directions. The labourers were slowly returning from the different vineyards towards Xeres, and the toil of man was over for the day. In these latitudes, sunset is followed by almost immediate night; and the calm enchanting hours of twilight, so soothing to the spirits, are unknown. We were yet at some distance from Xeres, when the last rays glistened as they sank below the horizon. It is not very safe, in any part of Spain, to be *out after dark* in the country;* and perhaps less so at Xeres than elsewhere, from the lawless and desperate character of the lower orders, and the continual occurrence of acts of robbery and violence.† It is not an uncommon thing for these desperadoes to station themselves close to the town at nightfall, and stopping those who are returning from the country, ride

* To judge from other accounts, the writer's imagination would seem, with regard to this point, to have been somewhat too lively, and apt to magnify danger in proportion to its distance.

† "I passed the night at Xeres," says Mr. Twiss, "and there saw the body of a peasant, who had just been stabbed, placed upon a bier in the street, with a box to receive alms for masses to be celebrated for the good of his soul, and to defray the expenses of his burial."

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off with their horses. We urged on our steeds to the utmost of their speed, although it was no very easy thing to find our way along the pitch-dark, narrow lanes. We reached the town, however, without interruption, and adjourned, to pass away the evening, to the principal coffee-house, which was of considerable size, consisting of several rooms opening one into the other. The place was filled with a singular assemblage of persons of all ranks and classes; and nobles, peasants, and tradesmen, were sitting together at the different tables, on terms of seeming equality and familiarity."

In older times, Xeres became memorable by the great battle which destroyed the empire of the Goths in Spain. The Arab Tarikh overthrew the power of Don Roderick at a single blow. The popular story of the violation of the daughter of Count Julian by King Roderick, was long supposed to be the origin of that noble's rebellion, and the succession of calamities which it brought upon his country. Many able modern writers have rejected it, either as extremely suspicious, or grossly exaggerated; and though the story is seriously related by Cardonne, its authenticity is questioned by Gibbon and ridiculed by Voltaire. Before the battle of Xeres, the valour of Count Julian had defended Ceuta against all the assaults of the Arabs; and Muza, their commander, was greatly surprised when he received offers of alliance from him, in whom he had hitherto met a formidable enemy. He was joined by the dauntless Tarikh at the head of only seven thousand veterans,

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and after several successful encounters with inferior commanders, found himself opposed to King Roderick, with the flower of the Gothic army.

Having obtained a reinforcement from Muza, and a body of Christians under Count Julian, he approached the city of Xeres. During three days, each army sought to obtain the advantage, by superior manœuvres and sharp skirmishes; on the fourth, the battle became general. Haughty and enervated, and reposing on the laurels of his predecessors, Roderick seemed to have lost the great qualities of his warlike sires; and "Alaric," says an eloquent historian, "would have blushed at the sight of his unworthy successor wearing on his head a diadem of pearls, encumbered with a flowing robe of gold and silken embroidery, and reclining on a car of ivory."

The Goths were as greatly superior in point of numbers, as in the splendour and gorgeousness of their equipment; but not in the hardy enthusiastic spirit which leads to conquest. Roderick made a powerful appeal to his soldiers, reminding them of their religion and their homes; while Tarikh, pointing to the sea, insisted on the necessity of conquest, from the impossibility of retreat. The conflict was sustained with uncommon ardour by both sides, and the result was long doubtful. But while victory hung in the balance, the Archbishop Oppas went over with his vassals to the Moslems; and is said to have actually charged his king and countrymen,—not in a spiritual charge,—and put the hard-pressed Goths to the rout.

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The particulars of Roderick's fate were never ascertained. His robes, magnificently embroidered with gold and set with pearls, his belt, his steed with its splendid housings, were found on the banks of the Guadalquiver;* but his body not having been discovered, it was concluded that he perished in its waters. There is an old tradition, that on losing the day, he fled and escaped to Portugal, where he died unlamented in obscurity. It is upon this authority,—assuredly not an unpoetical one,—that Southey has grounded his long and persevering poem. Had the Gothic king shown half the poet's heroic obstinacy, perhaps the result of the battle had been very different. The victorious Moslems, on the other hand, maintain that his head was sent to Damascus; while many of the Spanish historians assert that he was drowned in the Guadalete.

It was not till the thirteenth century that Xeres was finally wrested from the Moslems by the victorious Alonzo, son of Ferdinand. To aid him in that memorable siege, the Castilian summoned his vassal, the Moslem King of Seville, who, with extreme reluctance, was compelled to march under Christian banners to the subjugation of his own countrymen. It was then he made that noble remark, which will be found in a former volume of this work, where mention is made of the high-minded character of Mohammed Alhamar. The subjection of Spain fol-

* Then called the Bætis; but it was most probably in attempting to pass the small stream of the Guadalete, that Roderick perished.

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lowed the overthrow of Roderick; but if the Moors became masters of the kingdom, they brought industry and the arts in their train; nor did they attempt to extend their dominion over the minds and consciences, as well as over the property of the vanquished.

The city of Xeres, or Xeres de la Frontera,* is still of considerable importance, though shorn of much of its antique splendour and strength. Pleasantly situated on the banks of the Guadalete, it contains about twenty thousand inhabitants, but its appearance is neither handsome nor imposing, though the houses are in general well built. Antiquarians trace its origin to the Asta Regia, and it seems most probable that it was raised upon the ruins of that ancient city. Its modern character is best supported by the well-known excellence of *some* of its wines; from thirty to forty thousand butts being annually exported, and the price of each averaging from fifty to sixty dollars.

Upon first entering the town, the traveller passes through a double Moorish gate, over which appears

* Xerez, or Jerez, is one of the few Spanish towns which has retained a portion of its former prosperity and importance. Its superiority in this respect, is mainly owing to the reputation it early acquired for the excellence of its wines, which it will be perceived, from the account in the text, are considerable enough to have attracted a sort of mercantile colony, bound to the soil by the strongest of all ties,—the flavour of gold. The building with the dome in the centre of the picture, is the cathedral, a modern structure, immediately over which is seen the church of San Miguel. The interior forms the subject of the following plate; to the right is a part of the Alcazar, and immediately below is the mansion of the once-famous Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz.

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an Arabic inscription. The streets are broad and open, but for the most part not paved. The great square has a noble appearance, and on one side is a portico consisting of twenty-two arches. It is known as a favourite residence of a large number of the nobility, besides many eminent merchants, who have permanent establishments in the city. The ingenious Mr. Swinburne, in his amusing tour, appears to have been little pleased with the interior of Xeres, which he feelingly describes "as a large town, with winding streets and horrible kennels of black stagnated water: as the wheel broke the crust upon them, there arose an almost suffocating stench.

"The hills about the town are pretty, and the views towards Cadiz very pleasing. Some poets have placed the Elysian fields in this neighbourhood, and pretended that the Guadalete was Lethe, or the River of Oblivion. If so, they had never seen the place, or it has undergone strange alterations since their days; for this paradise is now an immense marshy flat, through which a narrow river, much resembling those in the Lincolnshire fens, winds its course to the sea: not a stick of wood is to be seen near it."

It is curious to observe the different impressions made by the same scene on the minds of strangers; and here we have an instance, which affords an amusing contrast to the one just given. "The approaches to Xeres," says M. Bourgoing, "give a very favourable idea of that town. With a little trouble, it might be made one of the most interesting in the kingdom. The situation could not be more agreeable, and its

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streets are in general straight and wide. The top of its Alcazar, which has become a place of public resort, commands the most delightful prospects of the adjacent country. Its extensive territory wants nothing but more careful cultivation, to render it one of the most fertile tracts in Europe. All the productions of the earth flourish luxuriantly; the vineyards are a source of wealth to Xeres; and it possesses numerous plantations of olives, pastures, woods of pines, oak trees, and fields of hemp. One year with another its vineyards only produce 360,000 arrobas* of wine, of which about 200,000 are exported, chiefly by the English and the French. The quantity of corn raised in this district might easily be doubled, and from the neglect of this article, the country is frequently exposed to want."

Still less progress, it would appear, had been made in the culture of olives. Upon an average not more than 32,000 arrobas of oil were, till recently, obtained. The climate and situation are perfectly adapted to the culture of silk, which might employ thousands of women, who, for want of occupation, languish in extreme indigence. Xeres of old was famed for its noble breed of horses; but this, like other sources of its former prosperity, has considerably degenerated. Yet its colts are still esteemed the best in Andalusia, and from three years of age are trained for the use of the army.

The manufactures carried on at Xeres consist only of the coarser kinds of cloth, some of linen and

* An arroba is a weight of about twenty-five pounds.

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ribands, which employ not more than twenty looms. Even these establishments, restricted as they were, are said to have been owing to the efforts of a patriotic school and of a few benevolent individuals.

The season of the vintage, which sets in soon after the feast of the Virgin, is now, however, the most interesting and important event throughout the year. It is ushered in and concluded with rural sport, and song, and revel. It occupies two of the pleasantest months of autumn, as far on as the beginning of November, and with the later vineyards extending to the middle of that month. The products of San Lucar, Puerto Reale, and St. Mary's, are often completed before those of Xeres commence, the latter being grown to greater ripeness for the purpose of obtaining a richer quality. The real Sherry wine is the produce of the vineyards nearest to the city; the Manzanilla and the St. Lucar are of inferior quality, from want of equal warmth and fertility of soil; and the inferior kinds are also the earliest cut, with a view to derive from them the largest possible quantity. The low-priced and inferior sorts thus far exceed the least adulterated, if not the genuine wine, the respective varieties of soil not being the only cause of the remarkable difference in the strength and flavour.

The vines are not stripped at one process, the less ripe branches being allowed to continue some time longer. The fruit is exposed to the sun and to the night-air till the remaining portion is gathered; and it is said, that though a less quantity is produced by this method, it is of a superior flavour. They are

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never put into the press warm, but carefully gathered in on the morning after a cool night. With regard to the pressings, much the same process is followed as is understood to take place in the great breweries; the best liquor being drawn off in the first, and a second and third in the following of proportionate weakness and attenuation. The pressing-tub contains a sufficient quantity of grapes to produce a butt of juice. The fruit being spread at the bottom, a number of men, having large shoes full of nails, tread it down, till the whole of the juice is supposed to be expressed. The remains are then piled up round the screw of the press, and being bound with strips of matting in a heap, the screw is turned, and they are again subjected to a more forcible compression. The juices produced by these two pressings are called *yemas*, or first fruits, and are emptied from the tubs into large casks. The product of the second pressing is called *agua pies*. The husks being spread upon the press, several jars of water are cast upon them; they are again trodden, and once more piled up for the pressure of the screw. The result is naturally a quantity of liquor much resembling the *weakness* of small beer, or the washings of tea grounds. But the grapes are not yet considered to be exhausted, and if brandy should not be required, a third process is usually resorted to, which goes by the name of *esperigo*, or *speriague*.

In the dry seasons, the product of the second pressing is said to be nearly equal in quality to the first; when the vintage, on the contrary, has been wet,

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quick-lime is used for the purpose of removing the too great moisture of the grape. The saccharine is found to be extremely influenced by the atmosphere, and by the kind of cultivation, the depth and frequent working of the soil. A mild, equable season invariably produces a richer flavour in the fruit. When strained, the liquor is placed in clean butts, with a vacuum left of one fifteenth, that the fermentation may be promoted. It is kept on the lees till the ensuing March with the bung open; and when the wine has worked clear, it is strained off into casks well cleaned and smoked with sulphur. After what is termed the insensible fermentation has taken place, the wine is again racked off into other casks; and in the autumn following the same process is repeated. For the last process, it is again transferred to new vessels in the spring; and if found what is termed *weak and sickly*, a jar of brandy is added, and being eighteen months old, the wine is considered ready for sale or exportation.

The vineyards of Xeres produce two kinds of wine; the dry, so well known as Sherry; and the sweet, the Muscatel and Pedro Ximenes. The latter is also called Paxareti,—a rich flavoured wine of deep ruby colour, delicious to the taste and smell, and of strong body. It was said to be the growth of a vineyard belonging to the friars of the convent of St. Hieronimo; it is a black grape, and very sweet. It is now grown with equal, if not superior success at Xeres, owing to the extreme care taken in its cultivation. The Pedro Ximenes is frequently mixed with drier kinds of wine,

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and it is in this way it acquires a certain degree of sweetness. At Xeres also is produced, by this prevailing admixture, no bad imitation of the noble old Malaga, or Mountain, so rarely to be met with at the right age, and which is known at its native mart to bring a profit of cent. per cent. Amontillado is a variety of the Sherry, from all dry grapes, and is almost of accidental production. The proprietors, it is said, can never calculate upon it; in its delicacy and dryness it resembles Montilla, so highly esteemed by the Spaniards, and so rare a produce of the hills of Cordova. Amontillado is an excellent dinner wine, but is produced in too small quantities to be met with except in the shape of imitations. It is most frequently to be got from the old grape; most growers believe from the Palomine, as its quality is found most to obtain in spots where that vine is grown. Many persons are of opinion, that its peculiar flavour, differing from all other dry white wines,* may simply be the result of the kind or degree of fermentation. In most cases, it is never known to be Amontillado till the different fomenting processes are completed, and it is racked into the last casks. It is asserted, that out of one hundred butts of wine, there

* In point of real maturity, the Port of fifteen, the old Malaga of ten or twelve, and the Amontillado of seven or even five, are found to possess their most genuine qualities and flavour to a healthy palate. Amontillado, an uncertain wine, is certainly not Burgundy, nor to be compared with the old Sherry before Amontillado was known; but the best which the writer remembers to have ever drank, was at the table of the late literary editor of *the Times*.

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are seldom more than five which prove to be Amontillado; and it is less appropriated, when found, to ordinary sale, than to give some of that brisk, nutty flavour without much body, to other varieties of white wines. The good wines are understood to be never very cheap where they are produced, and Xeres is no exception to the general rule, though there is always a sort of *vin du pays* which may be had moderate enough. The light Mancenilla wines may be had at a price extremely low, almost for one-tenth of the old full-bodied Sherry, which invariably increases in richness of colour, as well as flavour, with age; its depth of colour, indeed, is as high as brandy, and its strength little inferior.

The competition of proprietors in the wine-trade of Xeres, is stated to have recently so much increased, as materially to diminish the enormous profits which have been realized in former years. The grand deposit called *bodegas*, or wine-vaults, is a spectacle which, next to the vintage itself, is well worth the attention of the stranger. The author of *Sketches in Spain* describes the storehouse of the finished labours of the vintage with peculiar gust, and a sensibility of the characterictic excellencies of its various stores which ordinary travellers too rarely possess. "After walking through the broiling vineyards," he says, "and seeing the process of picking and pressing the grapes, the curiosity of the traveller will be satisfied. There are few, however, who would not feel inclined, I think, to repeat their visits more than once to the bodega. The term wine-vaults is ill-suited to convey an idea

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of these really splendid and extraordinary establishments, which I should class among the things best worth seeing in Spain. Instead of descending into a dark, low, grovelling, and musty magazine, like the London Dock Wine Vaults, spacious as they are, you first pass through a street, one entire side of which, for the extent of a quarter of a mile, is occupied by one of these bodegas. Entering large folding doors, you find yourself, to your astonishment, in what at first sight appears to be a church of considerable dimensions, with a lofty roof, and divided into spacious aisles. In the centre you see, in large characters, *Bodega of Jesus;* and at the sides, *Nave of St. Andrew*, *St. Pedro*, *St. Jago.* Your eye runs along the lower part of the building, and you see some thousand butts of wine ranged along the aisles and against the arched pillars. A delicious fragrance, which you easily recognise, soon convinces you, notwithstanding the pious inscriptions you have been reading, that you are in a place exclusively dedicated to the enjoyment of the body. On entering, you are waited upon by the superintendent, who accompanies you through the different aisles, and who explains to you, on passing each barrel, the name, age, quality, and peculiar flavour of the wine within it. In order that you may understand it practically as well as theoretically, his observations are rendered clear and intelligible by a full glass of the delicious liquor. You proceed thus slowly through the whole range of the bodega, occasionally reposing, like Bacchus, astride of a huge butt, and sipping bumpers of luscious Paxareti, fra-

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grant Muscatel, or dark creamy Sherry, half a century old. While on the outside every thing is blazing with the intenseness of the noontide heat,—within, a delightful coolness and a soft mellow light prevail, and you fancy you should like to pass the remainder of your days in this pleasant retreat."

To turn, however, to spiritual matters of a less *inspiring* nature; no stranger ought to visit Xeres without viewing the splendid interior of San Miguel.* In his interesting notes on the religious institutions of Spain, Mr. White gives us some characteristic traits of character and manners in the more flourishing era of the Catholic church. The account of the processions in honour of the Virgin throws light on the peculiarities of the national mind and feelings, and is no less amusing for its display of the gorgeous pageantries which distinguished the golden age of priesthood in the plenitude of its sway.

Besides these religious ceremonies, shows of a more worldly character were exhibited. Among these was

* The style of architecture, as well as the decorations of the interior of the church of San Miguel, though florid to a degree of luxuriance, are nevertheless of the most elegant kind, and in perfectly good taste. The same praise, however, cannot be given to the exterior, which, owing to the numerous alterations and additions it has undergone, is very far from being in what is termed good keeping with the original design, or faultless as a whole. It is to be regretted that so little care should have been taken to preserve the original structure and its decorations, the rich tracery and fretwork being for the most part choked up and effaced by repeated white-washings and beautifying; a species of renovation less successful than that of the Jewish revivers of old clothes.

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CHURCH OF SAN MARTIN, XERICA.

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the Moorish equestrian game, called in Arabic, El Jeerid, and in Spanish, Cañas, from the reeds which, instead of javelins, the cavaliers dart at each other as they go through a great variety of graceful and complicated evolutions on horseback. Gentlemen of the first rank, who are members of the associations called *muestranzas*, perform at these games on the king's birth-day, and other public festivals.* *Fiestas reales*, or bull-fights, when gentlemen enter the arena, were also exhibited on this occasion. To diversify the spectacle and indulge the popular taste, which requires a species of comic interlude called *mogigauga*, a dwarf mounted on a milk-white steed, and attended by four negroes of gigantic stature, dressed in a splendid oriental costume, is made to fight with one of the bulls, and drive a full span of his lance into the animal's body,—a circumstance deemed too important to be omitted by the royal historiographers of the day.

No less edifying and curious in their way, are some of the old legends of the Virgin, and the most distinguished among the Saints, with which Spanish literature is more especially enriched. We have already alluded to the Moral Examples of the

* Horsemanship was formerly in high estimation among the Andalusian gentry, accomplished in all the variety of amusements connected with that art. Such was the *Parejas de hachas*, a game performed by night, at which the riders bore lighted torches. When Philip IV. visited Seville in 1624, one hundred gentlemen, each attended by two grooms, all with torches in their hands, ran races before the king. This was the only amusement which, according to the established notions, could be permitted in Lent.

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Conde Lucanor, by Juan Manoel; and in the book of Miracles, called the "Año Virgineo," the reader is presented with a continued series of miracles by the Virgin,—one for every day in the year. The following story, termed an Example, has also been given by Mr. White, in his amusing annotations on the life of a Spanish clergyman, depicted with so much pathos and force. A Spanish soldier, who, according to the legend, had fought in the Netherlands, returned to his native place enriched with booty, and led a very profligate life. He had, however, served in the cause of the Faith, and he continued perfectly orthodox in his opinions. It so fell out, that a large-sized picture of the Virgin hung over the door of the apartment, which, it seems, did not exactly correspond with the elevation of his fortune and of his movements. Now, every morning, this brave but reckless halberdier used to issue from his lodgings in pursuit of unlawful pleasures of one kind or other; yet, albeit he never bent his knees in prayer, he could never get across the threshold without uttering a loud *Salve Maria*, addressed to the said picture. At the same moment he presented arms, which, partly from extreme hurry, and partly from want of space to manœuvre a salute, came in contact, to its no small detriment, with the canvas. In this way he long went on, spending his money and hazarding his life; till in some fierce brawl, on one occasion, a keen-pointed Spanish dagger set him to rest. The devil, who considered him as fair a prize as any he had ever yet clutched, waited impatiently for the sentence which the Catholic doc-

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trine imposed on every individual, in the form of a *particular judgment*. At this critical moment, the Virgin presented herself, exactly as she appeared in the picture,—her mantle being sadly pierced and torn in sundry places. "Behold the marks," she exclaimed, "of your rude, but well-meant salutation. I cannot for a moment think of one, who has so cordially saluted me, being condemned to everlasting fire." With these words she commanded the Evil One to resign his prisoner, and the gallant halberdier was sent to consume the dross of his too boisterous nature in the gentler flames of purgatory.

There is a picture also, according to Mr. White, in the cloisters of the convent of San Antonio, facing the principal entrance, the subject of which is the hair-breadth escape of a great sinner, whom St. Francis saved against all apparent chances. An extract from the chronicles of the order, which is found in a corner of the painting, states that the person whose soul is represented on the canvas, was a lawless nobleman, who, fortified in his own castle, became the terror and abhorrence of the neighbourhood. As neither the life of man nor the honour of woman was safe from his violence, none willingly dwelt upon his lands, or approached the gates of his castle. It chanced, however, that two Franciscan friars, having lost their way on a stormy night, knocked for shelter at the wicked nobleman's gates, where they met only with insult and scorn. It was well for them that the fame of St. Francis filled the world at that time. For the good saint, with the assistance of St. Paul, had lately

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cut the throat of an Italian bishop, who had resisted the establishment of the Franciscans in his diocese. Some fears of a similar punishment abated the fierceness of the nobleman, and he ordered his menials to give the friars some clean straw, and a couple of eggs for their supper. Having given this explanation, the painter trusts to the language of his art, and takes up the story immediately after the death of the noble sinner. Michael, the archangel, who in Spain, and probably in all Catholic countries, is considered to have the charge of weighing departed souls, is drawn with a large pair of scales in his hand. Several angels in a group stand near him, and a crowd of devils are watching at a respectful distance the result. The newly-departed, in the puny shape of a sickly boy, has been placed naked in one scale, while the opposite groans under a heap of swords, daggers, poisoned bowls, love-letters, and portraits of females who had fallen victims to his passions. It seems certain, that all these will far outweigh the pigmy form in the other scale; when, at the critical moment, St. Francis, who stands forward, assists the poor soul by slipping a couple of eggs and a great bundle of straw into its side, and the opposite is seen kicking the beam. The painter, doubtless, agreed with Milton in the system of weighing Fate; for since the days of Homer and Virgil, superior weight has become the sign of victory, which with them was that of defeat,—*Quo vergat pondere lethum.* *

* Letters from Spain.

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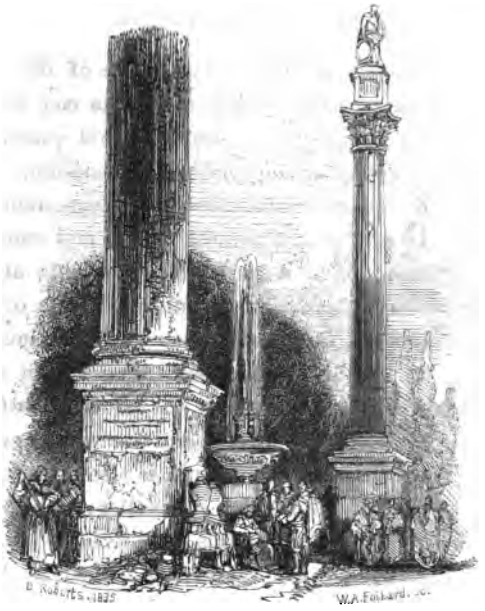

CHAPTER VIII.

Bright smiled the morn, till o'er its head
The clouds in thickened foldings spread
A robe of sable hue.

THE KHALIPH RADHI.

THE land of Catholicism in its most dazzling pomp and in its darkest terrors, Spain has been remarkable, since the downfal of the Moors, for the variety and splendour of its religious establishments. The southern kingdoms were more especially enriched with them, for the temples of the Cross wore the brightest trophies won from the Moslem; and the grand mosques in all their magnificence were consecrated to the glory of the true faith.

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In the vicinity of Xeres stands one of the most celebrated monasteries which Andalusia can boast,* whether in reference to its grandeur and extent, its abundant wealth, or its agreeable situation. No stranger can fail to be interested in its appearance,—within sight of the clear bright Cadiz, and with the treasures of art which it contains. We could almost be induced to forgive the peaceful inhabitants of this delightful retreat for their riches and their pious indolence, on account of the use they make of some portion of their possessions in the education of the young, and alleviating poverty and the weight of old age.† The interior of the Cartuja is also well worthy the inspection of the inquiring traveller; it abounds in curious and antique remains of elder days, and especially in some noble specimens of the pictorial art. The best works of Zurbaran adorn its walls, and there

* This monastery is situated on the banks of the Guadalete, at a league distant from Xerez. It was erected during the last extermination of the Moriscoes; and on the hills immediately in the rear was fought the battle in which Roderick perished. The one of a conic form in the distance, is called Medina Sidonia. Previous to the occupation of the French, this monastery was the most wealthy in Spain. The monks also prided themselves on their breed of horses,—some of the finest in the country. No female is allowed to pollute the sanctity of the spot, except female royalty, and the present queen honoured the brotherhood with a visit. A monk attended and marked each slab upon which her feet rested, and they were carefully removed and replaced by others.

The artist frequently alludes, with grateful pleasure, to the name of Mr. Williams, his Britannic Majesty's consul at Seville, and to that of Mr. Brackenbury at Cadiz, to whose at-

† M. Bourgoing, vol. iii. p. 141.

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Drawn by David Roberts. Engraved by Sarl. Fisher

THE MONASTERY OF THE CAPUCINA AT ATHENS.

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are no less beautiful evidences of the fertile genius of Luca Giordano, surnamed Fapresto from his extreme rapidity of hand.

In the course of his tour, Sir Arthur Brooke, in company with a French gentleman of Xeres, paid a visit to the convent, and describes the pleasure he derived from passing through the adjacent scenery. On the way, they stopped at one of those delightful retreats, so frequently met with in the vicinity of the large towns in Spain, and which, if there was any security in the country, would so greatly enhance the pleasure of living there. But from the state of lawless rapine, it appears "that these villas are for the most part deserted and shut up, or visited only occasionally by the proprietor, who does not venture to remain at night." They were told that the road

tentions he was indebted for admission into all places he was desirous of visiting. He recalls with pleasure the many courteous and kind attentions he experienced from men as much distinguished for their taste, as for their urbane and noble bearing. The exertions of Mr. Mark, our consul at Malaga, have already been the theme of public approbation. It should be known too, that, spite of a thousand prejudices, he succeeded in establishing a Protestant burial-ground, not only in Malaga, but in other towns possessing a consulate; previous to which, our deceased countrymen were secretly borne to the sea-beach and buried in an upright position,—the custom applicable to heretical bodies, in the sand. Mr. Mark's signal spirit and humanity in regard to poor Boyd,—the victim of the assassin who now condemns the cause of Don Carlos to lasting infamy by exercising supreme command, ought not soon to be forgotten. The name of Moreno should equally be held up to the scorn and detestation of future times. The body of Mr. Boyd was the first that was consigned to the new burial-ground.

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leading to the one by which they went, was on some days so infested with robbers, that the owner did not dare to go there." In the spring of the year, it is a perfect paradise; a long covered trellis-walk, loaded with grapes, and impenetrable to the rays of the sun, formed a delightful shady entrance to the grounds, which were prettily laid out, and abounded with pomegranates and other fruits of the country. From thence, a path led through a vineyard full of fruit to an eminence, on which was a lofty tower erected for parties of pleasure, from the top of which a most delightful view presented itself of the Guadalete winding through the valley, the stately mass of the Carthusian convent, and the lofty ranges of the distant sierra. While retracing our steps, the eye just caught the towers of Xeres emerging from the intervening masses of foliage. The contrast afforded by this delightful spot to the abominable dust and heat of Xeres was very striking, and I was quite sorry to leave it, as we pursued our way to the neighbouring convent. The villagers at work in the adjoining vineyards did not speak in terms of much respect of the worthy fathers. The approach to the Cartuja is imposing, from the magnitude of the building, its elevation, and extent of the walls. At a short distance, it gives almost the idea of a town, and you might suppose, from its architectural decorations, you were rather entering the palace of a sovereign, than the humble abode of anchorets."

They were received with much kindness by a little old gentleman, with a mild, benevolent countenance,

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and a cheerful suavity of manners very uncommon in the recluse of the Cartuja. He seems to have been a person who had filled a very different station, and in the good sense and moderation of his remarks, evinced none of those feelings of bigoted austerity, so generally displayed by the inmates of a convent. They accompanied him to his cell, which was small but neat, and containing a small selection of works on divinity. The good father produced a bottle of light wine, accompanied with a plate of cakes; and having invited them to refresh themselves after their broiling ride, they very properly complied with his hospitable suggestions.

The Carthusian order of monks is remarkable for its severity and strictness of discipline. When once within the walls of the convent, the recluses never leave it, see or hold any communication with even their nearest relations; the world and its closest and dearest ties close upon them; and the consolation and happiness of millions are snapped asunder by these mistaken enthusiasts. No intercourse is held by the monks with each other, nor do they even speak when they occasionally meet in their solitary cloister walks. Their time is occupied by night and by day in prayer and meditation, either in the chapel or their own cells. Animal food is prohibited; their daily repast, which is of the simplest nature, being brought at stated hours and delivered by the attendant, without entering the cell, through a small aperture in the door; and in this way they are provided with every thing they have need of, without a word being

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exchanged. Their cells are tolerably comfortable though scantily furnished, and consist generally of one or two small rooms, containing a few books. To some of them a garden is also attached.

Their bed is as simple as their lives, consisting merely of a straw mattress; and they are likewise debarred the comfort of wearing linen, their dress consisting entirely of loose robes of a kind of coarse flannel, which in this hot climate must be exceedingly irritating to the skin, and no small mortification to the flesh. The number of the monks at the Cartuja has declined very much of late years, as it has done generally throughout Spain. A new spirit has been awakened, hostile in the extreme to the present religious establishments. The worthy father, who attended them as their guide, was extremely communicative, and inveighed in strong terms against Napoleon and the French. The convent had suffered greatly during the Peninsular war, and had lost several of its most valuable pictures, which had been carried off, as well as a considerable number of horses of the Andalusian breed, for which the Cartuja had long been celebrated. Not a single horse, it is said, is now remaining, and the breed is nearly extinct. But the severest blow the community received was at the establishment of the late Constitution, when the whole of the convents throughout Spain were suppressed, and their property sold. On the destruction of the Constitution, however, the convent of La Cartuja was re-established, and its possessions restored. The good fathers have now no reason to complain of poverty,

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their landed estates being extensive, and possessing vineyards, wine vaults, and property in the surrounding towns to a very considerable extent.

Notwithstanding their wealth, it is with great difficulty that they find any one willing to renounce the world so devotedly, by becoming an inmate of the Cartuja. Few minds are strong enough to withstand the solitary and gloomy austerities of a life like this, strongly excited as it is, at the same time, by religious feelings. Several young men, who have at different times been induced to become brethren, have after a short residence at the convent, sunk under it and lost their reason. The few friars, and the prior himself, whom they met in the clöisters, were convincing proofs, we are told, how strangely these infatuated men had misinterpreted the benevolent purposes of religion. Hearing that an Englishman was one of the community, Sir Arthur felt a curiosity to converse with him, and at length, after considerable reluctance on the part of the anchorite, he consented to receive him in his cell. Father ——— was a fine venerable and handsome-looking old man, tall in stature and of portly appearance. He was an Irishman by birth, and had been an inmate of the Cartuja during forty years. He was now broken down by the infirmities of age and the severity of monastic discipline; and, instead of presenting the appearance of a person who, at the close of a well-spent life, was looking forward with calm and cheerful views to futurity, he seemed completely overwhelmed in mind and broken in spirit. Indeed it was most painful to behold him; and as it

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was near the time of prayers the traveller bade him adieu.

With regard to the interior of this magnificent building, there is much to be seen. One of the quadrangles, in particular, is remarkable for its architecture; the chapel is also light and beautiful, and, as it has been already observed, handsomely decorated. The convent garden, which is also the burial-place of the community, is appropriately planted with cypress. Each monk occupies himself with the melancholy labour of digging his own grave; into which, when his hour approaches, he quietly drops off into eternity. On his return to Xeres, Sir Arthur expresses himself as "deeply interested by the day's excursion."*

It will not be uninteresting while on this subject, to notice the strange influence which is extended, by a religious fanaticism unparalleled in any other country of the world, to all objects whether immediately or remotely connected with it. It appears equally in familiar conversation, in the common forms and observances of life, in the usual titles of address, and in the titles and dedications of books. There is a Spanish work, for instance, entitled "Sayings and Deeds of King Don Philip II.," and dedicated "To the most sacred Empress of Heaven and Earth, Mary Mother of God, Lady of the Universe, and Queen of Angels." The same blind veneration for the priesthood, inherited from the Goths, still characterises a large portion of the Spanish population, as it formerly influenced every institution and profession, and

* Sketches in Spain and Morocco, vol. i. pp. 73—79.

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dictated to the laws themselves. Infallible in the eyes of the people, clerical supremacy sat like a chief justice in civil and criminal as well as ecclesiastical courts. The inferior clergy, as in every established religion, were considered, as they are to this day by the higher dignitaries of the church, as a band of slaves, doomed to linger out a life of toil and penury in fulfilling duties, of which the mitred sinecurists reap all the benefit, the honour, and the wealth. In Spain the pages, land and house-stewards, and the domestics, were uniformly ecclesiastics of lower degree. What a field for impunity of crime, when civil justice was restrained from pronouncing sentence on the least of the sons of the holy church! An instance of this, which is said to have occurred in Andalusia, is given by M. Bourgoing.* Nor was this wild spirit of fanaticism at all confined to the middle and lower

* A monk of the order of bare-footed Carmelites conceived a violent passion for a young girl, to whom he was confessor. He had attempted in vain to unfold to her secret love, for he was informed from her own lips that she was soon going to be married. Maddened at the idea that another was about to possess her whom he had long idolized, he grew frantic with rage. One morning, after she had made confession, and received the sacrament at his hands, he stood in wait for her at the church door; and notwithstanding the shrieks of her mother, and the horror of those present, he laid her dead at his feet with three strokes of his dagger. He was instantly secured; but on being informed that he was a priest, the king, on the ground of giving him time to repent, ordered him to be sent to Porto Rico, and to work at the galley.

Another incident has been related of a popular preacher of the Franciscan order, who had a cousin, a young woman of exquisite beauty, whose mysterious death caused an inquiry to

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orders. The grand-masterships, embracing princes and nobles, were founded on a like mistaken zeal; and the royal power itself was only an instrument in the hands of the more commanding genius which lurked beneath the cowl. The bold Alphonso, surnamed the Warrior, King of Aragon, bequeathed his entire dominions by special will to the order of the Knights Templars. The nobles of his kingdom, however, very properly paid not the least attention to so absurd a bequest; but at the same time they elected a monk for their sovereign,—Don Ramiro, the brother of the deceased sovereign. How far the same cause affects domestic manners and conversation, was shown in the old custom of never bearing light into an apartment without the exclamation of "Blessed be the holy sacrament of the altar!" If any persons were in the

be set on foot. It appeared that she lived alone in a retired part of the town, where her relative frequently went to visit her. No one suspected she kept up the least acquaintance with the friar. An old woman attended her in the day-time, and retired in the evening. One morning, the street was alarmed by the old servant, who having gained admittance by means of a private key, found the young woman dead in her bed. It was clear, indeed, upon a slight inspection of the body, that no violence had taken place; yet the powerful interest excited at the moment, and before measures had been taken to hush the whole matter, spread the circumstances of the case all over the town, and brought the fact to light that the house itself belonged to the friar, having been purchased by an agent with the money arising from his sermons. A few days after the event, he preached a sermon, denouncing the curse of heaven on the impious individuals, who could harbour a thought derogatory to his sacred character.—*Letters from Spain, by Leucadio Doblado.*

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place, they directly answered, "For ever!" Their first salutation is, "God preserve you!" Their farewell on parting, "Addios;" and "Go with the Virgin!" Upon entering into a house it was invariably, "Deo gratias, Ave Maria!" the answer to which is, "Sin pecado concebido." In short, terms and forms of speech most religious and sacred, are made mere matter of compliment in a country, where the rulers well merited the very dubious one of *their most Catholic Majesties*. To the same vivacity of devotional sentiment may be attributed the rash vows, which often lead to the most fantastic and ludicrous resolutions, and in particular when adopted by the weaker sex. Not unfrequently, if disappointed in a favourite pursuit, or unhappy in their *liaisons du cœur*, the Spanish women make the most desperate transitions from one state of feeling to its very opposite; a peculiarity of which Mr. Twiss relates an amusing instance.

"I was one evening," he observes, "much surprised at seeing a lady, with whom I had the day before been in company, when she was dressed in the height of coquetry, make her appearance in a nun's black habit, with a leathern thong, to which hung knotted cords, round her waist. She told me she had made a vow to wear that habit for six months, by way of penance inflicted voluntarily on herself for some sins which she had committed. On inquiry from one of her females, I found it was only because her husband had forbidden his house to her *cortejo*, or lover; and the poor lady thus publicly testified her sorrow for his discharge. Other ladies, in a similar disconsolate

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situation, will magnanimously make a vow not to go to a play or a dance for six months, or even a year, according to the extent of their disappointment. But they always attribute these vows to some religious motive, such as recovery from a fit of illness, or any dangerous accident. Some elderly ladies have been known to make such rash vows for the remainder of their lives; renouncing the follies and vanities of the world, because the world renounced them. Many Spaniards of both sexes leave orders, that after their death they shall be carried to their grave in the habit of some religious order." *

> "And to be sure of Paradise,
> Dying, put on the weeds of Dominic,
> Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised."
>
> *Par. Lost*, b. iii.

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* This, indeed, was carried so far as a matter of principle, which no one can presume to question, that men of rank, and princes themselves, frequently entered into some particular order, whose customary penances they adopted, and in the peculiar habit of which they were interred.

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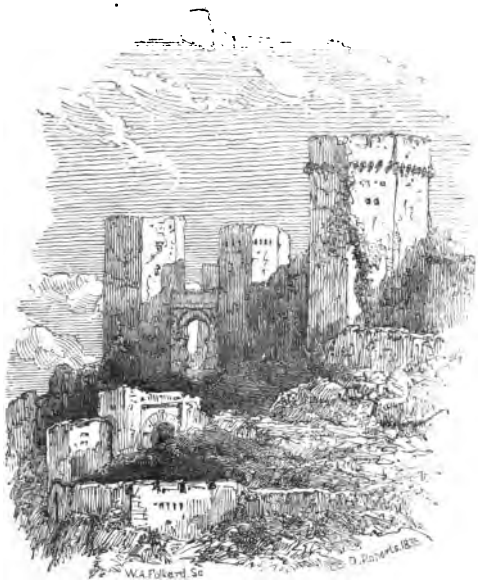

CHAPTER IX.

When Paphos fell by Time—accursed Time!
The queen who conquers all must yield to thee—
The Pleasures fled, but sought as warm a clime;
And Venus, constant to her native sea,
To nought else constant, hither deigned to flee,
And fixed her shrine within these walls of white.

CHILDE HAROLD.

AMONG the noblest of her once crowded sea-ports, Spain may justly boast the ancient and celebrated Cadiz—the city of the bright blue waves. Situated at the extremity of a peninsula stretching into the ocean, it covers the whole surface of the western side of the Isle of Leon. It consists of two circular portions, united by a narrow bank of sand, almost pre-

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senting the figure of a chain-shot. To the south is seen the open ocean, extending to the Mediterranean straits; on the north is the beautiful bay, girded by the peninsula, and the coast running in the direction of Cape St. Vincent. Eastward it is washed by the gentle waves of a well-protected road, while to the west it commands a magnificent view of the restless ocean. At the south-east end appears the ancient bridge of Suaco, thrown over a deep channel or river, affording a communication between the island and the continent. A strong line of works defends the city on the side of the isthmus; and to render them still more difficult of approach, the surrounding gardens and little villas on the beach were cleared away, and the entire site thrown into a dreary glacis. There was consequently scarcely a tree to be seen in the whole island.

The open bay supplies a harbour, not however the most secure on account of the north-west winds, which raise a heavy surging sea; but the inner port and the navy-yard are always well protected and safe. Admirably adapted for commercial pursuits, this favoured site drew the attention of the oldest navigators. Centuries before the Christian era, the Phœnicians, from their colony at Carthage, pushed their dominion beyond the Pillars of Hercules even to Britain, and established themselves along the coast of Spain. Gades was the most important of these colonies.*

Among the singular antiquarian remains,—coins, inscriptions of the Greek, the Phœnician, and the

* A Year in Spain, vol. ii. p. 201.

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Roman,—the following is said to have been found on one of the ancient tombs:—"Heliodorus, a Carthaginian madman, ordered, by his will, that he should be put into this sarcophagus, at this farthest extremity of the globe, that he might see whether any one more mad than himself would come as far as this place to see him."

In more modern history, as in ancient times, Cadiz has been distinguished as the scene of extraordinary and stirring events. The memorable expedition commanded by Essex in the days of Elizabeth, carried destruction in its train, taking ample vengeance on the threats and insults of the tyrant Philip, at the expense of the unfortunate inhabitants, the beauty and antique splendour of the then lordly and wealthy Cadiz. The flower of English bravery, led on by the Effinghams, the Raleighs, the Howards, the Cliffords, the Carews, the Veres, seemed to spring from "its home of the deep," and fell, sudden as a bird of prey, upon the startled city. No sooner had Effingham made signal to attack, than Essex, who had been enjoined by the queen to consult his safety, pressed forward from the centre, eager to be the first to enter the place. He had beheld Sir Walter bearing with all sail into the inner harbour, and forgetting his sovereign lady's love, he threw his hat overboard in the impulse of his gallantry, and made his way, under a dreadful fire from the batteries, through the merchant ships of the port laden with bullion and precious stuffs. They were run on shore; but finding that they could not be preserved from falling a prey

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to the resistless valour of the English, the Spanish admiral caused them to be burnt. The conflagration was terrific; and Essex, sailing off, seized upon Puntalis. Then pursuing the narrow causeway between Leon and Cadiz, in spite of the continued fire of the battery, he stormed the city, sword in hand, with his few veteran volunteers. They gained possession; but the garrison and inhabitants fought for every inch of ground, and from house to house. It was not till nearly five thousand were slain, that resistance ceased, and the place was given up to plunder. The two commanders took up their quarters in the town-hall, where the authorities of Cadiz came, as it is emphatically expressed, *to kiss their feet.* Rapine was put a stop to; but not before many valuable evidences of its ancient power and splendour had perished, and the living beauty, as well as the past, become the prey of military rage and licentiousness. Private houses were rifled, churches sacked and desecrated, and many valuable public edifices and collections, throwing light upon the history of the city, destroyed. It is difficult to convey an idea of the execrations of Spanish historians and monks, at that period nearly synonymous, when speaking of this fatal and humiliating event, while Philip still reigned in the plenitude of his power.

Ancient Cadiz, in fact, perished with the statue of Alexander and a thousand interesting objects, which united her with the great cities of the past. The Spaniards beheld the horrors which the success of the Invincible Armada would have inflicted upon the

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towns and cities of England, and the gloomy monk-king must have trembled on his ensanguined throne, as he heard the terrible vengeance inflicted by a few gallant spirits from the land of heroism and freedom.

The route from Xeres to the city of Cadiz, by the old Carthusian monastery, the Guadalete, and Arcos, is wild and romantic in the extreme. After fording the river,—the Lethe of the antients, you reach Arcos, in the centre of a wide, fertile plain,* surrounded by groves of orange-trees, and look down from its rocky height on a noble view of the mountains of Ronda, Medina Sidonia, and Gibraltar. The Guadalete is heard foaming along the bottom of a deep valley, and you may picture to yourself the destination which the poets have assigned it in the land of rest. The traveller proceeds nearly four leagues between the Cartuja and the Island of Leon without beholding a single hamlet. He traverses the plain where fell the empire of the Goths, and passes the confines of the ancient Bœtica.

> "On yon long level plain, at distance crown'd
> With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets rest,
> Wide-scattered hoof-marks dint the wounded ground,
> And, scathed by fire, the greensward's darkened vest
> Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest;
> Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the host;
> Here the bold peasant stormed the dragon's nest;
> Still does he mark it with triumphant boast,
> And points to yonder cliffs which oft were won and lost."

Cadiz and its bright bay are first seen from the

* Arcos does not contain more than two thousand five hundred dwellings.

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top of a hill about half-way between Xeres and Santa Maria. The eye takes in the whole extent of the prospect as clearly as if delineated upon an immense map: its two points of entrance, Fort St. Sebastian on one side and the town of Rota on the other, and the city directly in front. You see the low, narrow neck of land which separates it from the Isle of Leon, and the irregular contour of the bay to La Carraca, Porto Reale, and the port of Santa Maria. Coming from Xeres, the traveller has the choice of two ways, one round the bay by land, and another which conducts him direct to Cadiz. By the former, he passes the Cartuja, and by woods of pines, the owners of which are accused of cutting off the resources of the royal marine, in prematurely felling the trees.

Leaving Santa Maria and Porto Reale to the right, he arrives at the excellent modern road, crosses the small river by the bridge of Suaco, and enters the Island of Leon. If he determine to cross the bay at Santa Maria, he hires one of the boats, the owners of which vie with each other in their offers, and in less than one hour is landed on the quay of Cadiz. Santa Maria is situated near the mouth of the Guadalete, which, by the sands carried down into the bay, has formed a bar which cannot be passed without danger, especially in winter. The boatmen designedly magnify the peril to enhance their services, and utter a prayer on reaching what is termed the *crisis;* immediately after which, they confidently ask you for something more.*

* Bourgoing, vol. iii. p. 143.

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The two extreme points of the peninsula on which Cadiz is situated, are called Los Puntales; and are admirably adapted for its defence. This bay extends three leagues in length, and two in breadth. The city occupies the northern site of the projecting land, and from its square compact shape, seems to have been intended for a bulwark of the country. On the south, it is inaccessible from the ocean and from its towering cliffs; the north presents lines of sand-banks and reefs of rocks; and on the land side, formidable bastions exhibit their bristling front to an enemy. The strong fort of St. Sebastian covers the entrance into the bay, and its eastern extremity is defended by the castle of St. Philip.

Although many of the streets are close and narrow, Cadiz possesses several regular squares, of which the most spacious and handsome is that of San Antonio. With the Plaza is connected the Calle Ancha—a sort of mall—favourable both to the beauty and the health of the city, forming an elevated and airy walk especially resorted to in the evenings. The Alameda, indeed, may be considered the St. James's Park of Cadiz; it is the resort of all ranks, and people of all nations and every variety of costume are to be seen *taking the air* along its double rows of white elms, resting on the stone seats fixed on each side, or looking out upon the far-expanded ocean, of which it commands a noble prospect. That towards the main land is animated in the highest degree; the men of war are seen riding in the eastern bosom of the bay; lower down the merchant ships spread far and near,

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and close to the town an incredible number of barks of various shapes and sizes cover the surface of the water; whilst the opposite shore is studded with white houses, and enlivened by the towns of Santa Maria, Rota, and Porto Reale.

Under the administration of Count O'Reilly, to whom Cadiz owes a debt of gratitude for his able plans and improvements, the Alameda was not forgotten. It was cleared of the old houses, replaced by a number of handsome edifices, and subsequently replanted and beautifully adorned. A considerable portion of land was gained from the sea, upon which the custom-house and the adjacent buildings were erected. On another side, it was cleared from the thickets, which served only as a haunt for robbers, owing to the dastardly conduct of a former governor, who, in the dispute relative to the Falkland Islands, imagining the enemy was at the gates, destroyed the gardens and villas, and threw up entrenchments where there was no danger of approach. The count also extended the cultivation of the isthmus on the side of the high road from Cadiz to the Island of Leon, and completed the works of his able predecessor, Count de Xerena. The example was followed by other proprietors, and villas and gardens, with young plantations, gave fresh beauty to the aspect of the city. The sandy desert, it is stated, which before his time disgraced the approaches to Cadiz, has receded to the distance of more than half a league. His views with regard to the regulation of the hospital and other institutions, the promotion of trade, the formation of

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roads and aqueducts, were equally useful and enlightened. He planned the great undertaking of a solid beach along the walls, which, sloping towards the sea, would break the violence of the waves. It was completed in three years, and its advantages were found to be great. The waters no longer reached the summit of the walls, where they formerly dashed in such violence, as sometimes to inundate the adjacent houses, and advance even beyond the cathedral.

As a commercial city, the reputation of Cadiz is well known. So spacious is the bay, that places are said to be assigned to the different vessels according to their destination. Opposite to the town lies the anchorage for ships coming from Europe; on the east side, in the channel of the Trocadero, the Indiamen are laid up and unrigged. At the extremity of this channel appears the village of Porto Reale; and magazines, arsenals, and dock-yards extend along its banks. The entrance to the Trocadero,—so unhappily distinguished in modern times,—is defended by two forts, called Matagordo and St. Louis; and their line of fire is crossed by that of one of the Puntales on the opposite shore. All vessels are obliged to sail within reach of these batteries to pass from the great bay into that of Puntal, at the bottom of which, near the magazines, are moored the unrigged ships of the royal navy.* A noble view of Cadiz and its environs is beheld from the signal-tower. The houses below, with their flat roofs covered with a white cement, have a singular, yet pleasing appearance. To the westward,

* Bourgoing, vol. iii., pp. 156, 157.

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wholesale, especially merchants and foreigners. It raged also with more severity among the male than the female population; in the proportion even, it is asserted, of forty-eight to one. The men, it was observed, seemed to disappear suddenly from the public places of resort; and the churches, the public walks, the asylums and hospitals, were thronged only with women,—every where facing the most horrid death, performing the last duties to the sick, yet passing almost unscathed through the dreadful ordeal. Within two months it carried off nearly ten thousand; fifty thousand were attacked, and three thousand out of the garrison, which had recently arrived, perished.

The emporium, during a long period, of the wealth of two worlds, Cadiz still possesses almost every thing in abundance. You there meet with all the elegancies and conveniences of life; the city is kept remarkably clean, extremely well paved and lighted, to say nothing of the noble ramparts which form the grand public walk. The surrounding view of rich verdant meads and corn-fields, gives additional charm to the spot; but calmer or more studious pursuits, taste, refinement,—all, in short, that adds zest to the nobler and sweeter charities of life, will here be sought for in vain. "The Cynthia of the hour" is the frail device borne by the modern knights of Mammon, and by ladies fair "with zone unloose and rolling eye." Pleasure actually absorbs all their thoughts; and in the men commercial calculations tax all the powers of the human mind. The former is attributed to the enchanting, and at times almost intoxicating climate; and woman

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to its regulations. Even strangers, simply passing through, may partake of its hospitality two days; and education is added to the other advantages which it confers. Different trades are carried on; the inmate has a debtor and creditor account with the institution,—a regulation which tends to raise the unfortunate in their own estimation, and lighten the chains of dependence. But the best-planned institutions fail to effect their object under a government so notoriously corrupt and degraded as that of Spain has so long been,—the cause, indeed, of all the sufferings and horrors which she has since experienced.

Every kind of disorder results from a weak and vicious government; and it has been truly observed, that smuggling,—a word which always made a Spanish administration shudder,—was the only plant which really flourished in the peninsula, and most luxuriantly in the city of Cadiz. The extreme folly of restrictive measures has no where been so palpably displayed; and Europe might derive a lesson useful to its future interests, in regard to the inadequacy of all regulations, except those of justice and free competition. The abortive attempts of successive goverments to bolster up a system of anti-social laws, the days of which are gone by, happily proved ineffectual.

Cadiz is still one of the most opulent and noble cities of Spain. Though not extensive, it contained at the close of the eighteenth century, the period of the great plague, little fewer than 80,000 inhabitants. This number was greatly reduced by the fatal contagion which, in the year 1800, swept off the population by

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roofs are flat, covered with a hard cement, and few are without a *mirador*, or turret, for the purpose of commanding a view of the sea. Round the parapet wall are rows of square pillars, intended both for ornament and for the support of awnings, where you may partake the sea-breeezes sheltered from the sun. High above all other spires and pinnacles, which give to Cadiz so remarkable an appearance, rises the signal-tower, where flags announce the first sight of a sail, the size of the vessel, her nation, and, in the case of a Spanish Indiaman, the port she has left. The ships make their respective signals; these are repeated by the watchman of the tower, and in every office are printed lists, with which the votaries of commerce are perfectly well acquainted.

The city is divided into twenty-four quarters, placed under the inspection of as many commissaries of police. San Antonio ranks as one of the handsomest of the squares; the custom-house is a fine spacious building, and the theatre, upon an excellent plan, is finished with much taste. The religious orders in Cadiz are numerous, but by no means so influential as formerly. The Franciscans, we are told, settled themselves at Cadiz in 1608. They had, at first, only a very small house in the square De la Verde Cruz; but they soon gave their name to the street which they inhabited. Their rapid fortune and reputation were ascribed to the Holy Virgin; and a French merchant, named Peter Isaac, entered, we are assured, into partnership with the Queen of Heaven, and managed a business by which he cleared some fourteen thousand

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ducats. Isaac was conscientious enough to present to the Franciscans the share due to the Virgin; and at last of all, he bequeathed to them the whole of the partnership profits, for the pleasure of being interred in the church of the good fathers, who might gladly unite in chorus, *Sic vos non vobis.*

Pleasures are by no means well varied in Cadiz. There is a national theatre, which may be said to flourish most upon the losses of those of the capital. To the brilliant and agreeable qualities of the ladies of Cadiz, due homage has been paid. They are allowed to possess the fascinating exterior of the Andalusian, and a power of pleasing which the refinements of society, derived from mingling with strangers of every nation and rank, preserve in continual activity:

> "Match me, ye climes! which poets love to laud;
> Beauties that e'en a cynic must avow."

As regards the events, however extraordinary, which have distinguished Cadiz in more recent times, they are sufficiently known. When the foot of the Gallic foe traversed the country from end to end, it ventured not within the precincts of this free city of the sea; she proclaimed Spanish liberty under the heavy fire of the Matagorda, and became the theatre, still later, of the gallant Riego and Quiroga, who, scorning to rivet the fetters on their transatlantic brethren, died in the cause of their own countrymen.

"On the Sunday which I passed in Cadiz," observes the author of *A Year in Spain*, "I was so

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fortunate as to witness a military mass, performed for the souls of the soldiery. At the proper hour the general arrived, attended by his staff, and the veteran colonels of the different regiments, their breasts decorated with stars and other insignia; presently the advancing troops are heard, and by and by they enter the church with clang of drum and trumpet; the arches resound to the stern orders of their commander, and the pavement rattles with their descending muskets. The veteran *sapeurs*, with their bear-skin caps, their long beards, white aprons, and shouldered axes, march boldly up the steps of the altar, and seem ready to take heaven by holy violence. The drums are silent; the din of arms ceases; not a whisper is heard, and the solemn service commences. At length, the Host is elevated to the contemplation of the multitude; a bell rings, and the soldiers, with uncovered heads and arms reversed, kneel humbly upon the pavement. At that moment, a gently-swelling burst of music is heard resounding in the dome, dissolving the soul into tenderness, and soothing it with the promise of reconciliation."

> "Adieu, fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!
> Who may forget how well thy walls have stood?
> When all were changing, thou alone wert true,
> First to be free and last to be subdued."

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CHAPTER X.

At this dread moment, when the foe
My life with rage insatiate seeks,
In vain I strive to ward the blow,
My buckler falls, my sabre breaks.

ALMALEK ALHARITHY.

WE find it recorded of the ancient strong-hold of Tarifa, that during some periods of the Moslem sway, it commanded a more extensive and populous territory than Gibraltar itself. Though not boasting the same impregnable site and the other advantages of the great citadel of the rock, it looked down upon a

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subject-city of considerable strength. It was built near the period of the Arab conquest by the fortunate chief from whom it derived its name. Fallen into insignificance and neglect, it is also without the advantage of a bay and port to receive vessels, being situated in the gut of Gibraltar, where there flows a rough and rapid sea. It is placed in the narrowest part of the straits, and still, as represented in the annexed plate, presents the formidable aspect of an old Moorish fortress.

The inhabitants still adhere to many of the eastern habits and customs introduced by their early conquerors. Not the least remarkable of these is that of the women, who have their faces, with the exception of the right eye, entirely concealed by the mantilla, which is so ingeniously disposed as to answer all the purposes of the *haik*, or veil.

In the fourteenth century, Abou Hassan, King of Morocco, with an immense fleet and army, assisted by the King of Granada, sought to restore Tarifa to the sway of the Moslems; but was defeated in the terrific battle of Salsada, already described. The victorious Alphonso, having repaired the breaches of Tarifa, marched in triumph to Seville.

Upon another occasion, Tarifa was distinguished for the signal heroism and devotion of Don Alonzo de Guzman, who in his patriotism exhibited a stern magnanimity, which fully equalled the resolute action of the elder Brutus. In the reign of Sancho, incessantly disturbed by family feuds, the insurgents, supported by the Africans, laid siege to the fortress,

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The son of Don Alonzo had fallen into the hands of the Moors, and finding all their efforts to carry the place unavailing, they exposed the youth chained under the walls of Tarifa before the eyes of the father and his brave garrison, intimating to Don Alonzo, that unless he yielded up the fortress, he should behold the boy perish upon the spot. Stifling the voice of nature, the governor refused to forfeit his own honour and betray his country, and the defenceless youth was stabbed to the heart.

In the reign of the Khaliph Almanzor, in the tenth century, the environs of Tarifa were the scene of a similar assassination, inflicted upon his noble enemy and captive Alhasan, and that which added to the atrocity of the deed, after his general, Abdelmelik, had given that captive his solemn promise of safety. Alhasan, the last of the Afric race of the Edris, who had borne sway above two hundred years, was executed by the reluctant Abdelmelik under the walls of Tarifa.

But the ancient city of the rock lies before us. Nothing can surpass the extraordinary wildness and magnificence of the scene which bursts upon the view from the summit of the vast chain of mountains, which terminates only at the west coast of the bay of Gibraltar. Suddenly, after traversing leagues of rugged mountain heights, the famous promontory is seen rising from the bosom of the waves, like the giant-genius of the storm described by Camoens. The dim outline of the mighty fortress; the far-famed Algesiras; the full compass of the noble bay, with its

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rivers; the town of St. Roche, with the descent into the lines; and the ocean-strait, beyond which you may almost see another quarter of the world, present altogether a novelty and wildness of aspect which must strike every traveller. After winding through the long, dreary passes of the bold sierra,—varied, broken, and picturesque, the scenery increases in sternness and magnificence as you ascend the old pass of La Trocha through the valley with its deep dark ravine, the rugged mountain walls rising above it, and below the strong indented tracks of the far Alpine torrents. In places, the vast fragments of disjointed rocks cast their black shadow across the path, the huge blackened trunks of the cork-trees, with their wide-spreading branches, the savage character of every surrounding object, bring strongly to mind the description of Dante in the opening of his poem. Midway in the ascent, you catch a glimpse through an opening in the valley of the small town of St. Roche, with a view of the distant mountains beyond.

On reaching, at length, the summit of the sierra, no longer encircled by successive ranges of broken heights, the traveller is astonished to behold spread before him the blue waters of the southern sea, the giant form of the rock-girt fortress rising from its bosom like a sovereign mistress of the deep, with its bright majestic bay stretched clear and unruffled as a silver mirror at its feet. Deep in the valley below, lies the village of Los Varrios; opposite us, the hill of St. Roche, and in the more distant landscape rises the bold extended chain of the Sierra Ronda.

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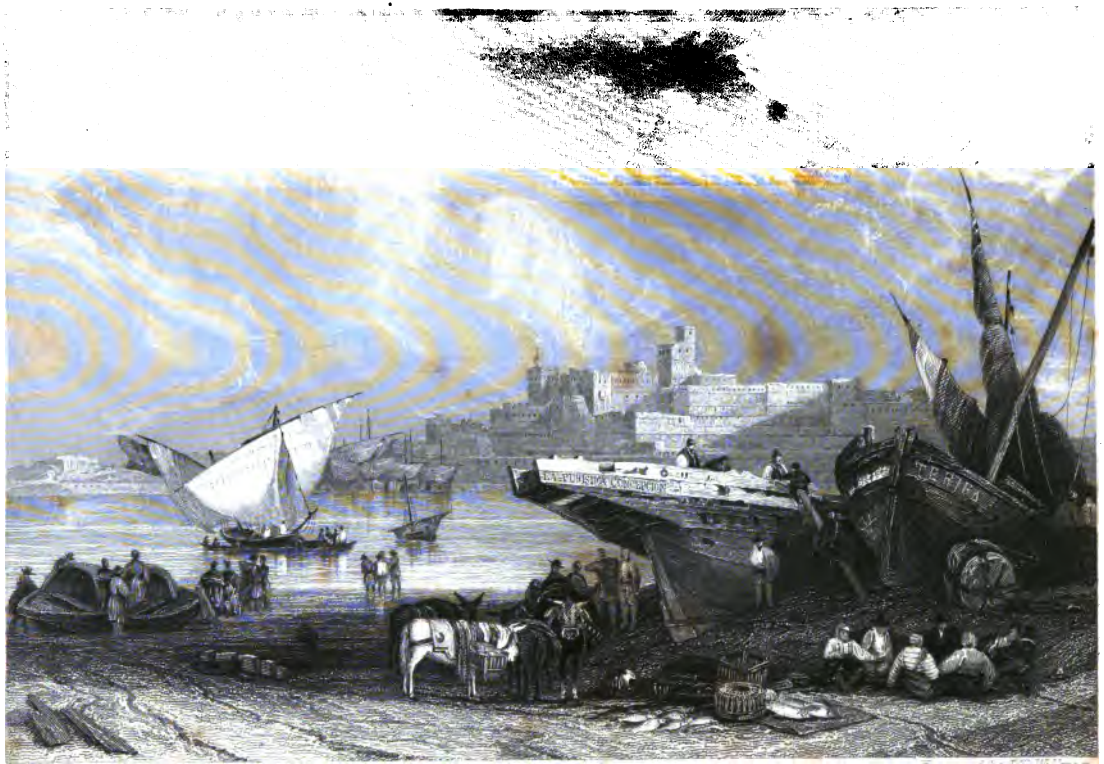

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The path from the summit descends by a steeply inclined ledge, bordering upon the open precipice which yawns below. After passing with some difficulty the broken and abrupt declivities of the sierra, the tourist enters the valley near Algesiras. At a short distance on his right, he beholds a beautiful aqueduct, the work of the Moors; Algesiras, on the opposite side of the bay, nearly the oldest town built by the Arab conquerors, and which resisted the Christian power till the year 1344. It was recaptured by them and demolished in 1369; nor was it till Gibraltar fell to the English, that the modern town with its fortifications was restored by the Spaniards. The British flag is hence seen waving in proud defiance from the impregnable heights, and a proportionate jealousy is shown by the Spaniards.

"Many a bitter recollection must escape them when they cast a look at their own deserted harbour, and then give a glance opposite at the forest of masts rising under the guns of the fortress. To behold the numerous vessels daily extending commerce to all parts of the globe, and to hear even its busy hum wafted across the bay to the silent port of Algesiras, must be sufficient to convince them, bigoted and prejudiced as they are, of the blessings of a free government, and the effects of activity, industry, and enterprise."*

In a few hours after quitting Algesiras, the tourist finds himself, with a feeling of relief and pleasure, within the gates of one of the most extraordinary fortresses known in ancient or modern times. Situated

* Sketches in Spain and Morocco.

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at the mouth of the straits, it derived its name from the first Arab leader who set foot upon the soil,—the veteran Tarikh; and Gebel Tarikh, or the Mountain of Tarikh, bore an ominous sound to the ear of the vanquished Goth. It is more than three hundred and twenty miles south-west of Madrid, and eighty south of Seville; and from the summit of its steep majestic rock, embracing a fortified city with beautiful walks and grounds in its ample girth, you behold at once the far-spread Mediterranean, Barbary, Fez, Morocco, and the kingdoms of Seville and Granada. The extent of the mountain is nearly three miles on the north side, which towering abruptly from the isthmus, unites it with the continent. The most southern portion is called Europa Point; the height is one thousand three hundred and sixty feet above the sea; on the eastern side it is almost inaccessible, and on the west is the singular cavern called St. Michael's, said to be eleven hundred and ten feet above the horizon.

From the appearance of apes and monkeys of a species not known in Spain, among the precipices and in the caves, and also of strange birds, it was conjectured there existed some subterrane communication between Europe and Africa,—a tradition eagerly adopted by the vanquished Goths, who soothed their pride by the reflection that the Arab foe must have stolen a march upon them below the straits, which accounted for the rapidity of his conquests.

From the rock above the Devil's Gap, a splendid prospect is unfolded to view. The town with its noble harbour, the Alameda, the bright expanded bay

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with the straits beyond; Mount Abyla, the city of Ceuta, with great part of the Barbary coast; and more near, the towns of St. Roche and Algesiras, with the snowy Alpuxarras in the distance, are beheld through a glowing atmosphere which gives peculiar distinctness to every object. The stranger, impressed only with the idea of a huge barren rock, the naked heights of a citadel of the deep, is astonished to gaze down upon the surrounding scene, the rich smiling grounds of the Alameda, the whole aspect of a proud and prosperous city, luxuriant thickets and gardens clothed in the sunny hues of their glowing clime, a delicious and refreshing fragrance borne on every breeze, forming altogether a most pleasing contrast to our ideas of a wild and insulated mountain.

The city has a bold and striking air, not borrowed simply from its position and martial character, but from its existence as a colony of free men, whose active enterprising spirit has given it every advantage and improvement of which it was capable. The streets are constructed along the sides of the rock in parallel lines up to the point where farther building becomes impracticable. In parts adapted for it, however, excavations are made sufficient to admit of houses, and, as among the Chinese, every available spot of ground is considered valuable. The main street, which contains the government-house, the courts of law, the Catholic church, and the exchange, is wide and handsome.

No religious distinctions interrupt the harmony of society; the English of different persuasions, Spaniards, Portuguese, Genoese, and Jews, frequent their

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own places of worship, and enjoy their common civil privileges undisturbed. The interest of commerce, and of all parties in Gibraltar, deprives religion of its animosity; there is no hatred or persecution where there is no preference of churches,—all is peaceful upon neutral ground. The Moor sells his Barbary beef to the Christian or the Jew without dread of contamination; and the fish taken from the bay is as delicious to the Protestant as to the Catholic, especially during Lent.

Besides its island-masters, Gibraltar contains people of almost every nation, and there are many hundreds of Moors who are accustomed to pass and repass the straits with various articles of traffic. The English, exclusive of the military, amount to several thousands, and the increase in point of population, as well as the number of strangers, may be attributed to the improvements carried on by Sir George Don, and by other governors and influential inhabitants. Among its public buildings is a small theatre; the actors are chiefly military men; the actresses, however, are from England, and a few from Italy and France. The governor has a beautiful garden, which is open to the public, and usually filled with throngs of company on a Sunday evening. Mr. Swinburne especially dwells on the hospitality of the governor, officers, and inhabitants; the bustle, military music, and parade; the fine appearance of the troops; the variety of tongues spoken, and of dresses worn, in addition to the animated aspect of the place. "We were startled during the night," says Sir A. Brooke, "with the frequent

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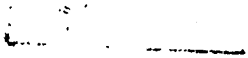

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passing of the patrol, which runs like a train of fire round the line of fortifications. It seemed strange to hear our native language spoken in the streets, to read it under the signs, and to meet so many English faces. I should have forgotten how far I was from home, had I not been reminded of the latitude by the brilliant clearness of the deep blue sky, and the sight of the African mountains distinctly seen by the naked eye."*

The breadth of the straits is about eleven miles. The mountain-rock itself is three miles in length, and about seven in circumference. Until the invasion of the Saracens, it was known by the name of Calpe; and, with the opposite hill of Abyla, was considered by the antients the *ne plus ultra*, or the extremity of the earth. Connected with the Andalusian coast only by a narrow neck of land, it is surrounded on every other side by the sea, and its coasts are rugged and precipitous. To the east they are wholly inaccessible; and on the west, the bay extending to Algesiras forms the northern point of the Herculean straits. It affords an unsafe roadstead, and vessels are often driven from their anchors upon the sands. In former days, its singular position at the opening of a vast ocean, which none who had explored lived to return, the wild aspect of surrounding objects, so different in form and character from those in other sites, with its strange dark cavern, altogether disturbed the imagination of a superstitious age, which gave it a fabulous origin in one of the laborious exploits of the favourite hero

* Sketches in Spain and Morocco.

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of antiquity. For having vanquished the huge mountain-piling giants at Cadiz, Hercules, ambitious of not being surpassed in the way of raising monuments, flung a few fragments of rocks into the mouth of the strait, till Mount Calpe rose up to view,—a lasting memorial of his victory. These are the pillars worthy the prowess of a demi-god, the fame of which, whether preceding or following the real pillars of Cadiz, now no more, possesses something of mystery and marvel, at times more interesting than the clearest facts, on which the mind loves to dwell.

The history of Gibraltar is that of the golden days of the Moors. Among the first places that fell before their victorious career, it long continued the stronghold of the hardy sons of the desert, and through the whole of their eventful dominion was the scene of extraordinary exploits. When the struggle for supremacy between Saracen and Christian assumed a more equal and deadly character, this important fortress more than once changed masters. It was first wrested by surprise, during an interval of tranquillity in 1310, from the Moors; was again ceded, recovered, and lost. But in the year 1462, it was again surprised by the Spaniards, while the chief part of its garrison were employed in ravaging the Andalusian borders. Some chroniclers assert that the city was betrayed by a Moorish convert; and it is on record, that its last conquest by the Spaniard was achieved with so little difficulty, that the first intimation of its fall was the Christian standard seen planted on its towers before the summons of surrender was heard.

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During many centuries Gibraltar continued one of the noblest sea-ports and mountain-barriers of victorious Spain. Charles V., the conqueror of Tunis, and the scourge of the vanquished Moors, greatly extended its fortifications. The arms and inscription of that "Mighty victor—mighty lord," still arrest the eye of the stranger on one of the gates; and his favourite motto of "*Plus outre*," bore its flag in triumph through the remotest seas. But the civil dissensions which first tore it from the grasp of the Moslem, deprived the sons of the conqueror of a possession so justly prized and so important. In the war of the succession, when the garrison was reduced to one hundred and fifty men, the English, by one of those lucky failures of no unfrequent occurrence in the game of arms, took it by surprise; and Admiral Rook owed the honour of this exploit to want of success in another quarter. On the 21st of July, 1704, a strong party of English and Dutch were landed upon the beach. Upon rejecting the summons of surrender, batteries were opened, and the small garrison—hardly more than a man to each gun—were soon driven back. The English sailors mounted the mole, sword in hand; and upon a second summons, the governor saw the necessity of submission. The assailants lost only sixty men, and two hundred and twenty wounded; while it has cost Spain incalculable sums, and yet more blood than treasure, in the repeated attempts to recover this "jewel of the sea." Nothing which either force or stratagem could effect was neglected, for the national pride of the Castilian was

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deeply wounded; and at length a party of volunteers determined to carry it by surprise, even in sight of a British fleet. They entered into a solemn compact to return no more, till the flag of Spain was seen floating from the signal-tower; they made their last confession, and took the sacrament together. On a dark and stormy night in the month of October, they set out, headed by a guide, ascended the rock to the south and reached the cave of St. Michael's, where they lay concealed the whole of the next day. In the depth of the ensuing night they again issued forth, scaled the wall of Charles V., and succeeded in cutting to pieces the Middle Hill guard. They next, with ladders and ropes, drew up several hundred more, who had arrived to reinforce them. It had also been arranged, that these brave fellows should be seconded from the camp by a body of French; whilst a false attack was to be pushed in an opposite quarter, to distract the attention of the garrison. Unhappily for the volunteers, some difference of opinion among the commanding officers caused this part of the plan to miscarry, and the few patriot-soldiers were deserted in the hour of need. It is asserted that they and their country's honour fell victims to mere military etiquette; in vain they waited for succour and the signal of the joint attack. Suddenly the garrison took the alarm; a strong body of British, marching to the summit of the rock, took them at every advantage, and after a fruitless struggle, some were slain, others driven headlong down the precipices, and the rest surrendered. What might have been the result

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of this well conceived, and in great part successful undertaking, had it been equally well seconded, it is perhaps difficult to conjecture.

The most formidable and protracted siege, however, which it sustained, was during the American war, when the Duke of Crillon led the allied armies against this single fortress. Yet the intrepid governor, Elliot, baffled all their efforts, while their batteries were playing off a thousand rounds a-day upon the place. Every resource which skill or science could suggest, was brought to bear on both sides; ten floating towers of the besiegers, both ball and bomb proof, carried two hundred guns, and seemed to defy British ingenuity and science to silence or destroy them. But one invention in the favourite art of destruction leads to another, and the gunners of these vast sailing fortresses were soon saluted with repeated volleys of red-hot shot, which, penetrating every obstacle, drove sheer through, and enveloped them in a mass of flames. The spectacle of their flying from their position under the walls, which they had, till then, held with impunity, must have been terrific in the extreme; for the British cannonade opened in the night, and wide and far over the fire-illumined bay, and hill, and shore went forth the lightnings of the dread artillery with a splendid horror never before seen, while their thunders reverberated from town to town through the gorges of the distant hills. Numbers of the besiegers perished by the most terrible of deaths—surrounded by sea and fire, within the burning mass of the crumbling towers: the siege was at an end.

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The power of the stern Napoleon equally failed before this mountain-giant of the deep. How far Britain may gain or lose by the maintenance of so isolated a possession, is a question apart from that of its military occupation, the boast of empty power, or its use as a profitable colony; the honour of its preservation at so distant a point against the will of a whole people, and of united fleets and nations, is a fact unparalleled perhaps in the history of conquests; and no Englishman can behold Mount Calpe without feeling that he belongs to a nation—the bravest of the brave.

From the delightful gardens of the Alameda with its winding slopes, its light latticed fences, gay pavilions, and profusion of shrubberies and flowers, opens a prospect nobly contrasting with the wildness and gloom of the adjacent cliffs. On a declivity, amidst the shades of the fig, the orange, and the lordly palm, appears a summer-house embosomed in the most fragrant shrubs, and fruits, and flowers of the earth. Below the loftier growth of the peach, the apricot, and the aloe, hedges of blooming geranium encircle the plots of grass and flowers, with winding walks between. Lower again, you catch the darkening line of wall, the city on one side, and Rosia on the other; beyond which again spreads the sea-green bay, the white sail in the distance, and the town of Algesiras, surrounded by verdant mountains, with the dark gloomy streaks of the African shores. Towards the south, and near Europa, the rock assumes a variety of strange fantastic shapes, forming in places a sort of Thermopylæ for the continuation of the road. Amidst

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the broken precipices occur patches of glen, bedecked with flowers and the freshest verdure. In the more favoured sites, rural villas, with all the local peculiarities adapted by the hand of taste and skill, and occasionally, in imitation of the old Moorish architecture, mimic castles, terraces, and towers, give greater novelty to the scene.

From the ruinous castle you may proceed upwards to the excavations,—a passage across the north front cut through the solid rock, extending more than half a mile. By means of spiral staircases, it communicates through the immense halls with other galleries above and below. In the words of the author of *A Year in Spain*, "the stranger finds himself alone in the very heart of the rock, with immense cannon ranged round this devil's den, each with its pile of heavy shot beside it, and protruding through port-holes which overlook the peninsula. The dim light that enters beside the muzzles of the cannon, the black darkness behind you, the solitude, the silence, broken only by the prolonged reverberation of every spoken word,—all awaken the most singular sensations.

"There is, indeed, much at Gibraltar to convey an exalted idea of British power. There is a nation which occupies a mere point upon the map of the world, raised by a concurrence of causes to the rank of a first-rate power, and occupying all the strong-holds of the ocean by the multiplied industry of an inconsiderable population, buying the alliance of greater nations, making war and peace at pleasure, and sitting at the helm of European policy. Nor is her greatness

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only physical; her Newton, Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, Scott, and Byron, stand alone and unrivalled in the world at the head of whatever is excellent."

It is impossible to peruse this noble testimonial from a liberal and enlightened individual of one great nation to the transcendent worth in mind, in power, in every kind of greatness which confers enduring honour upon a people, without sympathizing as freely and as deeply in the future destinies, the world-spreading freedom and happiness, of those vast kindred realms which gave him birth.

The approach to the ancient city of Malaga from the sea has something noble and striking, which at once rivets the eye and the imagination of the traveller. Rising from the bosom of its spacious bay, flanked by lofty mountains stretching far beyond, with its time-worn bulwarks and antique castle, the ruins of which spread far along its eastern hill, it bears the aspect of a fallen capital, and of a dominion passed away. The impression of its general appearance in the distance is stern and melancholy; and on whatever side beheld, presents that wild, bleak character which allies it with the sands of Africa, from which it is separated only by the strait. When seen also from the land on the road from Antiquera, it appears girt by a chain of high barren hills, over part of which the tourist passes for several leagues before he descends into its fertile and agreeable plains. As he draws nearer, the town assumes a more pleasing and animated, though less imposing air; and he experiences a sensation of relief and repose after threading the

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weary mule-paths through successive steeps and declivities, beneath impending cliffs, or along deep ravines. The sudden contrast of the rich gardens, grounds, fields, teeming with fruit and grain, studded at intervals with villages, convents, and smiling villas, and ranges of magnificent and wildly-broken mountains appearing only in the distance, must be seen to be appreciated, affording a rich draught of pleasure which only the solitary wanderer deeply quaffs.

Of small extent, situated at the foot of a lofty acclivity, Malaga was built by the Phœnicians several centuries before Christ. It was first called Malacha, from the large quantity of fish adapted for salting found in the vicinity, said to be derived from the Hebrew word *malach*, or salt. It is mentioned by Ptolemy and Pliny by the name of Malaca; and by the latter it is stated that it belonged to the allies of the Romans, *Malaca cum flavio fœderatorum*. Antoninus also describes a road from Castelon to Malaca, and another from Malaca to Gades, or Cadiz. The port was always considered safe and convenient, and it has a noble mole supported by a magnificent quay. But its chief commerce in the present times has been confined to the wines of the country, highly estimated throughout Europe, with the peculiar brandies and various fruits of the soil.

One of the most interesting and splendid views is to be obtained from the elevated site of its antique castellated ruins. The traveller beholds a succession of delightful prospects breaking at intervals on the eye, over city, and sea, and mountains; and the late

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lamented Mr. Inglis describes the effect of the whole scene, bursting upon him from the summit of a decayed tower, as equally impressive and magnificent. The city, washed by the Mediterranean, the noble plain to the north, the ranges of wild, picturesque mountains, with its other natural advantages, seem to leave Malaga nothing to desire.

Besides the common wines of Malaga, the Mountain and the Lagrimas are esteemed the richest in flavour; and there is also the dry Malaga, held in no little repute. A visit to the wine establishments, and to the various spots of interest in the neighbourhood, forms an agreeable break in the usual tenor of the tourist's way.

Malaga is the seat of a very ancient bishop's see, suffragan to Granada. The earliest known bishop was Patricius, who in the year 300, assisted at the council of Illiberis. He had regular successors till the period of the Moorish conquest. The new colonists held possession of the city until the year 1487, that in which it was wrested from the Moslem sway for ever.

The cathedral is a spacious well-built edifice, remarkable for its highly finished symmetry and noble proportions, as they appear represented by the artist in the Vignette. The façade, which consists chiefly of blue and red marble, would be much more striking and handsome, were it not disgraced by a miserable bas-relief of white marble. Mr. Inglis observes, that "the public buildings are but indifferent, with the exception of the cathedral, which is greatly admired by the people of Malaga; but which, after having seen

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those of Seville and Toledo, possesses but little attraction. Like the cathedral of Cadiz, it is not finished; it was intended to be surmounted by six towers, but only one of these has been erected. There are no pictures in the cathedral, nor are there any worthy of notice in the other churches or convents of the cities."

"The state of society in Malaga does not greatly differ from that of the other cities in the south of Spain. But there is one strange peculiarity in Malaga society that cannot but forcibly strike a stranger: this is, the extraordinary familiarity of the servants. I have frequently seen servants at table join in the conversation of the family; a female servant, while receiving orders, always sits down in the company of her mistress; and, upon one occasion, while a game of *basto* was playing, I saw a servant, who had brought in refreshments, walk forward to the table, place his two pieces of coin upon it; return, and wait at a little distance to know the fate of his stake."

When describing the fall of Granada, in the volume preceding this, the author took occasion also to give some account of the famous siege of Malaga, in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. He brought before the reader in dark and startling colours, a picture of those fierce wars and civil feuds which hastened the downfal of the Moslems. The wild guerilla warfare, still a national characteristic, was taught Spain by the Moors; and she soon turned so dread a weapon against her masters.

"After proceeding," says M. Boisel, "about half a league along the shores of the Mediterranean, and

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over the wild cliffs by which they are skirted,—thickly studded with the ruins of the atalayas, or watch-towers, the tourist reaches Malaga, five leagues from Alhama. The mole of vast dimensions was formerly, with the quay, a place of immense traffic and resort by people from all parts of the world. Rising above the mole is a low-built castle, or rather a grand elevated terrace, formed out of the sweeping base of the mountain which lies between the castle and the Alcaçar,—the ancient fortress which commanded the town and the terrace, the former of which has the appearance of being sunk in the earth. From the ruins of this antique pile is a road communicating with the castle above it, the famous Gibralfaro. The road has a noble and beautiful appearance, being extremely spacious, winding between two lofty walls erected upon the rock, and which, jutting out on different sides, flank the place, and present an admirable line of defence. The traveller is frequently compelled to breathe himself three or four times ere he can surmount the ascent, when he beholds from the summit of the tower a magnificent view of the sea and the lofty sierras of Spain.

"At the very top, I was surprised to find the alcayde, surrounded by his family in the centre of his castle, without any other garrison than his wife, his maid-servant, and two or three waiters, one of whom has the charge of sounding the great bell. Of old, it was his business to keep up a din during the whole night, to see that the atalayas on the sea-shore were all lighted up, to throw light upon any new descent of

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the fiery Moors. But the most they have succeeded in achieving since their fall, was to conceal themselves at times under the rocks, and surprise some luckless wight lingering too late upon his journey. The original purpose of these watch-towers, however, was to warn the Moors of the approach of the Christians, so certain is all species of property in the process of time to change hands.

"The old alcayde showed us an ancient well, which he asserted was the work of the Phœnicians, who had also built the greater part of the castle; and he was about as correct in one as in the other of these assertions. There is a small chapel near, the relics of which—the gate and walls, attest that the architects were Moors, who had here their favourite mosque. In the middle of the court stands a covered cistern, where the women were accustomed to bathe.

"The grand church of Malaga is said to resemble the modern one of Granada; very handsome, and richly decorated. There is, also, our Lady of La Victoria, built by Ferdinand and Isabella, famed for its votive offerings, wealth, and devotion. The Capuchins possess here a beautiful garden, abounding in noble palms and orange-trees, besides other good things of the earth. The aspect and character of the neighbouring scenery from Velez, on every side, is wildly strange, rocky, and mountainous, if we except the small, lovely vega immediately surrounding the town. There are also some 'green spots' in the mountains, where the vine produces the inimitable wine of Malaga, and that called Pedro Ximenes."

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"One cannot but wonder," says a simple old tourist, "to see so very few vines growing here, and yet to be told that every year there are exported more than ninety pipes of most excellent flavoured Malaga."

An exploit of some English sailors is recounted by the same pleasant traveller. About 1660, a Sicilian galley captured some English boats; upon which, twenty-nine ships, with sails all spread, drove close to the mole, anchoring at the south point, and landed their men. The brave fellows spiked all the cannon, and set fire to the rest of the vessels in the port. Thinking to set fire also to the Sicilian, they mistook it and burnt a Genoese, and the Sicilian delinquent made its escape. A grand cannonade was kept up; the people fled on all sides, and the grand council met, and decreed that Spain had been insulted by a wanton attack of some English sailors.

THE END.

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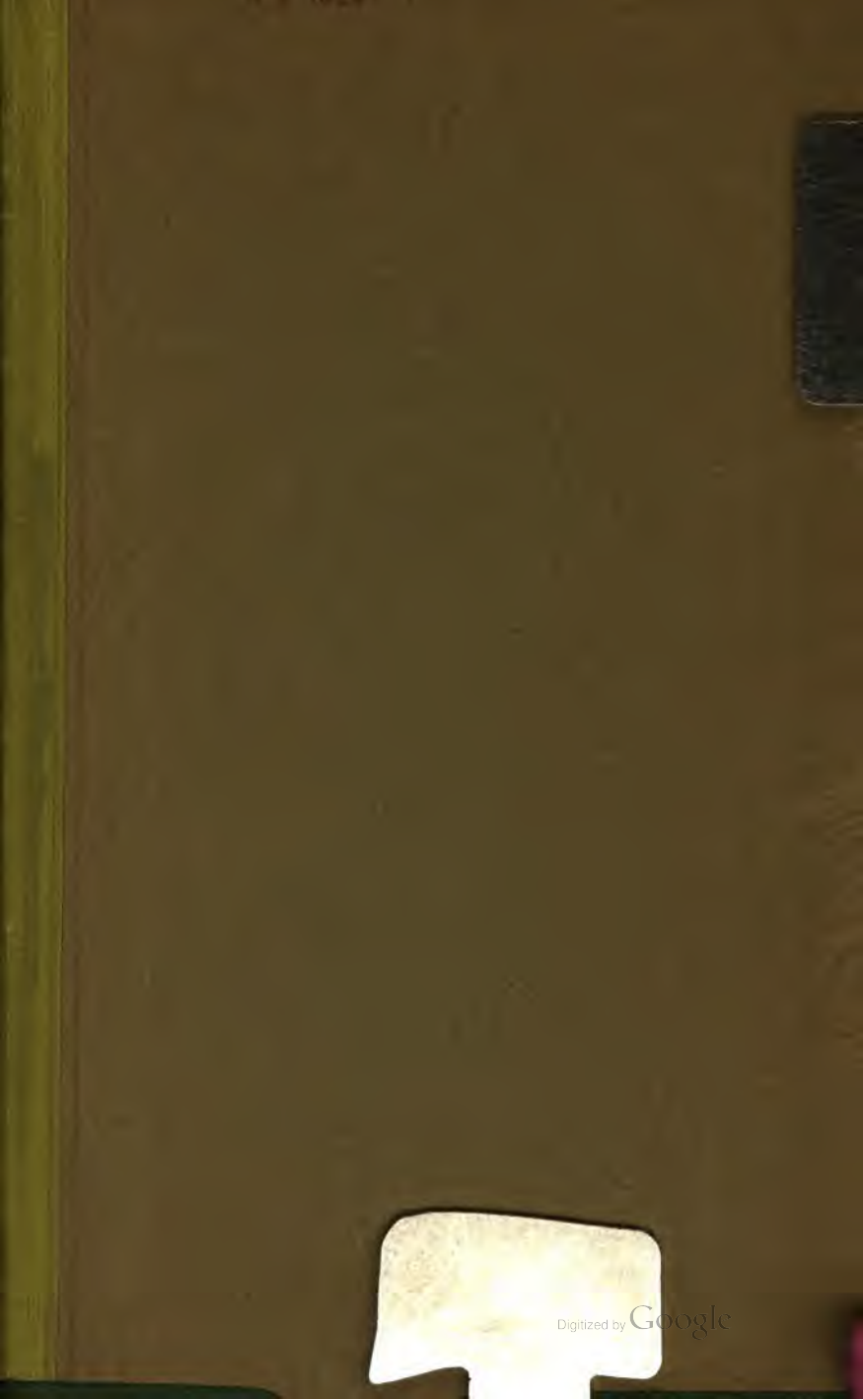
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